

THE
SEVENTH VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty YEARS
undiscovered at

P A R I S:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the *Divan* at
Constantinople of the most remarkable Transactions of
Europe - And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets*
of the *Christian Courts*, (especially of that of *France*)
continued from the Year 1642, to the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick. Translated into Italian,
and from thence into English, by the Translator of the
First Volume.*

THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

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M DCC LIV.





TO THE
R E A D E R.



It is not to be expected, that the World will take it for an Excuse of the tedious Delay has been made in publishing the VIIth Volume of the *Turkish Spy*, to say, that our *Arabian* now grows Old and Decrepit, is forced to walk with a Staff or Crutch, as he himself confesses in one of the following *Letters*; and is besides worn out with Sicknes and Care; so that he cannot be so expeditious in

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Business as he was in his Youth. It may be said, this Apology would be more proper for the *English Translator* to make, were he in the same Condition. But he is in his Prime, in the Flower of his Age, Vigorous and Active; and therefore might have made more Haste, they will say, to oblige the World, and gratify the Expectations of those Gentlemen who perpetually dun the *Booksellers* for the rest of his *Mahometan Letters*.

It were easy to answer this, by only putting you in Mind, that he who undertakes to lead a slow-footed, short-winded, and weak Person by the Hand, and conduct him to his Journey's End, must of Necessity keep the same Pace with his Charge, tho' he himself
were

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were swift as a Stag, when alone and at Liberty. Besides that, a Man is apt to attract a Contagion from the Company he keeps, and turn their ill Qualities into Habits of his own.

But all this is trifling, and our *English* Translator is under none of these Circumstances. To come to the Purpose therefore, Gentlemen, you will commend our *Translator's* Wisdom, for not being in such *Post-Haste* at this Juncture, when you reflect, that like a wise *Racer*, tho' he gave a Start in the Beginning, at first setting out, yet he soon slackened his Pace, that he might make sure of the *Goal*, remembering the Old *English Proverb*, *The more the Haste the worse Speed*. Thus he suffered three Years to slide by him,

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him, before he reached the *Second*
2d Vol. Stage. And tho' he
began to take up his
heels more nimbly afterwards, so
as to recover by Degrees his lost
Time and Ground, yet still he did
but moderately jog on; now
springing, then halting, as Occa-
sion offered, and as he found his
Strength could hold. At length
having but two *Stages* more, won-
der not, that he is a little more
tedious than ordinary in this: For
he does it to refresh himself, and
keep his *Breath* for the last Strain
of all, which brings the Prize:
Observing herein the *Old Adage*,
Finis coronat Opus.

As to the *Letters* contained in
this Seventh *Volume*, there is little
to be said more particular than
of those that have gone before.
They

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They in general contain a Miscellany of *Historical* Transactions, *Moral* and *Philosophical* Thoughts, interspersed here and there with *Mahometan Politicks* and *Divinity*.

Only you will find our *Arabian* engaged with a certain *Jew* at *Vienna*, in fomenting the *Discords* of the *German Empire*, encouraging the *Rebels* of *Hungary*, *Croatia*, and mutinous *Provinces*. You will hear of the *Deaths* of *Count Serini*, *Frangipani*, and *Nadaſti*, who were all beheaded for being Ringleaders in this *Rebellion*.

The next and last *Volume* has this of singular in it, that it will present you with the Rise and Preferment of *Count Teckelej*, who has made so much Noise in the World. It relates many of his
Publick

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Publick Actions, and not a few of his Secret Intrigues. In fine, it discovers the Train that was laid to blow up all *Europe* into the Flame of open War, and universal Hostility, which to this Day consumes the Lives and Estates of so many thousand *Christians*, impoverishes and lays waste whole Nations, and it is to be feared will end in letting in the *Turks* once more upon us to our final Ruin and Confusion; since those *Infidels* never take greater Advantage to invade and conquer the *Dominions* of *Christians*, than when they find us involved in domestick Wars one with another.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

WRITTEN by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

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BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the Arabian at Paris, to Mirmadolin, Holy Santone of the Vale of Sidon.*

WHAT was I made a Man to endure these cruel Agonies, of which no other *Species* of known *Beings* can possibly be capable? Or why, at least, was I particularly formed of such a Constitution, as to attract the Evils which are scattered up and down the World, and Piece-meal dropped on the *Nativities* of other Mortal Men; whilst I alone am made the common Sink of Human Misery? Surely my partial *Horoscope* monopolized the most envenomed *Aspects* of the *Stars*, without partaking of the least benign and favourable Glance. The Planets had laid up an ancient deep Reserve of fatal *Influences*, which they poured out at large upon the very Moment of my birth. Nor could the careful *Midwife* with all her

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B

Skill

Skill and Charms, defend my tender, ductile, reeking Body, from the invincible *Cataracts*, which flowed upon me from all the envious *Signs* and *Constellations* in *Heaven*.

My whole Life has been but one continued Tragedy wherein the various Change of *Scenes* hath not relieved me from the least real Evil hid behind, but only amused my Sense with some new Pageantry, some fair *Idea* of Honour, Pleasure or Profit; When before the *ACT* was done, I found my self cajoled, overwhelmed in fresh Calamities, Misfortunes which I never dreamed of.

Oh! that the *Omnipotent*, when from eternal silent Thought, he drew the *Ideas* of every *Species*, and every Individual *Bring*, which he designed for actual Existence in the World, had formed me for a Tree, an Herb, a Blade of Grass, a Stone, a Mushroom, or any insensible thing, incapable of Pleasure or Pain, of Grief or Joy, or other Passions, which hourly thus torment our human Race: I had been then a happy *Neutral* to all false Shews of Happiness, and real Sense of Misery. Oh! that I had been an Oak, a Beech, a Palm, or Cypress of the Forest: For then, if *Vegetables* have any feeling of their own State, I should be only touched with secret Pleasure, when the gentle Winds should play among my amorous Branches, and teach my wanton Leaves to dance the Measures of young harmless Love; or when I felt the seasonable Rain distilling on my withered Bark, and from thence sliding to my thirsty Roots; or when great *Phæbus* prints warm vigorous Kisses on my Cheeks and Neck. But if this be too proud a Thought, I wish I had been only some humble Shrub, some Pigmy Plant, some vegetable Dwarf, Page unto the mighty Trees, subsisting on the Drops and Fragments of their large Banquets, meekly cringing at their Feet; whilst I stood safe and free from Storms under the Shade of their extended Boughs, in happy low, Obscurity.

When I pass through the Fields, and see the harmless Sheep browsing upon their tender Grass, and hear them bleating to their wanton Lambs, I cannot chuse but en-

vy them a Life so void of Care and Pain. They range and sport at large in Flowery Meadows near some Crystall Stream, or take the Pastures of the Mountains : whilst chearful Shepherds tune their Pipes, and sing in Praise of *Amaryllis*, *Daphne*, *Sylvia*, or some other *Nymph* ; and watchful Dogs lie scouting on the Plain, to give the Alarm, and chase away fly Wolves, and other ravenous Beasts.

After I have let my Envy fix itself a while on these, a warbling Melody from neighbouring Groves diverteth my melancholy Thoughts, and turneth them to new Objects. Then I lament my Fate in that I was not made a Nightingal, a Thrush, a Lark, or any of the feather'd Choir, who with sweet chearful Notes salute *Aurora* and the rising *Sun*, and chirp all Day the Praises of that Source of Warmth and Life who vesteth the Earth in green Attire, who decketh the Trees with verdant Leaves, and filleth the World with Light. They chirp and fly from Tree to Tree, from Bough to Bough, rejoicing in the Beams that dart and glide among the moving Shades of Branches rocked by Winds. Their Thoughts are taken up in building Nests, wherein to hatch their young, and shelter them from Injuries. They have no Plots nor Politick Tricks, to undermine each other ; but pass away their Time in innocent Security and harmless Pleasures.

Methinks the Worms and little Reptiles of the Earth are happier far than I. They crawl and creep about in hollow Trees, in Clefts of Rocks and Crannies of the Ground to hunt for Food and for Divertisement. They live at Ease without being racked by supernumerary Cares and Fears. And if some ruder Foot of Man or Beast shall trample them by Chance to Death, or more malicious Hand with Stone or other Weapon shall wilfully bereave them of their Life, it is done so suddenly that they have no Sense of Pain ; Whereas my Life is a constant Martyrdom, a long continued Series of Torments.

I do not complain of the Distempers and Maladies which afflict my *Body*, altho' those are sometimes so violent as to make me wish for Death, that so I might be at Ease: But it is the fretting Anguish of my Mind, that forceth all the Sighs and Exclamations from me. I am embarrassed in the World: Snares compass me round about; my own good Nature has betrayed me: those of my *Blood* conspire against me; they hunt me up and down like a *Partridge* in the Wood; the closely pursue my Life. The Kindnesses that I have sown, spring up in my Blades of bitter Ingratitude and Perfidy. My *Seminaries* bring forth *Aconite* and stinking Weeds, instead of pleasant Flowers and wholesome Fruits. *Ta-got* hath set his Foot in all my Works. That sly interloping *Spirit* hateth to see any good Thing prosper, or come to Perfection: He stealeth behind us in all our Ways; and as fast as we weave any Web of *Virtue*, he secretly unravelleth it, or deformeth the Work with intermixing some Threads of *Vice*. I am weary of striving against the Current of my *Fate*. O! that I were as though I had never been! That my Soul were drenched in *Lethe's* forgetful Waters, where all past Things are buried in eternal Oblivion! Then would my Anguish be at an End; whereas I am now rowled about upon a Wheel of Miseries.

Holy *Santone*, when thou shalt read this, pity me; and amidst thy divine Ejaculations dart up *Mah-mut's* Soul to *Paradise*, on the Point of a strong Thought, that so at least I may have a Moment's Respite from my constant Sadness.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

THERE is now some Probability of a Peace between the *English* and the *Dutch*: which will also reconcile this *Crown* to that of *Great-Britain*; since the *King of France* engaged in this *War*, only on the Account of the *Dutch* his Allies. The Advances towards this Accommodation, took their Rise from the *Alliance* lately concluded between the *States of the United Provinces*, the *King of Denmark*, the *Duke of Brandenburg*, and the *Princes of Brunswick*. The *King of England* protesteth against the *Dutch*, as the first Aggressors, in that they had taken above two hundred of his Merchant Ships before he offered the least Act of *Hospitality*. Which the *States* seeming to acknowledge, desire the *King* to appoint some Neutral Place of *Treaty* with them and their Allies in Order to a *Peace*, the Security of Navigation, and the Establishment of Commerce for the future.

Here is great Joy for the Birth of a young Princess of whom the *Queen* was deliver'd on the 2d of the *Moon of January*. She is call'd *God's New Year's-Gift to France*; in regard, the first Day of that *Moon* begins the Year with the *Christians*. And it is common among them to send mutual Gifts and Presents to one another at that Time, which they call *New-Year's Gifts*. And so it seems, *God Almighty* has appeared very Modish and Complaisant in thus timing the Nativity of the *Royal Babe*: For which they express their Thanks in revelling, Dancing, Ballads, and a thousand other Vanities. And these Divertisements continue to this Time, it being the *Nazaranes Carnival*; a Season consecrated to Sport and Mirth, to Liberty, Buffoonry and all manner of comical and ridiculous Apishness.

During this Time, you shall see an infinite Variety of odd Humours, and mimical Actions in the open Streets according to every Man's particular Fancy. Here you

shall meet with one dressed half in the *French* and half in the *Spanish* Fashion. On the left side of his Head hangs dangling down a long thick curled Peruke, which reaches to his Breast, while on the Right you see nothing but his own Hair cropped close to his Ears. A long Mustach as black as Jet, graces the Right Side of his upper Lip ; whilst on the Left, he is as beardless as a Boy of seven Years old. And so from Head to Foot, he wears two contrary Garbs. One walks with Gloves upon his Feet, and Shoes upon his Hands : Another wears his Breeches like a Mantle on his Shoulders. Here comes a stately Coach, jogging along with a grave slow Pace and drawn by Six fair Horses, as if some *Prince* or *Cardinal* were in it : when behold there is nothing but a silly *Ass* puts forth his giddy head with flapping Ears, half drunk with the jolting unaccustomed Motion. Sometimes he brays aloud, and then the Rabble fall a laughing. A thousand other Fopperies there are, not worth thy Knowledge : For both the Noble and the Vulgar are all upon the Frolick at this Time, and indulge their wanton Fancies to the Height. But it is a fatal Season for the poor *Cats* ; few of which escape the Multitude, whose peculiar Pastime it is to toss these Creatures in a Blanket till they are dead ; or else to tie them two and two together by the Tails, and then they will bite and scratch one another to Death, The *Cocks* also are generally great Martyrs during the *Carnival* ? The Rabble have a hundred cruel Ways to murder them in Sport. All their Devices are inhuman and bloody. They did not learn these prophane Courses from *Jesus*, or any of the *Prophets* or *Apostles* of God : But they are the Reliques of *Gentile* Vanity, in the Beginning connived at by the *Priests* the easier to retain their Proselytes in Obedience ; who would rather have parted with their New *Religion*, than with their old barbarous Customs. And thus the Pagan Fooleries were handed down to the Posterity of the *Primitive Christians*, and were adopted into the Family of *Church Traditions* : And Men are not more zealous for the *Gospel* it self, than for these ridiculous Prophanations of it : So dangerous a Thing it is for Governors, by a
criminal

criminal Indulgence, to permit their *Subjects* any Liberty, which interferes with the *Fundamental Principles* of the Law: For such a Dispensation once granted passeth into a Precedent, which in Process of Time, becometh of equal Force with the Law it self. And by such preposterous Methods of winning and retaining Converts, *Christianity* arrived to the Height of Corruption it is now infected with.

Sage Minister, it was for this Reason God raised up our Holy Prophet, and gave him a new Law, with Power to reform and chastise the *Infidels*. He planted the *Unde-fil'd Faith* with Scymetar in Hand; not palliating or encouraging the smallest vicious Practice; but subduing all Things by the Dint of Reason, or the keen Edge of the Sword. God hasten his Return; for the Prevarications of this Age require it.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1667.

L E T T E R III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Believe thou hast not forgot the Observations we used to make on the Religion of the *Christians*, when we were *Slaves* together in *Sicily*. How ridiculous some of their Practices appeared to us, and yet what a Sanctity was manifest in others? How much we approved the Majesty of their publick Worship, the Solemnity of their High-Mass, the Gravity of their Processions? And yet how great was our Disgust, when we considered that all these Honours were performed to Figures and Statues of Stone, Wood, Silver, Gold, or other Materials, the Creatures of the Painter or Carver?

We scanned their *Doctrines* also, which we learned from their Priests and Books, and descanted variously on them, as they were more or less conform to the Truth, and to the

the *Volume* brought down from *Heaven*. In a word, we praised the Good, and censured what was Evil in their *Faith* and *Manners*, or at least what we thought to be so; for herein we followed the Dictates of our Education.

But now in our riper Years, if we should call over our former Thoughts, perhaps we should be of a different Judgment and find Matter to condemn even in our own past Censures: For whatever we might then think of the *Nazarenes*; upon a maturer Search, I cannot find them to be altogether such gross *Idolaters* and *Infidels*, as we and all *Mussulmans*, are apt to believe.

That which gives me the greatest Scandal is, That the *Doctors* entertain some unwarrantable Speculations about *Three Substances* in *One Essence*, and are too venturous in their Thoughts concerning the *Eternal Generation* of the *WORD*, and *Emanation* of the *BREATH*, by which they say, *All Things* were *Created*, and are conserved in their *Beings*. They teach a *Doctrine* repugnant to the *Alcoran*, when they say, *That God has a Companion equal to himself*.

As to the *Incarnation* of *Jesus the Son of Mary*, the *Nazarenes* assert nothing, but what is suitable to the *Alcoran*, which teaches us, that he is the *WORD* of *God*. In the *History* of his *Life*, they indeed come short of the *Mussulmans*: There being not the least mention made, in the whole *Book* of the *Gospel*, of many Passages of his *Infancy* and tender Years, wherewith the *Alcoran*, with other *Holy Books* and *Traditions* of the *Antients*, acquaint the true Believers. The *Messenger* of *God* tells us, that *Jesus* spoke in his *Cradle*, resolved Doubts, cleared up Mistakes, and preached the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*. Other *Writings* also inform us, that while he was young, he formed the *Figures* of divers *Birds* and *Beasts* of *Clay* and his own *Spittle*, and having breathed on them they became living *Creatures*, and prostrated themselves at his *Feet*. They relate also that he made a *Pigeon*, which flew up and down through divers *Regions*, and brought him *News* of whatever was done in the *Courts* of *foreign Princes*; and that from the *Day*

of his *Birth* to that of his *Translation*, twelve *Angels* waited on him, and brought him down Food from *Paradise*. Of these things the *Christians* are ignorant, and of many other Passages. So that in the whole it is evident, that the *Mussulmans* have a more particular Relation of the *Life of Jesus*, than the *Christians* themselves have, since we recount those *Miracles*, and other *Actions* of his, whereof the *Gospel* is silent.

But then, on the other side, they believe Things concerning his *Death*, whereof neither the *Alcoran*, nor any other of our *Writings* or *Traditions* make any mention, unless it be to confute the Error of the *Nazarenes* in that Point. I have heard the Arguments of their learned *Doctors*, and comparing them with our *Objections*, I know not well what to conclude.

They insist much on the publick Signs and Wonders, that fell out at that Time of the supposed *Crucifixion* of the *Messiah*; the rending of Rocks, opening of Graves, Resurrection of many Dead, and the preter-natural Eclipse of the *Sun*, when the *Moon* was in sight in the other Part of the *Horizon* at the same Moment; Which made a great *Philosopher* then in *Egypt*, cry out, *Either the Frame of the World is dissolved, or the God of Nature suffers.*

They tell a Story also of a certain Ship, that was, on that very Day sailing in the *Archipelago*; and that as they passed by certain Rocks, the Mariners heard a Voice calling *Thamus, Thamus*, very often and loud. Now there being one of that Name on board the Vessel, he answered to his Name. Upon which the Voice said, *When thou comest to the Island of the Palodes, proclaim it aloud, that the great Pan is dead.* Which he did accordingly, and there followed a horrible Howling and Roaring from the Shore of that Island. This Passage was afterwards made known to the *Senate of Rome*, who thereupon, at the Instance of some noble *Romans*, sent to enquire in the *Provinces*, Whether any remarkable Person had died on that Day? And they were informed, That the *Yew* had on the same Day put to Death *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*. And *Tiberius* the Empe-

ror, on the Credit of this Passage, being also informed of the Miracles which *Jesus* wrought among the *Jews*, conceiving an immediate Veneration for so divine a Person, caused his *Statute* to be set up in the *Capitol*, and would have had him numbered among the *Gods*; but in this he was opposed by the *Senate*, because they had before decreed, That no new *Deities* should be added to the *Kalendar*.

In these things I rely on the Account which the *Christians* give of the *Death* of *Jesus*; though they bring Authorities also and Testimonies of their very Enemies, and inveterate Persecutors, the *Gentiles*; who therefore, one would think, cannot be suspected of Partiality. In a word, I know not what to think of these Things, For if it be true that *Jesus* died on the *Cross* for the *Sins* of the *World*, as the *Christians* believe, and that there is no other Way to be saved but by believing this; then in what a sad Condition are all the *Jews* and *Mussulmans*, the one glorying in having murdered the *Saviour* of the *World*, and the other not believing that he was murdered? The first seem to merit most of Men; since tho' the Act was cruel in itself, yet according to this *Doctrine* it brought *Salvation* to all our *Race*. And therefore there were a Sort of *Christians* in former Times, who worshipped the Serpent that tempted *Eve*, because according to their *Faith*, that Temptation was the first Step to *Mankind's* Happiness after *Adam's* Fall; and they placed *Judas* (who betrayed *Jesus* to the *Jews*) among the *Saints*, for having been so particular an Instrument in the *World's* Redemption.

If *Jesus* be the *Saviour* of Men, it is absolutely necessary to believe in him. But whether he be, or be not, the Faith of the *Christians* in that Point cannot hurt them, since our *Holy Prophet* himself has taught us, That *Christians* shall be saved, as well as the *Mussulmans*. Whereas the *Christians* say it is impossible for any to be saved, who follow the Law of *Mahomet*. So that they have our own Grant for their *Salvation*, which they deny to us. This is a great Advantage on their Side in the Controversy betwixt us.

For my part, I tell thee ingenuously, were I convinced that *Jesus* was the Son of God, and that he suffered Death for the Sake of Men, I could readily embrace most of the other *Tenets of Christianity* without Scruple, I should not be frighted at their *Invocation of Saints* since it is the same as we do our selves practise; nor would their *Images and Pictures* startle my Faith; I should look upon these and a thousand more, as Things indifferent in themselves, and only made lawful or unlawful by the Sanction of *Divine Authority*.

I should be most puzzled to know what *Church* to fix in among so many, all pretending to the right Way, I have examined rheir different Opinions, and find Reason, or something very like it, on both Sides. I admire the *Abstinence of the Greeks, Armenians*, and generally of all the *Eastern Christians*; yet their Ignorance distates me. I honour the *Learning and Politeness of the Roman Church*, and could almost vail to their Pretensions of *Antiquity, Universality, and incorrupt Doctrine*; but I am highly scandalized at their *Licentiousness, Pride, and Cruelty*. There is much to be argued for the *Coptis, Abyssins, Melchites, the Christians of St. John*, and other *Churches*; but more to be said against them. In fine, if I were to turn *Christian* I should be in a Wilderness, not knowing which Path to take, for fear of missing the right.

In the State therefore wherein I am, I will think honourably of *Jesus*, as also of *Mary*, his Mother, who, at her daily Return from the *Temple*, found a thousand Sorts of Flowers in her Oratory. I will not speak evil of any Person that has the Character of a *Saint*; but in general, will desire the Intercession of all that are near to God; it is ten to one, if some of them do not vouchsafe to pray for me. But whether they do or not, God hears me, and observes my Devotion; and if he please, my Petitions shall be granted. As for the rest, I will endeavour in all things to do as I would be done to, keeping my Conscience free from Stain, so that I may die in Peace; and what becomes of me afterward, it is in vain to be solicitous, since the Decrees of *Fate* are irreversible.

Tell

Tell me now, my Friend, whether these Thoughts and Resolves be not more agreeable to Humanity, than to be a furious *Bigot* for I know not what: Is *that* a commendable Zeal for *Religion*, which under pretence of defending the Truth, sticks not to assert a thousand Lies? Or *that* a laudable Charity for Souls, which in order to their Salvation takes infinite Pains to set the World together by the Ears, and embroil Mankind in perpetual Wars? What else do those Disturbers of human Race, who not content with the Limits which the Fortune of their Birth has set them, invade the peaceable Possessions of their Neighbours, commit all Sorts of Violences, Rapine, and Outrages; and all this under Pretext of reforming the Manners of Men, introducing Purity of *Religion*, and fulfilling the Will of *Heaven*? As if it were a Mark of a Divine Commission, to be barbarously unjust, perfidious, and savage; and that the Height of Piety consisted in shedding human Blood!

For my part, I cannot approve of these Practices, and therefore think it safer to stand aloof from all *Religions* thus cruelly established, than by entring into their inhuman Secrets, and swearing to their sanguine Articles, incorporate my self with professed Murderers, under the Notion of being a good Man.

Happy are those innocent *Nations* of the *East*, who from their first Progenitors have kept inviolate the *Law* of *Nature*; who have never defiled themselves with the *Blood* of Man or Beast; but every one contenting himself with his native Home-stall, and the Fruits of his own Land, makes no Encroachments on those that dwell near him, nor butchers the harmless *Animals* to gratify his ill-natured Appetite. These sit under the Shade of their own Trees, and bath themselves in the adjoining Streams; They go in Peace into the Houses of their *Rural Gods*, and present them with Flowers, Rice, Fruits, and such as the Ground bringeth forth: They never dream of foreign Conquests, nor are troubled with domestick Broils, but lead their Lives in a perpetual Tranquillity and Innocence. All that they desire of *Heaven*, is the Continuance of those harmless Delights

Delights the at present enjoy. As for the tumultuary Pleasures of other Mortals, they have them in Contempt. This is an Umbrage of the Felicity we are promised in *Paradise*, where the Sound of the Drum and the Trumpet shall not be hard, and the Instruments of War shall be of no Use.

If thou chargest me with Inconstancy in my Opinions, I neither deny it, nor am ashamed; it being better to change one's Thoughts every Day than to be fixed in Error all one's Life. This to a Friend.

Paris, 18th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1667.

L E T T E R I V.

To Afis, Bassa.

THE Warriors and Mechanicks, Statesmen and Fidlers, Courtiers and Husbandmen, Students and Chimney-sweepers, are all taken up in discoursing of the mighty Preparations the *Grand Signior* is making to besiege *Candia*. They talk of fifteen thousand *Pioneers*, who are at work in order to this grand Undertaking; and that the City is blocked up by an Army of sixty thousand Men: That they have been raising Batteries round about it ever since the *Moon of December*; and that the *Sultan* is resolved to win this important Place, though he hazard half the *Ottoman Empire*.

This is refreshing News to *Mahmut*, who has heard nothing but prosperous Stories of the *Mussulmans* Arms these many Years. Now I begin to lift up my Head and take Courage, when the *Empire of True Believers* makes some Noise and Figure in the World: whereas my Heart perpetually drooped before, I was like one among the Dead.

It was but last Year when the *Nazarenes* could boast, That notwithstanding all the Menaces and Preparations
of

of the *Grand Signior*, yet the *Venetians* were the first in Field by *Land*, and appeared earliest with their Fleet at *Sea*, doing wonderful Things in *Dalmatia*, and blocking up *Canea* in the Isle of *Candy*: Now it is to be hoped, they will change their Note, and begin to consider what a formidable Force they have provoked against them, even the Puissance of all *Asia*, Men of *War* from their Nativities, an Army of select and chosen Soldiers, undaunted *Heroes*, Sons of Thunder, magnanimous, invincible, and destined to vanquish the *uncircumcised Nations*.

My Heart is revived within me at the Contemplation of sure and certain Victories, attending this glorious Expedition. My Spirits are dilated with Joy; I celebrate a *Dunalma* in my Breast. I am like an *Arabian Horse*, that foams, curvets, and paws the Ground in Fierceness, when he hears the Sound of the Trumpet warning to Battle; his Eyes sparkle with martial Fury, a Smoak goes out of his Nostrils, he lifts up the Voice of his Courage, his Rider can hardly restrain him. So I am all in Transport at these good Tidings: I can hardly contain my self within the Compass of Moderation. As old as I am, I feel a youthful Vigor stirring in my Veins; Methinks I long to be in the Heat of the *sacred Combat*, in the thickest Clouds of Gunpowder-Smoak, to stand the Shock of Showers of Bullets, or with my Scymetar in hand to hew my Way to immortal Honour and Felicity: For those who die in this Cause go strait to *Paradise*. But I must be contented with this tame humble *Post*, and serve the *Grand Signior* in the Manner prescribed by my Superiors. I tell thee, it is no small Mortification for an active Spirit to be thus confined. But Resignation becomes every good *Mussulman*; and I willingly sacrifice my Passions to the Pleasure of the *Grandeas* of the *Porte*, and the Interest of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Here I sit, like a *Fox* in his Den, watching the Motions of the *Infidels*: If any thing occurs worthy of Notice, out I bolt upon it, and make it my Prey, and send it as a *Present* to the august Ministers. I write to
all

all by turns, and therefore none has Reason to take Exceptions.

If thou wouldest know what they are doing here in the Court of France ; They are mustering the King's Troops ; they are revelling and feasting at *Versailles* the King's new Palace, where the Princes exercise themselves with the noble Discipline, which they call *running in Squadrons*. Whilst Thousands of People flock daily to *Versailles* from *Paris* and all the adjacent Countries round about, partly to be Spectators of these Royal Pastimes, and partly to behold that gorgeous Fabrick, which is esteemed the fairest and most magnificent in the World.

Serene *Bassa*, this Monarch has a vast *Genius* ; whatsoever he undertakes he accomplishes, and all his Performances are surprizingly great. He has a deep Fore-cast, and seldom fails in his Judgment of what will probably come to pass. He is happily made, born, and brought up. A Prince, one would think, designed by Fate for the *Empire of the West*.

Renowned *Assis*, I kiss the Hem of thy illustrious Robe, and with a profound Obeisance bid thee Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year, 1667.

LETTER V.

To Hafnadar-Bassi, chief Treasurer to the Sultan.

I AM convinced it is now time for me to be resolute, bold, and assured in my own Conduct : For it is in vain to ask Counsel of the sublime Ministers. I have addressed my self at certain Seasons to them on that account, ever since I came first to *Paris* : But not one of them has vouchsafed me an Answer, or given me any particular Instructions how to deport my self in an emergent Peril of Discovery : Whether I should own my self an *Agent* for the *Grand Signior*, or deny it ; whether I should boldly stand the Brunt of all Events,

or fly to Artifices and Evasions ; whether I should persist in acting the *Moldavian*, and continue to personate a *Christian Student*, an *Ecclesiastical Candidate* under the feign'd Name of *Titus* ; or frankly tell them I am a *Mussulman*, an *Arab*, and secret *Slave* of the *Sultan*.

I ought to have been certified in these Cases ; and not left at Random to guess, at this vast Distance, the Pleasures of my *Superiors*. But since it is their Will thus to make tryal of my Fidelity, Prudence and Skill in warding off the Assaults of common Chance, Misfortune, and the Attempts of sly designing Men, I will be as cunning as I can, without embarrassing my Peace with constant panick Fears and apprehensions of I know not what. No vain Endeavours to avoid the fixed Decree of Fate shall make me change my Lodging, or fly from every menacing Contingency. I will rather trust to Providence and present Courage, the Justice of my Cause and Native Innocence leaving the Event to *Destiny*.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive I am in some Trouble ; and I can assure thee, thou art not mistaken. I am hattered, hunted up and down, and persecuted worse than the Foxes, Hares, and Hinds near *Adriano*ple ; I am an old Man, and yet they envy me the Happiness of a natural Death ; they would not have me go down to the Grave in Peace. I have been imprisoned, threatened, dogged up and down the Streets, assassinated in the dark, had my Chamber searched, my Letters in danger of being seized, with those of the *Supreme Ministers*. I have run the risque of a Discovery, by meeting casually an *Infidel*, whose *Slave* I once was at *Palermo* in *Sicily*. I have been undermined by *Mussulmans*, as well as *Nazarenes* ; by Strangers, and by *Solyman* my *Cousin*. Yet in all these Perils I have acquitted my self faithfully, come off with Success, and saved the Honour of my *Sovereign* ; which is the only Thing for which I am solicitous. But for ought I know, my Care may prove in vain, and the Evils which I have so long fortunately escaped, may now surprize and ruin me. As to my self, I care not what becomes of me ; and if the *Secrets* of my *Commission* be revealed,

revealed, let the *Ministers* of the *Port* answer for that, who would never give me the least *Direction*.

About two or three Years ago, I was forced to remove from my old *Lodgings*, where I had resided ever since my first coming to *Paris*. The Dangers that then assailed me, drove me to this House, where I still am, in a very obscure Place by the Wall of the City. Yet even hither am I pursued by watchful Enemies: New Hazards threaten me on all Hands. But I am resolved to fly no more, unless it be into the *City Ditch*, where I can find Admittance through my *Landlord's* Cellar. There is a private Passage, dug perhaps in elder Times, during some Siege, to serve the freight Necessities of those who then possessed this House. It is so cunningly contrived, that human Wit can never discover it, unless by Chance, or by Direction of those that know it. The Ditch is dry, the Door of the House always lock'd; and my trusty *Host* swears no body shall come in by Day or Night, till I have made a safe Retreat. So that if all the *Officers* in *Paris* should come to search, I should have time to pack up my Papers, and sink away into my lurking Hole. And if they should by monstrous Accident find the concealed Avenue, I could soon slip into the Fields through the last *Postern* in the Wall, and lock them in beyond the Possibility of Pursuit; whilst I took care to hide my self afresh, or leave the *Country*.

This is my final Resolution, if ever I am put to an Extremity again. In the mean time, I desire thee to make it part of thy Care, that *Mahmut* shall not want for Money to carry on the *Sultan's* private Affairs without a Baulk. I do not demand unreasonable Things: Let me but live, and have enough to defray the necessary Expences of my *Service*, and that is all I crave. But let my Supplies be well timed and proportioned, that I may husband my *Pension* to the best Advantage: Or else I must always press, and that is a Thing I hate. I have writ to all the *Treasurers* that went before thee on the same Account, and with equal Boldness. Therefore take not in ill Part what comes from blunt Sincerity, and constant full Desires to serve effectually the
Grand

Grand Signior. It will be very easy for thee to anticipate *Mahmut's* Expectations without exceeding the Orders, which thou hast received. Money be damned, if we could breathe and serve our Friends, and carry on the Affairs of human Life without it. I am an *Arab*, and could as freely pass away my Time in harmless Rambles over the *Provinces of Asia*; as thus to be confined to narrow fretting Circumstances, the only Effects of too unshaken, unregarded, and incorruptible Loyalty.

Wealthy *Dispenser* of the *Ottoman Gold*, I ask no Alms, but my appointed Salary; in sending of which, I desire thee to remember the old *Roman Proverb*, which says, *That he gives twice, who gives in Season.*

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER VI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I Know not whether I shall live to hear from thee again, or to send thee another Letter. Age, Sickness, Misfortunes, together with the Malice of Men, have laid a thousand Snares for my Life; I am as it were, hunted by *Nature, Providence, Destiny, and Chance*, into the very *Toils of Death*; from whence it will be very difficult for me to escape. Not to amuse thee, I am in danger of being discovered, seized, imprisoned; and then thou knowest, I can expect no less than to be put to the Torture, and racked with a thousand Inventions of Cruelty, that so they may force me to confess what I am, and what my Business is in this *Kingdom and City*, where I have resided so many Years.

I was suspected by *Cardinal Richlieu* for a *Mussulman*, as I have reason to believe from several convincing Circumstances of that *Minister's* Carriage to me,

me, ever since his first Acquaintance with me at *Paris*. And the same Jealousy caused his Successor, *Cardinal Mazarini*, to put me into the *Bastile*, where I was closely confined for the Space of six *Moons*. And I might have lain there till this Time, for ought I know, had it not been for the good Conduct and honest *Fidelity* of *Eliachim*. In fine, though I have hitherto escaped Discovery, yet I cannot flatter my self that I shall always do so. If they once lay hold on me again, they will certainly search me for the *Scar* of *Circumcision*; and then all the Arguments the Wit of Man can find, will not be of force to blind them any longer, or save me from the Vengeance of the *State*. They will certainly put me to a cruel Death.

However, I will baffle them if I can; and if I once escape, I will bid adieu to *Paris*, if not to the whole *Kingdom*; being resolved not to trust any more to the deceitful Security of new Lodgings in this City, and a vain Removal from one Precinct and House to another: For the very Air of *Paris* is fatal to me. I am never free from Terror, whilst within these melancholy Walls. The *Genius* of the *Place* is at Enmity with mine. Every Thing I cast my Eyes on, seems to look and frown upon me: I start at the Voices of Men going along the Streets, and discoursing about their own Affairs: And if any one knocks at the Door, I am presently upon my Guard, my anxious Soul still labouring with sad Presages of some Calamity at hand, ready to rush upon me unawares.

Perhaps I may go to *Lyons* where a Stranger may live an Age concealed, and void of Peril, as in this City. Or I may take a farther Journey to *Marseilles*, *Toulon*, or any other Sea-Port Town: Where I will expect new Orders from my *Superiors*.

In the mean time, thou mayest continue to address thy Letters as before: For that Course can never fail, let me be where it pleases Heaven. *Eliachim* will take care of all Things, I writ to the *Hasnader Bassi* on the same Account, desiring fresh Supplies of Money; which I suppose will come by the Way of *Vienna*: If so, I trust
to

to thy Prudence in ordering my *Bills* with speed, and the usual Cautiousness.

Nathan, adieu : And whatever becomes of me live thou long and happily to serve the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER VII.

To the Venerable Mufti.

AS the poor injured Labourer, or *Slave* oppressed by cruel and obdurate *Masters*; as the despairing *Client*, who can find no Justice from the *Cheicks Cadils*, or *Cadilesquers*, fly immediately to the *Serail*, to make their last Appeal, and seek Redress from the *Great Arbiter* of human Feuds : So falls poor *Mahmut* prostrate at thy Feet, O *Sacred Oracle* of *Mussulmans*; begging from thy Authority, whom no *Believer* dares to disobey, what I could never yet obtain from any *Minister of State*, or *Bassa* of the *Bench* : That is, how I must act in case I am discovered, and barely suspected, examined and put to my Oath, concerning my Business at *Paris* ? Lay thy speedy Commands on those whose Care it ought to be, that no Intelligence, Advice, or Counsel be wanting to me the faithful *Agent* of the *Port*, residing here *incognito*, a *Spy* upon the *Infidels*. Or, at least, vouchsafe to send me thy Instructions, Rules infallible, Orders of perfect Wisdom, and divine Sagacity.

I cannot for the future stand the Brunt of long suspected Casualties : Events which glimmer from afar, like distant *Ignes Fatui*, or other vagrant *Meteors* of the Night : For so Contingencies appear, which are to come uncertain, and remote ; though sometimes near at hand ; yet with deceitful Shew, they still mislead bewildered Mortals in the dark. So the tired Traveller in *Libyan Wastes*, is tantalized by mocking Rays of Sands

in drifted Heaps, or flying Bodies loosely wasted by the Winds; on which the *Moon* and *Stars* casting their Beams, create Refractions like Domestick Lamps or Tapers; and encouraging the disconsolate Man to hope for neighbouring Villages or Towns, where he may rest his weary Limbs, and find an hospitable Entertainment; secure from *Dragons*, *Lyons*, *Tygers*, or the more Fierce and Cruel Race of Men, who lurk in secret Places of the affrighting *Desart*, to rob unwary Strangers, as they pass.

It is sad, most *Holy Patriarch* of the *Faithful*, that Men are thus degenerate, and transcend the horrid Nature of the wildest Beasts! But sadder still, that Cities, first designed for *Sanctuaries* of the *Distressed*, should become worse than *Desarts*, and more *Inhospitable* than the Purlieu of *Dragons*, or the dreadful Haunts of *Lynxes*, *Grocodiles*, and other *Animals* of *Prey*. That Men pretending to be civilized, to live in Community and reciprocal Participation of all good Offices; incorporated by the same *Laws*, for no other end but to help, assist, and defend one another against all Foreign Enemies; should, instead of this, prove more barbarous than Savages, and more voracious than *Canibals*, whilst every *Citizen* preys on his Neighbour, and devours him whom he has sworn to protect. They all live by Robbery and Spoil. The Rich and Potent fleece those whose Wealth is not sufficient to defend them from Oppression. Thus are Towns and Cities, from celebrated *Refuges* of Men, become the *Den* of *Thieves*, and cruel *Murderers*. The whole Earth is stained with the Blood of the Poor: The Cries of Widows and Orphans pierce the *Heavens*: The Generations of Men are corrupted, with Fraud, Avarice, Perfidy, Ambition, Envy, and a thousand other Vices. Brother cannot trust the Son of his own Mother, Fathers are unnatural to their genuine Off-spring. Children think the Days tedious which prolong their Parents Lives. Self-Love teaches a Man to betray his Friend, for whom he rather ought to lose his Life. An universal Defection from Justice and sound Morality reigns every where.

But what is most surprizing, is, that even among those who bear the glorious Title and Character of the

True

True Faithful Mussulmans, there should be found a Crew of Miscreants, Villains, and Traytors to GOD, his *Prophet*, and their *Sovereign*. I speak not of such, whose *Genial* Inclinations tempt them to commit vulgar Sins which injure no Man but themselves. I tax no Drunkards, Gamesters, and those amorous Persons, who waste their Bodies, Time, Estates, and sacrifice their Reputation to Voluptuousness. These are but *Venial* Sins, and soon washed off, by the appointed *Purifications*, and *Penances*. A little Water, Dust, or Sand, with Fasting, and devout Invocation, of the *Eternal Allah*, cancels these *Peccadilloes*; they are all put to the Account of human Frailty; such is the Pleasure of eternal Goodness. But I accuse the blacker Crimes of those, whom fretting Envy stimulateth to persecute their harmless Neighbour; or base Ingratitude prompteth to betray their Friends; or native Malice teacheth to seek out all Occasions of doing mischief in the World. A busy, restless Sort of Men buzzing about like Wasps or Hornets, stinging every one they fasten on. Or like the *Punes of Paris*, a troublesome Kind of *Insects*, which interrupt the sweet Repose of Men, creeping upon them in their Beds and Slumbers, and slyly biting them, to suck their Blood.

Such are the *Men* of whom I now complain; who flatter me from Statagem to Stratagem, from one Retrenchment to another; whose Crime is double, in that they are Persons of my own *Religion*; *Professors* of the *Genuine Faith* brought down from *Heaven*; *Followers* of the *Prophet*, who could neither write nor read; and *Subjects* to the *Grand Signior*.

It is a long time since I had the first Occasion to accuse some at the *Seraglio*, of private, sly Attempts to undermine and ruin me, that they might gain my *Post*. It will seem invidious, even in my own Defence, after so many Addresses to the *Ministers* of the *Porte*, now to repeat their Names, and discompose thy *Sacred* Thoughts with black *Memoirs* of human Malice. It is not Revenge I seek, but for the future how to escape, not prevent, the like Conspiracies. Nor is it for my

self alone, I cherish this unusual Zeal and Care ; but for my Master's Interest and Honour.

I have served near thirty Years in this precarious *Station*, and never made the least false Step ; or, if I have, it was not discerned ; which is the same Thing in effect. And I am very unwilling to miscarry at last, through the Treachery of my pretended Friends at *Constantinople*, or for want of full Instructions from the *Imperial Diwan*.

It is for this Reason, I presume to address to the Dust of thy Feet, *Supreme Judge* of the *Faithful*, begging the Interposition of thy *Paternal Authority* on my Behalf.

There is one Thing more, which in all Humility I recommend to thy Wisdom and Sanctity. I have often writ to thy *Predecessor* on the same Account, beseeching him to promote the *Translation* of *Histories*, and other *Learned Books*, out of Foreign Languages into *Turkish* or *Arabick* : That so Knowledge might flourish among the *Mussulmans*, and the *Infidels* might have no more Ground to call us *Barbarous*. Let Men skilful in Languages and Sciences be sought for. There are not wanting such at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the *Empire*. Let them be employed in compiling an *universal History* of the *World* in *Turkish* ; more ample, true, and correct, than any that has gone before it, in *Greek*, *Latin*, or any other Language. This will bring eternal Honour to the *Ottoman Empire*, and prove no hard Task to them that shall undertake it ; since it will be only a choice Collection out of other *Authors* ; a Garland of Flowers culled from the various Fields of *History*, and composed together with an Order full of Lustre and Beauty, the whole Work being interwoven with a Chain of *Chronological Years* ; which will not only give it a singular Grace, but also be of great Advantage to the *Mussulman Readers*.

Successor of the *Apostles*, remember, that though our *holy Lawgiver* could neither write nor read, yet the succeeding *Caliphs* encouraged Learning. Benediction on the Souls of them and their *Posterity*. So will future

ture Ages bless thy Memory, if thou vouchsafest to encourage this glorious Work : An *Ithuriel* the *Angel* of *Science*, will make thee his *Associate* in *Paradise*.

With profound Submissions I retire from thy sacred Presence, begging thy *Absolution* and *Blessing*.

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year. 1667.

LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician, to the Grand Signior.

AMONG other *Dispatches* I could not forget what I owe to the long continued Friendship which has been between us. Having Leisure therefore before the Post goes, I will inform thee of a *Birth* which has occasioned little Joy to the Parents, but much Admiration among all that hear of it, and raised learned Disputes between the Professors of *Physick* and *Surgery*.

In the Town of *Weerteed* near *Ardenburgh* in the *Low-Countries*, a Woman was lately delivered of a monstrous Child, with with two Heads, two Necks, four Arms, and proportionably all Parts both outward and inward double to the Navel, which seemed, to be the Center of Union between the two Bodies : For from thence downwards there appeared only the Proportion and Shape of one Body, with two Thighs, Legs, and Feet. The Faces were different ; one squalid and irregular, without a Nose or Mouth, except a kind of Orifice under the Chin ; for the Eyes possessed the Place of the Mouth, and a perfect *masculine Genital* took up the Room of the Nose : The other was fair, and made with Symmetry, having nothing extraordinary, saving two Teeth growing out of the Gums.

This

This *irregular Production* has been curiously dissected by a famous Anatomist, who found two Hearts, two Stomachs, and the other Vitals all single. What I have said is attested by five professed *Physicians*, who opened this wonderful Creature.

There have been many Examples of extraordinary Births, especially in these Parts of the World. And I have read in a *French Author*, a Man of Credit, That in the Year 1592 of the *Christian Hegira*, a Woman of *Assatia* brought forth at once an hundred and fifty Children, each but three Inches long.

But what I shall now tell thee, though it be not remarkable for the number of Children, yet has something singular in the Circumstances that attend it.

Irmetrude, the Countess of *Altorse*, accused one of her Neighbours of Adultery, because she had three Children at a Birth, saying *She deserved to be tied up in a sack, and thrown into the Sea*. Next Year the Countess her self was delivered of twelve Sons all at a Birth. And touched with Remorse for the Sentence which she had pronounced against the other Woman, concluding it now a just Punishment for her self, sent a Maid with eleven of these new-born *Infants*, commanding her to drown them in the next River, reserving only one to be the *Heir* of his Father's Estate.

Fate had so determined, that her Husband the *Earl* met the Maid as she was going to commit this execrable Villainy; and asking her what she had got in her lap, she answered, *I am going to drown a few young Whelps*. The *Earl* being a great Hunter, and consequently a lover of Dogs, had a Mind to see whether any of these *Whelps* were of a promising Aspect; when to his Astonishment he found eleven of human shapes, all living and perfect, but very small. He pressed the Maid so far, that she confessed the whole Truth. Whereupon enjoining her Silence, and Assurance of a good Reward, he caused her to carry them to one of his *Tenants*; where being all cherished and laid warm, he disposed of them afterwards, in convenient Places, to be nursed and brought up till they

came of Age. Then he sent for them privately to his House, having first apparelled them in the same Fashion as their Brother was in who dwelt at Home.

As soon as the *Countess* cast her Eye on them, and observed their Number and Faces, so exactly resembling him who had been always with her, she wept in a Passion betwixt Shame and Joy, confessing her former cruel Intention; and falling at the Feet of her Lord, he pardoned her. From these *Eleven* descend the Family of *Whelps* or *Guelphs*, so renowned in Germany, and bearing this Name from the Maid's Answer to the Earl, when she had them in her Lap.

Such strange Productions as these occasion various Enquiries among the *Philosophers* here in the West: Whether *human Souls* be generated like the *Bodies* to which they are united, or whether they are created by the immediate Power of God. Assuredly these *Infidels* are much in the Dark, and shut their Eyes against the Light of the *Oriental Sages*. If the *Prophets* should rise from the Dead, they would not be able to convince these *Uncircumcised*, that all Things visible and invisible are from *Eternity*, and that there is nothing new in the System of the Universe, except the various outward Forms, which change indeed according to the Laws of endless Transmigration, and sometimes according to the Frolicks of *Nature*, who loveth to mix her Interludes and Antiques with the established Sense of every Age.

What I have writ is to divert thee: But when shall I have an Answer as from an old Friend? Let not the Honours of the *Serail* make thee forget those with whom thou hast been once familiar. My dear *Hali* be not too much a *Courtier*. Thy long Silence and Reservedness forces this Language from me. Shall *Constantinople* blot out thy Remembrance of *Arabia*? Or the Blast of a Monarch's Favour be more valuable than the durable Integrity of a Countryman, a Friend? If the *Sultan* trusts his Life in thy Hands, dost not thou know that a fit of Gripes, the Stone, Gout, or any violent Distemper, will turn all his Confidence into Jealousy? I tell thee, he will suspect Poison in thy very Looks. There

Therefore, continue to be the same Man as thou wert formerly, and let not thy Improvements in *Physick* make thee go backward in *Morality*.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER IX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

NOW I see thou art a Man of Business! Thy Mind is cured of its religious Itch, and restored to a sound Complexion. Persevere and be happy.

Let no vain Scruples of Conscience molest thy Soul, concerning the Peace that was lately made between the *Grand Signior* and the *German*. Cares of this Nature belong to those who sit at the Helm, and direct the Steerage of the State. As for thee and me, our Part is only to obey, without enquiring whether it be right or wrong that we are commanded. Every thing is lawful to us that is enjoined by our Superiors: And the *publick* Reason ought to supersede our private narrow Sentiments. Whatever *Præmunires* we incur by our Obedience, the Conscience of the State will be our Bail, our Advocate, and our Ransom: Therefore, hence more, go on and prosper.

Thou couldest not have done the *Grand Signior* a greater Piece of Service, than by thus happily insinuating thy self with the *Hungarian Faction* at *Vienna*: For by that means thou becomest *Master* of the Secrets of both Sides, the *Janus* that overlooks two opposite Cabals at once: And so mayest not only form thy Intrigues the better, but also give a clearer Light to the Ministers of the *sublime Porte*.

I am displeased to hear of the frequent *Conspiracies* that have been made against the *Emperor's* Person. Not for any Love that I bear to him, or the House of *Au-*

sria, for I wish there was not a *Branch* of that incestuous *Stem* left alive on Earth: But I never knew such Kind of Plots, if once discovered and prevented, to take Effect again. Besides, they many times spoil the main Design: For what signifies it, if this *Emperor* were seized and put to Death, so long as there is any one of that *tyrannical Race* surviving. They are all of the same Blood and Interest; educated also in the same Principles and Maxims. In a word, they have all but one Game to play; which is, to aggrandize themselves and their Posterity for ever. And therefore these clandestine Methods of Poison or Assassination, will but make them more watchful to prevent all Designs of the like Nature for the Future.

Remember, *Nathan*, that the Mark which thou art to aim at, is to cherish the Discontents of *Hungary*, by all the Arts of a cunning Statesman. Count *Peter Serini* is a fit Subject to work upon. The Death of his Brother and his own Disgrace at the *Imperial Court*, with the rising Fortune of *Monticuli*, have filled him with Sentiments of Revenge and Envy. He cannot behold Count *d'Aversperg* in Possession of *Carlsbadt* without much Resentment, having with so great Passion begged that Government for himself.

If this Prince can but be induced to revolt, many thousands of the *Croats*, *Dalmatians*, and *Sclavonians* will take up Arms under him, which will at once weaken both the *German Empire*, and the State of *Venice*. Besides the Marriage of his Daughter with Prince *Ragoiski*, may engage the *Transylvanians* in his Party. Count *Nadasti* also, they say, is not well pleased with the Court, aiming to be *Palatine* of *Hungary*, which has been refused him. This News comes to me but by Report: If it be true, thou art in the fairest Way to succeed. Such great Malecontents as these will puzzle the *Ministers* of State, and exercise the Policy of Prince *Lobkowitz*.

Besides, if Things should not proceed to an open Rupture, yet, thou knowest the *Hungarians* are offended at the late Peace, which will not fail to put them upon committing perpetual Acts of Hostility. The

Romans

mach it extreamply, that the Town of *Newhauſel* is in the *Grand Signior's* Hands; and they will be always in their Guard in the neighbouring Parts patrolling about, and skirmiſhing with our Foragers: Which will afford a good Occaſion at any time for our Sovereign to break the Peace, whenever it is for his Intereſt. There are abundance of Conſequences in ſuch a Caſe, more than we can think of or foreſee, yet all to our Advantage. As long as we go the right way to work, all things will ſucceed well. Make no falſe Steps, and there is no Danger of ſtumbling.

Remember ſtill, that thy particular Charge is to foment a *Civil War* between the Court of *Vienna* and the *Hungarians*. It is no matter who gets the better of

Let them quarrel to Eternity, and deſtroy one another in *God's* Name: Then ſhall the *Muſſulman* Empire thrive.

Before *God*, you have a fine Opportunity, ye factious Comrades: But beware of ſly Interlopers. Damn the craftineſs and good Nature (falſly ſo called) of thoſe who will admit any Man into their Cabal, provided he ſtands on a fair Guize of one of the Party. Ye cannot be too reſerved and cloſe. Do ye think the *Emperor* has not his Spies about in every Corner? A Pox of rapidity, if you ſuffer this brave Deſign to miſcarry for want of looking ſharp. Damn you, for a Parcel of old thread-bare Fools, if after ſo many Experiences you do not furbish up your Wits, and look to your ſelves. There is *Gottendorf*, *Ralli-wits*, *Skus*, the *Knight Baron Leipſem*, *Elnard* the hereditary Pretender to the Marquiſate of *Thanu*, with many others whom I will not name in this Letter; By *Mofes* and *Mahomet* they are all Rogues; and if you truſt them too far they will ſurely betray you.

Nathan, believe me, I would not write ſo paſſionately were my Life at all precious. But I have no other end in protracting the Minute of my *Transmigration*, than to exalt as much as in me lies, the Majeſty of the *Ottoman Lineage*, and to guard it from Dangers. I am placed here on purpoſe by Fate: And I will do my Duty, though the whole World ſhould ſpatter their Venom againſt me.

O *Israelite*, both thou and I must shortly leave this Earth ; or at least we must change the Form of our Earth. We shall never cease to be something ; God knows what.

In the mean time, be what thou seemest to be.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER X.

To the most Sublime and Magnificent of the Mus-
fulman Bassa's Achmet, the Vizir Azem.

MAY Chaplets of immortal Flowers, crown thy noble Head, illustrious *Cuperli*, strong Prop of the House of *Etogriel*, main Buttress of the Tower of the *Zelzuccian Tribe* the Lineage of *Ottoman* Heir of the Heirs to *Ismael*, the eldest Son of our Father *Abraham*, the Glory of Men, and the Beloved of God :

Not the unmatched Perfumes of *Arabia*, not the surprizing Odours of the *Persian* Incense, which they offered to the Sun, not all the most skilful Compositions of *Eastern Aromaticks* put together are half so sweet as is thy glorions Name among the *Mussulmans*

I received thy Orders with a Reverence, second only to that which is due to the *Grand Signior*, and will perform them with a loyal Alacrity. I perfectly comprehend thy Design, and the Drift of the sublime *Porte*: For thou hast stated the Case like an *Oracle*. It will not be difficult, I believe, to suggest under-hand to the *French Court*, the Advantage they may make of the present Distractions in *Hungary*: For they are already become the Subject of common Discourse. *Lewis* the Fourteenth, by encouraging those Malecontents, and supporting their Cause with private Disbursements of Money, will doubtless facilitate his own designed Conquests on the Neighbourhoods of the *Rhine*. For if the
Hun-

Hungarian Lords proceed to an open Revolt, and throw themselves under the *Sultan's* Protection, the *Emperor of Germany* will be obliged to turn all his Forces that Way: which yet will not be able to withstand the United Armies of the *Hungarians, Croatsians, Heydukes, Tartars*, and the most invincible *Osmans*. So that by this means, the *Empire* will be weakened on both Sides, and in fatal Danger of it's final Dissolution; whilst the Strength and Power of the *Grand Signior*, and the King of *France*, his Noble *Ally*, will daily increase.

Besides, this will put all *Europe* into Divisions and Parties, according as their Interests and Affections incline them, some siding with the *Emperor*, others with the *French King*; whilst the Generality will stand Neuters, and contemplate the Issue of these Wars, without assisting one Side or the other. Than which, nothing can fall out more happy or more propitious for the Sacred *Monarchy* of the *Osmans*.

Inobedience to thy Command, I have written to *Nathan Ben Saddi* on this Account; altogether as from myself, not giving him the least Ground to conjecture, that I had received an Order from the *Port*. I frequently take the Liberty to counsel that honest *Jew* in many Cases; inviting him to Projects in general Terms, and to do some extraordinary Service for the *Grand Signior*. So that he will imagine my writing now is only of Course, without suspecting any thing else.

I beseech thee to send me all the Instructions that are needful for me, not only to carry on this Affair prosperously, but all others relating to the *Port*. I will be careful to transmit thy Commands to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, in such a Disguise, as he shall not dream they are any other than his own Proposals: Since thou dost not think it fit that the Majesty of the *Port* should appear to be concerned in a Business of this Nature, especially so soon after the late *Peace* concluded with the *Emperor*.

It is an invaluable Honour thou hast done me, intrusting to my Conduct an Intrigue, whose Effects for ought I know, may reach all the *Nations* of *Europe*, and last till the *Day of Doom*. Question not my Fidelity,

for it is of Proof: Besides, it many times tempts a Man to be false, when he knows he is suspected to be so.

I am *Slave* of the *Slaves* of those who stand near the *Sultan's* Person, and confess *Mahammed* to be the *Apostle of God*. More particularly I am devoted to those who have the Honour to serve thee, the Grand Pillar of the *Osman Empire*. God perpetuate thy Felicity.

Paris, 23d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER XI.

To the Seliſtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to the Sultan.

THESE Parts abound in Action at this Time, Couriers run up and down from Court to Court with secret *Dispatches*, and Matters of deep Import. The Death of the *Queen of Poland*, and of *Pope Alexander VII* occasion this new stirring and bustling in *Europe*. She died on the 10th of The 5th Moon; He on the 22d. Every *Kingdom* and *State* in the *West*, have some Interest to make or preserve; some Design to form or to carry on, the Success of which many times depends on the well managing the Consequences of these great and fatal Breaches, which Death makes in the Families of mighty *Potentates*, *Houses of Royal Descent*.

The *French Court* were all dissolved in Joy, for the Marriage of the *Duke of Guize* with *Madammoiselle d'Anlencon*: They were in the midst of the Nuptial Triumphs, and Festival Solemnities, when the Black Expresses came, which soon turned all their Mirth to Mourning, at least in outward Appearance. For it was not decent for the *Sons* to continue longer reveling, when the *Greater Father* lay embalmed in order to his Sepulture. Therefore, to prevent Idleness, the

King

Vol. VII. a SPY at PARIS.

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King thought fit to change the Pastimes of the Court for more necessary Business; and the soft Entertainments of *Hymen*, for the rugged Toils of *War*. He caused his Armies to march into *Flanders*, to give his *Queen* Possession of certain *Estates* fallen to her in those *Parts*. This surprized the *Low Countries*, who began to demolish several *Places* of *Strength* that had not sufficient *Garrisons* to defend them.

The *King* was himself in Person at the Head of his Army, which gave immense Courage to his Soldiers. So that *Tournay* quickly surrendered to him on the 10th of the 6th *Moon*; and *Doway* not many Days after. In the mean while, the *Mareschal d'Aumont*, with another Army takes the *Bergue Furnes* near *Dunkerque*. Then he besieges *Lisle*, which was taken also after seventeen Days; but not without the *King's* Presence; who appeared indefatigable, always on Horseback, or in his Coach, going the Rounds, and surveying all the Works. He slept in his Coach that Night the Town was taken, on a Bridge not far from *Gaunt*. They have also taken *Courtray*, *Oudenarde* and *Alost*. They have defeated the *Prince de Lingen*, and *Count de Marcin*. In a word, they have done so many great things this Campaign that all *Flanders* is stupified, as at a *Miracle*.

Illustrious *Agas*, I have in a Sort of Miniature presented thee with a true *Effigies* of *Western* Affairs at this juncture. Let not my *Abruptness* displease thee; since this *Epitome* describes the Truth as lively, as if I had filled an Ell of Parchment up with Words.

Paris, 2d of the 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1667.

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LET,

L E T T E R XII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not whether I have reason to rejoice or be sad in my present Circumstances ; so ambiguous are the Events of Human Life. Even the most blinding Gifts of Fortune, and such as we are extremely taken with, many times prove like the *Trojan Horse*, only fair and gay in outward Appearance ; whilst, like that deceitful Engine of the *Grecian Craft*, they carry an Army of hidden Calamities within, which in the midst of our secure Repose, when we least dream of any Evil, rush upon us from their concealed and unsuspected Ambuscades, put us all in Terror and Confusion.

However, since I have had a sufficient Share of Trouble, Grief, and Melancholy ; now let other sprightly, chearful Passions take their Turn, be the Event how it will ; I cannot always bear the Burden of a loaded Spleen, crammed and puffed up with melancholy Winds, the *Embryoes* or Vehicles at least of horrid Thoughts, perplexing Cares, and black Despair. Besides, methinks, I have a fit Occasion to be merry, being by a very pleasing Accident, at once rid of great many vain Doubts and Anxieties, (which have disturbed my Peace for these three or four Years) and restored to the charming Conversation of *Daria*, whom thou mayest remember I so passionately loved in the Days of my Youth.

Know then, that one Day as I was walking in the Streets, I met that lovely *Greek* in Mourning. Surprized above Measure at the Sight of a Person, for whom I had formerly cherished so great an Esteem ; I stood still at first, like one Thunder-struck. I could not forbear questioning my own Senses, and giving the Lye to my Eyes, which assured me it was she. Neither Age nor Absence had effaced her loved Idea from my Memory, or so much changed her Face, but that I easily called to mind the Object of my Amour.

ous Desires. Yet my Astonishment was such at this unthought-of Interview, that I had not Resolution enough to believe my self; and her Amazement seemed no less than mine; whilst neither of us had Power to speak, but stood like Fools. 'Till I, ashamed longer to lose my self in such an effeminate Confusion of Spirit first broke Silence, not without some Rapture and Emotion, crying out, " Is it *Daria* or her *Ghost*, I see? Has *Fortune* blessed or mocked me at the fatal Hour? Or do deluding *Nymphs* and *Fairies* haunt the Streets of populous Cities, walking about in borrowed Forms, and mixing with the Throng of Mortals, to tantalize our softest Hopes with a false Shew of some dear Lover, Friend or Person highly wished for, never to be enjoyed? It may be true, that *Cytherea* left her *Heaven* (as *Virgil* does relate) and in a *Tyrian* Dress met the heroick Off-spring of *Anchises* in the Fields, amusing him with a disguised Semblance of Mortality and human Race, until her heavenly Voice discovered that she was a *Goddeß*. So used *Diana* to descend in dead of Night, and mix the Slumbers of *Endymion* with Immortal Dreams; stealing soft Kisses from the lovely Youth, and whispering *Cælestial* Words into his Ears, more forcible than the Songs of *Orpheus*, when he moved the Trees and Rocks to Passions of *Platonick* Love. At other times they would come down, and take the Air of cool Mount *Hæmus*, or the lofty *Ida*. Thus *Melpomene*, *Clio*, and the rest of the *Sacred Nine*, would often visit the refreshing Heights of their beloved *Parnassus*; from whence descending to the shady Banks of *Helicon*, with more than mortal Voices, would awake and tempt the wanton *Ecchoes* to strike up, like *Unisons*, and join in *Consort* with them, whilst they chant the Praises of some *Demi God* or *Hero*, whom they love. But that a *Goddeß*, *Nymph*, or *Muse*, did ever frequent the common Crowd of Mortals in a City, is not to be credited: Therefore unless I dream, it is *Daria* I behold.

My Dgnet, I was running on higher Ecstasies at mentioning of her Name, but that she smiled, and interrupted.

terrupted me with an obliging Reservedness, and said,
 “ *Mahmut*, if you are the Man I take you for, and
 “ would have my Esteem, be less passionate, and leave
 “ off this wild Way of Raillery : We both are past
 “ the Vanities of Youth : Our Years should now re-
 “ tain no remnant Froths of early boiling Blood, and
 “ young, green, foolish Passions.”

I took this only for a female Banter and Essay of a Woman's Craft, to try the Sense and Humour of a Man. For, thou knowest the greatest *Princess* loves a truly passionate Address, though not a puling, whining one ; besides, it is the Fashion here in *France*, to use *Romantick* Forms of Speech, when they make Love. However, in regard it was inconvenient to lose more time, in open Street, by this Sort of Discourse, I invited her to a House, where we might converse with more Freedom. She accepted the Motion, and I conducted her to the House of *Eliachim* the Jew. It is pleasantly seated on the Banks of the River *Seine*, and has a fair Garden belonging to it. *Eliachim* happened to be abroad, which gave us a better Opportunity of improving of Time, without the necessary Interruption of Salutes, Compliments, &c. usual in such a Case. And I had the Command of his House, as though he had been there himself.

It being in the Heat of *Summer*, I led *Daria* into a little, shady, green Retreat, in the midst of the Garden out of the Reach of curious Ears ; where under the cool refreshing Shelter of a wide-spread Beech, we sat down and called to mind our former Acquaintance and Friendship. *Daria* still retained her Native Modesty and Prudence, neither had the external Beauty of her Face suffered any great Detriment, than what befalls the fairest Roses, Violets, or other Flowers, which even in their most decayed Estate, merit the Character of amiable Sweetness. However the Lustre of her Wit, and the Goodness of her Humour, supplied all other Defects.

I protest, my *Dgnet*, it was impossible for me to see, and not to love again, a Person whose *Idea* was once so domestick and familiar to my *Soul*. And I was the
 more

more animated to make my *Court*, when she told me, that she was a *Widow*. It was easy to forget, or banish from my Thoughts, her former faithful Treachery, in acquainting her Husband with my Amour. Love soon removes all puny Obstacles : it is ready, prompt, and extroous to find Excuses for the greatest Faults a friend can ever commit : Much more ingenious to alliate the *Peccadilloes* of a Mistress. This Generous Passion, by a peculiar Force, extirpates all Revenge, and blots out the *Memoirs* of past Unkindnesses. It ever springs and blooms with fresh desires, young vigorous Inclinations : Like to the Palm oppressed with Weights, it higher grows : It would fain increase, dilate, and stretch itself to Immortality. There is no consideration, but that of Honour, can pretend to match, or stand in Competition with the divine Rewards of Love. And yet the most exalted Human glory often vails to this soft Passion : The Conquerors of the World suffer themselves to be overcome by Women.

Wonder not therefore, that I who am Flesh and blood as well as other Men, could not now defend myself from fair *Daria's* Charms.

Excuse me in that I cannot now give thee any farther Account of this Adventure ; being interrupted by a Messenger from *Eliachim* the Jew, who brings me word, my Mother is very sick, and wants my Company. Expect another *Dispatch* speedily.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

L E T.

LETTER XIII.

To the Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of
the Customs, and Superintendant of the
Arsenal at Constantinople.

IT is written in the *Fates*, That Man should once at least be vanquished by a *Woman* in his Life. But it is my Chance to be twice subdued by one of that fair Sex. I know not whether I acquainted thee with the Love I formerly bore to *Daria*, a beautiful Greek Lady sojourning in *Paris*. Neither have I at this Instant an Opportunity to look over the File of my Letters, they being in my Lodgings, and I at *Eliachim's* House, where I writ this Letter, for the sake of a Convenience, which offers it self, of sending thee a small Present of *Watches* and *Oriental Stones* by a *Jew*, a Merchant, who is just departing for *Constantinople*.

However, if thou art curious to know the Circumstances of this Amour I speak of, our Friend *Oglou* can inform thee of it. In the mean time, suffer me to vent some of my Thoughts concerning Women, and the Love of them rooted so deeply in our Hearts by *Nature*. None of our Sex could ever escape this gentle Passion, it being mixed and blended in our very Original *Embryoes*, and after cherished with our Mother's Milk. It was the peculiar Mystery of our Nurseries by a thousand Female Tricks and Arts of necessary Tenderness, to blow and kindle up the little Sparks of this immortal Fire within our infant Souls; whilst from their Breast were sucked and guzzled down inebriating *Philisers* and *Love-Potions*, more forcible and desirable than those the *Grecian Maids* compound by *Magick Rules* when they would captivate some lively Youth within their Snares. Our Blood thus fed with early sympathetick Draughts, becomes the Seminary of a thousand amorous Inclinations; general, unformed, volatile Affections to that Sex: Till Time and Opportunity fix our loose Desires on some particular

Mail

Maid, whom Fate or Chance has brought into our View. At the first Glance, she darts from her enchanting Eyes, the perfect Image of her Soul, which penetrates like lightning our most Interior Faculties. The swift *Idea* transforms us into its own Similitude, like melted Wax we take the momentary Impression of a Figure; which may last as long as we; or if we melt again, it is but to receive some other Stamp of Love. Thus our whole Life passes away in an enchanted Circle of Amours.

However, it is the Part of a wise Man to regulate his Passion, and not suffer it to degenerate into Deceit. There is much to be said in Praise of Women, and not a little in their Disparagement: As we are Riddles to our selves, so that Sex is in a higher Degree mysterious and a Paradox.

It would be a kind of sacrilegious Envy to conceal their Excellencies, and the Advantages they have of us in many Regards, whilst our partial Pen shall only publish their Defects and Infirmities. Some Hebrew Doctors from the different Names of *Adam* and *Eve*, draw Arguments to prove the Dignity and Perfection of the Female Sex, in that *Adam* signifies [*Earth*] but *Eve* expresses [*Life*.] For they affirm, that every Name which God imposed on any Thing, describes its Nature and Qualities, as a Picture represents the Original. Therefore by how much *Life* is more to be esteemed than *Earth*, by so much more excellent, in the Opinion of those Rabbies, is Woman than Man.

They go farther also; from the Affinity between *Eve's* Name and the Sacred Name of God, the ineffable Tetragrammaton, the Cabalists borrow Proofs in Confirmation of their Doctrine.

I know not whether such Critical Observation be of any Moment or no, in this Case; yet thou knowest that all the Eastern Languages are full of hidden Mysteries; each Word and Letter being impregnated with some Divine or Natural Secret, beside the common obvious Sense. Thus *All Zerbi*, the holy Mussulman Doctor says, there is Magick in the Sacred Name of *Jesus*, and that whenever it shall be once pronounced through the great

great Tube or Trump of *Michael*, it shall cause all the Powers in *Heaven*, in *Earth*, and *Hell*, to bow the *Knee*. This *Globewhereon* we tread, shall tremble, and all the *Elements* melt away; the *Firmament* shall be snatched up like to the Motion of an *Eastern* Antiport, Veil, or Curtain. The wide-stretched *Orbs* above shall warp and rowl together, as a scorched Skin, or a Piece of Parchment does before a Fire. So forcible will be the Energy of that tremendous *WORD* by which the *Universe* was made, when God designs to rend this visible World of ours in Pieces, that he may reveal his nobler Works, the Worlds invisible and eternal. This mighty Frame on every Side, will bow, and yield, and vanish; not able to support the crowding Train and Lustre of immortal Glories, radiant, bright *Essences*, descending in a Body from the high *Palaces* of God, the infinite Solitudes and Recesses of the *Omnipotent*.

Thou hast no Reason to be scandalized at what I write as if I were a *Christian*. Thou seeest I have a *Doctor* of the *Arabs* for my *Author*: A *True Believer*, and reputed Saint. Besides, if I am worthy to advise thee, let not the common Practice of *Mussulman* Professors in the *Imperial* City tempt thee to despise the *Blessed Son* of *Mary*, of whom our *Holy Prophet* speaks so honourably. How many *Chapters* in the *Alcoran* do celebrate his Praise? I rather counsel thee to imitate the honest *Turcomans*, who are esteemed the best of *True Believers*. These honour both *Jesus* and his matchless *Virgin-Mother*: So do the *Chupmessaffs*, and all good *Mussulmans*. As for the rest, they are either superstitious and morose *Fanaticks*, profligate *Renegadoes*, or loose, wild *Libertines*, who fear neither God nor Man.

And now I have mentioned that incomparable *Mary*, Mother of the *Messias*, of whom the mighty *Alcoran* speaks such venerable Things; it is a fit Occasion to return from my Digression, and proceed in relating what the *Jewish Rabbies* say farther in Commendation of the *Female Sex*.

They consider the Order which God, according to the *Writing* of *Moses*, observed in the Creation viz. that
among

Among his Works, some are incorruptible and immortal; others subject to Corruption and Change; and that as he began in the noblest *Species* of the former, so he ended in the most infamous of the latter, that is *Woman*; the last of all his Works, and the most perfect of compound Beings: For in her are centered and consummated the Nature of the Heavens, the Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, with Minerals, Plants, and Animals, and whatsoever else was made before her. This is the Opinion of some *Hebrew Writers*, who believe, that God having made *Man*, and then surveyed the *System* of his Works found nothing more excellent or divinely framed than *Woman*. Therefore in her he rested and commenced his *Sabbath*, as if his Power and Wisdom now were tired and foiled, and that he could not start the *Idea* of another Creature more perfect than her: Or, as if he did not esteem the *Universe* it self compleat without the last and most accomplished of his Works. For they hold it absurd to believe, that God would finish with a prodigious and admirable Task, in any mean or subject Thing. They also illustrate this by a Similitude, asserting, that the World being as it were an infinite Circle, it followeth by necessary Consequence, that it was finished in that Part, which by the most intimate Union couples the first Atom to the last.

They endeavour to strengthen this by the common Principle of *Philosophy*, which teacheth, that the End is always first in the Intention, and last in Execution. *Woman* therefore being the last Work of the Creation, is evident, say they, that she was the chief Design and Aim the *Almighty* had in building this immense Fabric, which he first furnished and adorned with infinite Riches and Delights, and then introduced *her*, into her own native, proper Palace, there to reign as absolute Queen over all his Works.

Besides they take Advantage from the particular Place of her Creation to exalt *her*, in that she was formed in *Paradise* among the *Angels*, whereas *Man* was made in the Common Waste among the *Brutes*. And therefore they say, *Women* have this peculiar Privilege, that when

when they look down from any eminent Height or Precipice, they feel no Dizziness or giddy Symptoms in their Head, no Mist or Dimness in their Eyes being, as it were, nearer their proper Element, or lost Birth-place; whereas it is common for Men to be troubled with these Accidents in such a Case.

But the most prevailing Argument they use, is taken from the stupendous Beauty of that Sex, which like the finer Sort of Clouds in Summer, seems to engross the Splendors of immortal Light, and so reflect them on the World. How matchless is a Woman's Form? What dazzling Majesty environs her from Head to Foot? Gaze on her lovely Countenance without Astonishment; or fix your Eyes on her's without an Ecstasy: those Lights which do mislead the *Morning Stars*, and cause the *Gods* to ramble from their *Heaven*, if what the *Antient Poets* say be true. So did *Apollo* for his *Daphne*, and *Jupiter* for others of that charming Sex. Neither need we wonder at this, since the *Written Law* it self records, that *Angels* fell in Love with admirable *Maids of human Race*, and took them for their Wives or Concubines, from whom the *Progeny of Giants* came. Thus more modern *Writers* testify, that incorporated *Spirits* and *Dæmons* of all Ranks and Qualities, both good and bad, have been inflamed with ardent Passions for some *Mortal Virgin*. Which is no false or vain Opinion, as the incredulous Part of Men would fain insinuate, but a known Truth confirmed by many Experiences.

Indeed, so admirable is the Figure, Voice, and Mien of a fair Woman, that he is wilfully blind, who does not see, whatsoever Beauties the whole World is capable of, centered in that Sex. And for this Reason it is, that not only Man, with Angel, *Dæmons*, *Genii*, *Satyrs*, and the whole Series of *Rational Beings*, admire a fair Woman; but also the very *Brutes* are struck with a profound Amazement at her Sight: With Sighs and silent Vows the *Animal Generations* pay Homage to her, and adore the stately Idol. Every Thing in *Nature* is enamoured, and lies prostrate at her Feet: She alone commands the Universe.

et after all my Brother, they have their dark Side like the rest of mixed *Beings*. They are the Front-Passes of the World above, and that below; the Gates of Life and Death, the very Avenues to Heaven or Hell, according as they are used. Like Fire will warm and refresh a Man, if he keep at a Distance; but if he approach too near they will scorch and blister him, if not consume him quite. Or, that other Element of Water, they are very good serviceable, whilst kept within their Bounds; but when they once break down the Banks of Modesty, they threaten all with Ruin. In a word, 'tis neither to vex them in the least, or humour them too much. The Excess of Fondness, as well as the Defect of natural Love, may equally undo us. Prudent Generosity is the only Method of making ourselves happy in the Enjoyment of this *Sex*.

Dear *Pesteli*, let us reverence ourselves, and then we shall not fail of due Respect from our *Wives* and *Concubines*. For they love a Man that is truly masculine and brave.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

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LETTER XIV.

To the same

JUST as I had finished the other Letter I was alarmed afresh with new Discoveries of *Solyman's Treasury*. That barbarous *Dog* is certainly an *Imp* of Hell, a *Devil* in human Flesh; an adventitious Plant, sucked from the Drery Banks of *Phlegeton*, or *Coccyus*, and engrafted in our noble Stock, on purpose to infect and destroy us. The whole *Tribe* is bound to execrate him with immortal Execrations. He industriously seeks and studies all Occasions to do mischief. He feeds his Veins sure stream with fiercest Venoms, rather than

rather than with human Blood. The Poison of *Dragons*, and *Asps* is under his Tongue, and the Gall of *Crocodiles* within his Lips. His Lungs breathe nothing but infernal Smokes; the Spirit *Negider* times the *Systole* and *Diastole* of his Heart; and his whole Body is a Den of Fiends, as foul and black, as those which guard the Throne of the Great Prince of Darkness.

I could have easily forgiven his sly malicious Attempts upon my Life and Honour, his interloping Tricks and Plots, his Calumnies, with all the Train of his perfidious Actions: But that he should abuse the virtuous *Fatima*, Daughter to our Uncle *Useph*, is an Injury I cannot put up, or pardon. That innocent Lady never deserved such cruel, unmanly Usage at his Hands. The Dregs of a thousand bitter Curses be his Portion to drink in Hell, unless he repent of this prodigious Baseness, and make honourable Satisfaction.

Thou wilt wonder, perhaps, what is *Solyman's* Crime that fills me with such implacable Resentment. Know then, that *Fatima's* Husband being called to the Grand Signior's Service in the Wars of *Dalmatia*, and for the Reason forced to tarry from her above these fourteen Moons, she entrusted *Solyman* with an Affair of great Importance, a Matter which concerned her Life, Honour, and Welfare in the World. It seems she had Quarrel with an old *Grecian* Hag, who sought to prostitute her to the Great Cadi of *Smyrna*, where she lives. This Grandee had by a strange Accident seen *Fatima* in a Bath, frequented only by Women of Quality. However, through some Neglect of the Servants he was not spied himself, but went away deeply in Love. That Passion thou knowest, makes every Body restless, that is tormented with it. He knew not how to ease himself, but by communicating his Thoughts to the forementioned *Grecian* Widow, whom he had often made the Confident of his Amours. Through-paced *Barvd* soon promised him Relief, and that she would accomplish his Desires. However she failed, and found herself mistaken, when she came to

apt the inviolate Chastity of *Fatima*: For all her
entering Promises, her softest *Rhetorick* could never
rupt a Heart established firm in Virtue.

Mad at her Repulse, she studied how to be revenged,
ceiving it not impossible to bring her Designs about
Violence, since fair Persuasions would not do. She
mes a formal Accusation against *Fatima* before the
Cadi, taxing her with *Witchcraft* and other Crimes upon
th. The *Cadi* having learned his Lesson, would
hear the Cause in open *Divan*; but pretending In-
position of Body, caused her to be brought before him
his private Bed-chamber. The Greek had ready by
several suborned *Witnesses*, to depose most horrid
ings against the innocent Woman. When the *Cadi*
essing an entire Respect to *Fatima's* Husband, seem-
to take Pity on her Circumstances, and waved the
ther Prosecution of the Cause till another Time, keep-
Fatima Prisoner in the mean while in his own *Palace*.

All this was managed so privately, that no body in
Town took notice of it, save an Acquaintance or
o, of the *Grecian* Widows, and *Solyman* our worthy
usin, who happened to be at *Smyrna* in this very
uncture among his other Rambles.

Persons in trouble are willing to fly for Refuge to any
end, desiring their Assistance. *Fatima*, all in Tears
such an unexpected Change of her Condition, had
asure and Opportunity to speak to *Solyman*, conjuring
n to go to certain intimate Friends of our Family,
ing in *Aleppo*, and tell them her Circumstances. In-
d of this, the Faithless Villain goes to her Husband's
ends at *Tripoli*, telling them the utmost shameful and
andalous Things of *Fatima* his Malice could invent;
d that by her lewd Courses she had well-nigh ruined
Husband; producing at the same time forged *Bills*
Letters as from him, whereby he raised a thousand
guins, with which the perjured Villain is gone no body
ows whither, to make his broken Fortunes once again,
d lay a Foundation for new Cheats. Whilst the poor
ured *Fatima*, is forced to bear the Reproach and In-
ny of Things whereof she never was guilty. But Time

I hope, will clear her Innocence, and bring that cur
Vagabond to Shame.

I counsell'd him indeed long ago to travel, and see
various *Regions* of the Earth; But I never advis'd him
load his *Soul* in such long Voyages with the Guilt of
Ingratitude, barbarous Malice, Perfidy, and other V
of the greatest Hue. The smaller Frailties, Stains, a
Blemishes of human Life, are too great a Burden for
generous Heart to bear without Complaints and Sighs.
that has but a Spark of Virtue in him, blushes for eve
Peccadillo he commits. If tempted by good Compan
or in hopes to banish melancholy Thoughts, he indu
himself a larger Draught of Wine than what is ordin
and so insensibly boil up his Blood to irregular Heig
and Superfluities, he is all this while no body's Foe
his own; He plots no Mischief against his Friend, R
lation, harmless Neighbour or Acquaintance. All
Enmity he shews is to himself, and in his Cups he is
aware of that. For which Reason afterwards, to expiate
criminal Advances he made to Self Murder, he willing
scums off the grosser Ebullition of its heated Veins in pe
tent Weeping: A Flood of Tears runs from his Eyes, li
generous *Libations* at the Foot of the *Altar*, to pacify
Wrath of God; whilst the lighter Part evaporates in pi
Sighs and Vows. Thus this Pollution vanishes like Smo
and he is soon made clean again. And so in other Vice
is the same with Men disposed to Virtue; they endeavor
to root out the evil Habits they are accustomed to: Th
try all Ways and Stratagems to reform themselves. B
wicked Men, by Inclination, sin on without Remor
They never study to retrench the Evils they comm
Ever propense to Vice, they chuse its Ways, and co
the Opportunities of doing impious Things. They
natively Unjust, and cannot live at ease without pre
ditated Crimes; It is their Element to be project
Mischief: And such a one is *Solyman* our Cousin.

God inspire him with more grateful Sentiments towa
his Friends, more Natural and Affectionate to those of
Blood, and a more just Deportment to all Men: Or
he may be like *Cain* who for murdering his Brother
condem

demned to be a *Vagabond* on Earth ; and like *Zeuli* the *Persian*, who falsely accused *Hofain* the *Pro-*
and for that Reason was troubled with a *Palsy* in
Head as long as he lived.

is, 14th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year, 1667.

LETTER XV.

To the Mufti's Vicar.

Sent an Account to the *Port* of the Death of the
late *Rumbeg*, or *Pope*, who is the Great *Patriarch* of
Nazarenes. Now the *Cardinals* have chosen ano-
ther to succeed him, whom they call *Clement IX*. A
man of a great Character for Learning and Piety, and
from whom the *Franks* expect glorious Things to
be done for the Publick Good of *Christendom*.

These *Popes* seem to inherit the Authority and Ho-
nour of the Ancient *Pontifex Maximus*, or *High-Priest*
of the *Romans* in the Time of *Paganism*. Nay, they
have a far more ample and uncontrollable Power.
For those *Gentile Prelates* always submitted to the *Im-*
perial Authority, from which they received Protection
and Maintenance. But these *Christian Fathers* acknow-
ledge no Superior on Earth. *Kings* and *Emperors* do
homage to them, and perform the meanest Services ;
they hold the *Basin* whilst the *Pope* washes his Hands ;
they hold the *Stirrup* whilst he mounts or alights from off
his *Mule*. Sometimes Great *Princes* lead his *Horse* by
the Bridle ; whilst at another Season they carry him on
their Shoulders. It is recorded, that *Eumenes* King of
Carthage, came to *Rome*, and pulling off his *Turban*,
he laid it on the Ground before the *Senate*, con-
fessing he received his Liberty from them. And *Prus-*
as, King of *Bithynia*, used to stile himself the *Roman*
Emperor's Slave, and bow down to the Earth before
him. But this is nothing to the Reverence which
greatest

greatest *Monarchs* pay the *Pope*, when crawling on their Knees, they kiss the Sandal on his Foot.

He can make and depose *Kings* at Pleasure, absolve *Subjects* from their Allegiance, bind and remit Sin open and shut the Gates of *Paradise*, *Purgatory*, and *Hell*, or at least he endeavours to make the World believe so.

—He has Seventy *Cardinals* for his Assistants and Counsellors, all equal to *Princes*: A hundred and thirty *Archbishops* under his Obedience: A Thousand and Seventeen *Bishops*: A Hundred and Forty Four Thousand *Monasteries* and *Religious Houses*; Three Hundred Thousand *Parishes* obeying his Will, and yielding Homage to him. So that if he were resolved to carry on some lasting *War*, he need only lay an impost of Six Crowns a Year on every *Monastery*, and Fifty Two on every *Parish*, and it would amount to Sixteen Millions of Crowns yearly Income. And if of every *Monastery* he chose out Ten Men, he would have an Army of Fourteen Hundred and Forty Thousand Men. Which is more than any *Potentate* in the World can do beside.

Thou wilt say, it is a Wonder then he does not put this in Practice, and so wage *War* with the *Grand Signior*, who has fleeced him of many flourishing Countries formerly under his Obedience.

O Sacred Oracle of the *Mussulmans*, God has tied up his Hand; he cannot do it. These are but empty Speculations, impracticable Projects, fantastick Chimeras. The mighty Train of his *Archbishops*, *Bishops*, *Parish-Priests*, with *Jesuits*, *Monks*, and *Friars*, though never so willing to obey his Orders in such a Case, cannot stir a Foot without the Leave of their respective *Sovereigns*. For they are dispersed through diverse Kingdoms, States, and Principalities, where they are subject to the Laws and Government in Force. So that unless he could unite the Hearts of all the *Christian Princes* one with another, and with his own, to undertake so grand an Expedition, it is impossible ever to effect his Will. Each *Nation* has an Interest of its own to pursue which makes them deaf to suggestions.

Propo

Proposals as may embarrass, if not ruin them. No
 ter of the *Desart*, rambling up and down from *Court*
Court, with his Religious Harangue, will ever again
 prevail to raise another *Crusade*: That Zeal is out of
 fashion now in *Christendom*, Kings, in these latter
 ages have not half the Attach and Veneration for
 the *Pope* they had in former Times. When *Pope Bo-*
face VIII. claimed a Temporal Jurisdiction in
 France, *Philip the Fair* being then King, sent him this
 short Answer; *Let thy Great Sottishness know, that in*
temporals we are subject to none but God alone. And a
French Ambassador at Rome, speaking something boldly
 to the *Pope*, the *Prelate* reproached him, *That his Fa-*
ther was burnt for a Heretick; whereupon the *Ambas-*
sador gave him such a Box on the Ear, that he fell
 down as dead. But it was a tart Message indeed which
 the *Eastern Bishops* sent to *Pope John III.* who claimed
 Universal Authority over all the *Churches* in the
 world. For, they say, *We firmly believe thy Absolute*
authority over thy own Subjects; but *we who are not*
subject to thee, cannot bear thy Pride, nor are we able to
opiate thy Avarice. *The Devil be with thee, and God*
with us.

In a Word, all *Denmark, Swedeland, Norway, Hol-*
land, England, Scotland, Geneva, Ireland, half the *Em-*
pire, and half *Swisserland,* are fallen off from their
 obedience to the *Pope* within these Two Hundred
 years. And those *Kingdoms* and *States* which yet con-
 tinue under the Yoke, are ready to shake it off at every
 turn, when they are never so little gauled and vexed.
France, Spain, and Venice often huff the *Pope* into
 compliance with their Demands. Nor dares he to re-
 sist, but winks and puts up all, like an old decrepid *Fa-*
ther, for whom his Sons are grown too strong.

Holy Successor of the Prophet and Messenger of God;
 thou art the *Infallible Interpreter* of the *Law*, and
 Judge of *Equity*, yet dost not arrogate a *Power* above
 thy *Commission.* The *Grand Signior* honours thy *Wis-*
dom and *Sanctity*; and thou obeyest with humble Sub-
 mission to the *Imperial Edicts.* He is thy *Lord*, and

thou his Guide and Tutor in the Way to Paradise. May God increase thy illuminations with thy Years, and inspire me and all the True Faithful with sincere Loyalty to our Sovereign, and devout Obedience to thee, without the least Allay of Treachery or Superstition.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

NOW thou seest I am a truer Prophet than thy New Messias, that Impostor Sabbati Sevi: And yet, though I am so in effect, I do not aspire at the Title. I claim no Character above that of a Mortal, who has not quite forfeited his Sense and Reason. However, if thou wilt yet retain some Veneration for his Person, shew it by imitating his Example, and embrace the Mussulman Faith as he has done: At least he outwardly professes it; and had the Honour to do so first in Presence of the Sultan. I know not whether thou hast heard of this or no: Thy Brethren perhaps may be unwilling to disperse the News of a Conversion bringing so much Infamy to all your Race. It is possible they are ashamed to own or publish to the World, the Tidings of their own egregious Folly; in giving up their Faith to such a Cheat as this; a Cheat as one would think grown stale and fetid enough, to make a Man that had the smallest Grain of Sense recoil, considering how oft your Fathers have been bubbled before by such upstart Messiahes, such spurious Prophets as this.

I commend the Wit of Sabbati Sevi, in that he would not stand the Brunt of the Grand Signior's Archers; or by a vain Presumption hope for Miracles from Heaven to skreen his naked Body from a Shower of fatal Shafts. Had he been so rash, I should esteem him the greatest

greatest Miracle of Stupidity that ever was extant on the Earth. If thou hast not been yet informed of these Passages, Fame will quickly bring them to thy Ears, and then my Letter will not seem obscure. In the mean time, assure thy self, he denied his *Apostleship* to save his Life, and this before the *Grand Signior*, with the chief *Grandeess* of the Court: Where at the same Time he confessed *One God*, and *Mahomet* his Messenger. If thou art his *Disciple* therefore, thou oughtest to be steadfast, and tread in his Steps, giving Glory to the *Eternal One*, who has sent *Prophets* into all Nations, to lead Men in the right Way, as he sent *Moses* to the House of *Israel*.

Nathan, suffer no narrow Principles, no partial Prejudices to shut up thy *Soul* from the bright Splendors of Immortal Truth, which shine on every Man. The Light of *Heaven* is not confined to one particular *Lineage*. It is copious, large, and infinite; spreading abroad its Universal Rays, enlightning all the Families and Nations on Earth.

It is true, I grant, the *Omnipotent* first sent *Moses* with the *Written Law* to the *Posterity* of *Isaac*. Had they obeyed the *Sacred Institution*, it is possible your *Race* had now been blessed above the rest of Men. Perhaps your *Fathers* would have stretched their *Conquests* far and wide to the utmost Limbs of the *Land*; from *India* to the *Western Shores* of *Africk*, and from the remote Borders of the *South* to *Nova Zembla* in the *Artic Circle*. Then devout Princes, would have travelled from the *Four Angles* of the *World*, and made long *Pilgrimages* to *Jerusalem*, there to perform their *Vows*, and offer *Sacrifice* to the *King of Heaven*.

But alas, your *Ancestors* turned *Infidels* and *Idolaters*. even at the very Foot of *Mount Sinai*, whilst the tremendous *Eccboes* of the *Thunders* yet were in their Ears. They made themselves a *Calf of Gold*, and adored the *Idol* of their own *Workmanship*. So did their *Children* worship *Adonis*, *Venus*, *Diana*, and almost all the *Rabble* of the *Gentile Gods* and *Goddesses*. For which Reason, the *Wrath of Heaven* was kindled against that *Generation*: *God* rouzed the *Mighty Monarchs* of the

East to take up Arms, and punish such a *Wicked Race* of Men. How oft was fair *Jerusalem* sacked, and all the *Jews* destroyed or carried away *Captives* by *Persians*, *Medes*, *Affyrians*, or the *Kings* of *Babylon*: How many *Prophets* were sent to tell them of their Errors, and reclaim them? But the obdurate Sons of *Jacob* stopped their Ears, being resolutely bent on *Wickedness*; the Measure of which being once compleat, *Fate* signed the *Edict* of your utter Ruin. For then came *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, the True *Messias*, who foretold the irrevocable *Catastrophe* of *Jerusalem*, which came to pass accordingly in that very Age, when the Victorious *Roman Army* laid it all in Ashes, not so much as sparing the Glorious *Temple* of *Solomon*. Ever since which, the *Jews* have been dispersed abroad through all the Earth. Each *Nation*, *City*, or *Province* where ye live, account ye Execrable *Fugitives* and *Vagabonds*.

In they mean while, the Fame of *Jesus* spread abroad; his heavenly *Doctrine*, perfect *Life*, and mighty *Miracles*, subdued the Hearts of Men. *Christianity* took Root in the World: It grew and branched itself throughout the *Continent*. The *Roman* and the *Grecian Empires* tamely sat down under the *Church's* Shade within Three Hundred Years; and quickly after, other Nations fled unto the *Sacred Shelter*. But in Process of Time, this *Religion* also, like to yours, degenerated into Error, Superstition and Idolatry. And then *God* raised up *Mahomet*, our *Holy Lawgiver*. He sent him down the *Book of Glory* by the Hand of *Gabriel*; and commanded him to teach it to the House of *Ismael* first, and then to all Men that were willing to embrace the *Unde-filed Faith*: but to chastise with Fire and Sword, the *Infidels* who should oppose his *Mission*, and resist the *Truth*.

How soon the *Mussulman Law*, took place, and gained Ground in *Arabia*, *Persia*, *Syria*, and the adjacent *Regions* of the *East*? Nothing was able to stand before the Warlike Troops of *True Believers*. How bold and matchless were the Actions of the Valiant *Hali*? How wise the Counsels of Sage *Omar*, and *Abu-Bacre*? How eloquent and forcible the Words of the Chaste and Generous *Osman*? The *Prophet* was happy

happy in the Company of all the *Caliphs* : They fought and conquered all before them.

Whenever the Heavenly Banner was displayed, Trembling and Horror seized the *Infidels*. Showers of successful Arrows streight were sent, against which the *Uncircumcised* could not stand ; much less could they sustain the near Approach and dreadful Shock of our Invincible Cavalry. Their faint Battalions quickly shrunk, and posted from the Field ; whilst ours, unmindful of the Spoil, pursued the Chase, and strewed the Ground with slaughtered Carcases of flying Miscreants. Conquest attended the *True Faithful*, whenever they drew their Swords. Thus for above these Thousand Years has Religion made its fortunate Advances on the Earth : And if another *Law* should be revealed, and some new *Prophet* rise to check the farther Growth of *Mussulman Faith*, and undermine the *Empire* of the *Faithful* ; we ought not to reflect on *Mahomet* for this, as though he were an *Impious Seducer*, any more than we do on *Moses* for your Calamities ; or on *Jesus the Son of Mary*, for the declining State of *Christendom*

It is not impossible, but that the *Omnipotent* may have hidden Reserves of *Precepts*, yet to be divulged. He has had his various Methods and Dispensations in all Ages and Parts of the World : Neither is it fit for Mortal Man to limit the *Eternal One*, or set him Rules. His Methods are to us incomprehensible. He sent *Moses*, a Man bred in all the Sciences and Wisdom of the *Egyptians*. To *Jesus* he committed his hidden Power and Knowledge ; and the *Apostles* spake all *Languages*. But *Mahomet* could neither write nor read, and yet thou seest his *Law* has profelyted many mighty *Kingdoms*, *States*, and *Empires*. Who knows, but that in future Times he will convert the *Apostate World* by some *Dumb Person*, who can neither hear nor speak ? or by some blind Man, who could never see ? Or is it not impossible, but that he may employ some *Maid* of admirable Beauty, Gifts and Learning in the *Mysterious Work*. So were the *Sybil*s of old inspired with *Sacred Wisdom* and Foreknowledge of Things to

come. All filled with inward Blasts of some *Immortal* Wind, the pregnant *Virgins* soon conceived deep *Mysteries* of *Fate*, which they writ down on Leaves of *Trees* : For they were *Eremit*s, and Twelve in Number, as *Ancient Records* say. One of them lived at *Cuma* in *Italy*, where her Cave is shown to Travellers at this Day. They foretold what should happen in After-times, particularly the *Birth* of *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary* : But they never said a Word of *Sabbati Sewi*, or of any other *Messias*, to come after the First. These *Holy Maids* were had in great Veneration by the *Gentiles*, who gathered up the scattered Leaves whereon they writ their *Prophecies*, and transcribed them carefully on Paper, that so the *Sacred Memoirs* might be delivered safe down to *Posterity*.

By what I have said, *Nathan*, thou mayest perceive that I aim at nothing else, but to wean thee from the superstitious, fond Conceit of your *Nation*, and to make thee sensible, That though *God* once favoured the *Jews* with *Oracles* of *Light* and *Reason*, yet they have for many *Ages* forfeited this Privilege. Since which, he gave the *Gospel* to *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*, and at all Times has sent *Messengers* and *Prophets* to every Nation and People on Earth.

There are no partial *Biaffes* in the *Divinity* which made the *Worlds*. He is an inexhaustible *Abyss* of *Love*, of *Light* and *Life* ; where every *Creature* drinks its Fill of *Natural* Happiness, according to the different Ranks, Capacities, and Desires of Things. He vests the *Sun* with an *Immortal Robe* of *Light*, the *Train* of which is born up by the *Moon* and *Stars*.

When *Phæbus* is upon the Wing by Day, his *Garment* covers all the *Sky* ; the *Golden Fringes* of it dangle to the *Globe*, and trail along in the *miry Soil*, yet never gather the least *Speck* of *Dirt* : They are dipped and plunged in *Rivers*, *Lakes* and *Seas*, without being wet ; and yet they drink up all the *Ocean* by successive *Draughts*. This lower *World* rejoices in the glittering *Shew* ; the *Elements* with every *Being* compounded of them, bask in the welcome *Rays*. So do the *Planets* above,

above, who take a singular Pleasure to *fold* some Part of the *Illustrious Dress* about them. They *wrap* themselves *half* up in *borrowed Light*, and then, like *Western Franks*, the foot it too and fro in their beloved Walks above, giving the necessary Salutes and *Conge's* to each other *en Passant*, and to the Sedentary *Signs* and fixed *Stars*, to see if any of them mind their *Courtly Garb* and Mien : For they are the Sun's *Domestick Pages*, the *Favourites* of his *Serail*. At other Seasons they stand still, perhaps to gaze upon themselves, in Contemplation of the Majestick Figure they make.

So have I seen a proud, conceited *Spanish* Trumpeter, after he had blown a *Levet* pretty well, lay down the Silver Instrument with a disdainful Gravity. His Cheeks all swoln with inclosed Air, and Soul puffed up with Arrogance, he struts and curls his black *Mustaches*. Then with big Looks, surveys himself from Head to Foot ; casting an Eye of Scorn upon the silent *Tube*, conscious that he alone can make it sound so well.

Thou wilt say, I wander in my Discourse as much as those *Heavenly Bodies* I am speaking of. It is true, *Nathan*, our Thoughts are free, and not confined to Rules and Forms : We easily slip from one Imagination to another. And since I have made this *Planetary* Digression, suffer me now, like them, to run retrograde, and come to the Point from which I roved.

Doubtless, each individual *Being* is filled with its *Essential* Bliss. The Fire has its Specifick Happiness ; so has the Air, the Water and the Earth, with all the living Generations on it. And when the *Most High* distributed the *Sons of Human Race* through all the various Climates, Zones, and Provinces, he furnished every Region of the Globe with Gifts and Products, Riches and Delights, agreeable to the Inhabitants ; with this *Proviso*, that they should live in Innocence, Justice, and according to Reason. From which Eternal Law, if any People swerved, they should forfeit their Privileges, and be subdued, if not extirpated, by some more virtuous Nation.

From hence sprung all the Revolutions of Mighty Kingdoms and Empires; one successively supplanting another to this Day. And the Sins of your Nation being greater, it seems, than those of any other, God has dispersed you over all the Earth, without suffering you to inherit or possess a Foot of Ground.

If ever therefore Fate designs to restore the Jews again to the Holy Land, wherein their Fathers lived; never expect it, till your erroneous Minds and vicious Manners are reformed. For Palestine was never sented so deliciously for bloody Zealots, Hypocrites, and cruel Usurers to enjoy.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

L E T T E R XVII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

DARIA is a Quean, a Jilt; and I am once more cured of my Dotage. There is no Trust in Woman's Beauty, Faith or Wit: They are deceitful as the Fruit of *Asphaltites*: They are perfect Riddles and Paradoxes, and have more unlucky Tricks than cross-grained *Elves* or *Fairies*. When a Man overheated by his Amorous Passion thinks to embrace a Goddess, he meets with *Ixion's* Fate, and only hugs a gaudy Cloud or Meteor.

I will not make thee sick with a particular Rehearsal of my Second Folly, in being so fond of one who had betrayed me formerly. I will not repeat the vain Addresses I made, the kind obliging Things I spoke, nor her deceitful Answers. I will not tell thee how she drilled me on into her Snares, and led me Captive in an Amorous Circle. Content thy self to know, that I have been Twice her Cully; and if ever I am the Third Time, it will be my own Fault, as the *Italian* says.

says. No, my *Dgnet*, I have done with that *False Sex*. Henceforth for ever, I abjure all Amorous Regards of Woman. I will shun them, as I would a Pestilence. I will either shut my Eyes, or turn them another Way at least, whenever I meet a *Female*. I will not think of them, but with Disdain and Hatred. Finally, I am off from them to all Intents and Purposes.

However, as the *Arabian Proverb* says, *That Wind blows from an unlucky Point of the Compass, which wafts no Good to somebody*; so from *Daria's* false and feigned Smiles, I reap some Benefit. I have learned a Secret, which has rid my Spirit of a Thousand Cares, Disquiets and Agonies.

In the Year 1664, of the *Christian Hegira*, I sent a Letter to the noble *Kerker Hassan Bassa*, our Countryman; wherein I informed him of an Assassin made upon me in the Dark, as I was going to my Lodgings, and how I killed the Russian that attempted on my Life. I told that generous *Grandee* all my Jealousies and Conjectures on that Subject; how I suspected some of my Enemies at the *Porte* to have a Hand in the Design; or else, that my *Sicilian Master* was concerned in it. I knew not well what to conclude. But now I am satisfied it was *Daria's* Husband, who resenting deeply my former Amour with her, which she discovered to him at large, could never be at rest till he saw *Paris*, where he designed to be the Executioner of his own Revenge, and lay in wait accordingly for my late return home: For he was not ignorant of my Lodging. His Wife knew nothing of his Design, he having pretended other Business at the City. And it was from accidental Words in her Discourse, that I collected this great Secret. For when I asked her of her Husband's Health she told me, he was killed at such a Time by Night, in an Alley of *Paris*, by whom she never yet could learn. But I streight blushed with Consciousness, and took the Hint. I dropped some necessary, careless *Queries* by degrees: And all her Answers still confirmed me, as to Time and Place with other Circumstances, that he must be the Man I murdered in my own Defence so long ago.

I kept this Secret locked up in my Breast ; nor could my doting Fondness melt me into such a soft and easy Temper, as to betray my self to her. But I took inward Pleasure at the Thoughts of my Deliverance from that sudden violent Death, and from my After Cares and Fears by this Discovery. Henceforward I will suspect no *Mussulman*, though my Enemy : Nor shall I be so fearful of my *Sicilian Master* : No panick Terrors shall confine me to my Chamber, and make me spend my Days in fretting and consuming Melancholy. I will not be surprized when Strangers knock at the Gate, or when I hear the blustering Voices of the Parish-Officers below, or the Collectors of the King's Revenues—Yet these before were dreadful as the *Sultan's Attescheriff*, or *Fatal Warrant*, when he demands a *Bassa's* Head ; so forcible is Jealousy and suspended Thoughtfulness ; so black the Influence of misgrounded Apprehension, and mistaken Guilt.

My *Dgnet*, this mortal Life is a dark *Labyrinth* of crofs Events. Bewildered Man gropes up and down ; he often trips and stumbles at Contingencies ; he strays about in thorny, rugged Paths, not knowing where he is, or which Way to turn himself. Sometimes an *Ignis Fatuus*, with its deceitful Light, misguides him in miry Places, Fens, and Bogs, where he is in danger of being swallowed up ; or leads him to the Brink of an high Precipice, where, if he advance but one Step more, he is gone beyond Recovery ; he falls and dashes himself to Pieces on under-growing Rocks.

Reason is the only Clue that can conduct us safe thro' all the Windings of the perilous Maze. Heaven grant that thou and I may never let go our Hold of this so necessary Faculty, until he has conducted us safe to *Paradise*.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

L E T T E XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

LAST Year I gave thee an Account of the Birth of a young *Princess of France*. Now I shall inform thee, that she was baptized on the 21st of this *Moon*. *Baptism* with the *Nazarenes* is equivalent to our *Circumcision*; nay, it is something more *Divine*, if we may believe them: They call it the *Sacrament of Initiation*, the *First Mystery of Christian Faith*. But when it is applied to the Children of *Royal Extraction*, the Sons or Daughters of *Kings*, it looks more like a *Ceremony of State* than a *Mystery of Religion*. However, be it what it will, it is performed with Abundance of Pomp and Magnificence. And at this *Ceremony* it is that every *Christian* receives his *Name*, which is given by the *Godfathers* and *Godmothers*, that is, Persons who stand *Sureties* for the Child's Education in the *Christian Religion*. This *Princess* was named *Maria Theresa* by the *Dutchess Dowager of Orleans*, and by the Duke of *Enghuën*.

On the same Day the *Cardinal Duke of Vendosme* had Audience of the *King and Queen*, in quality of *Legat de Latere* from the *Pope*. It seems, the *King of France* had desired the *Pope* to stand *Godfather* to the *Dauphin*, which the good *Prelate* accepting, sent this *Cardinal* as his *Deputy* and *Representative* to perform the *Charge*. He is to give the *Dauphin* his *Name*. In the mean while, he stands much upon *Punctilios*, requires vast Respects and Submissions from the *French Bishops*; and carries himself with as much State, as if he were a *God*, or an *Angel*; looking as big, as if he were the *Emperor of the Universe*. And well he may, since during this *Legation*, he has as much Power as the *Pope* himself; that *Sovereign Prelate* having invested him with all his own *Paternal full Authority*; which he would make the *World* believe, is greater than that of *Earthly Kings and Emperors*. And yet he styles himself the *Servant* of
the

the *Servants* of God. A fine Piece of *Ecclesiastical Hypocrisy*! the Ways of these *Infidels* are double. Their Practice runs counter to their Profession: They would fain appear as *Saints*, when in effect they are little better than *Devils*.

There has been a great Alteration lately made in *Portugal*, the *Estates* of that Nation having compelled their *King* to renounce his *Government*, and confer it on *Don Pedro* his Brother. The *Spaniard* laughs at this privately, hoping from their intestine Animosities to draw Occasions of advancing his own Interest, and of recovering that *Crown* again.

Accomplished *Minister*, there is nothing new under the *Moon*; but a perpetual Circle of the same Events. What we admire in this Age as a Novelty, has been acted over and over in former Times. Peace follows War, and War treads close upon the Heels of Peace, Faith, Perfidy, Sedition, Obedience, Virtue and Vice, are the reciprocal Off-spring of each other. There is nothing fixed or stable; but the World turns round upon Eternal Vicissitudes.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1668.

LETTER XIX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of the
the College of Sciences at Fez.

I Received thy invaluable *Dispatch*, containing marvellous Things, Revelations of a sublime Rank, Mysteries heretofore undiscovered; Yet I was not much surprized, having all along presaged some vast Improvement of Learning from thy accomplished Spirit, O thou *Terrestrial Star* of the first Magnitude, Chief in the *Constellations* of the South.

Glory

Glory be to GOD, who from infinite Darkneſs ſtarted the Eternal bright *Ideas* of the Universe ; and on the Womb of everlaſting Silence, begat the WORD by which he formed all Things. Doubtleſs, there is no Blemiſh in his Works ; no Botches, Knobs, or diſproportionable Unevenneſſes: The World is a perfect Beau-

Were *Ptolemy* alive, thy *System* of the *Heavens* would put him to the Bluſh : And *Tycho Brahe* would ſneak out of his *Planetary* Frame, by ſome wild and more than *Eccentric* Motion, aſhamed that he had been ſuch a Botcher in *Aſtronomy*. *Copernicus* himſelf would ſink under the Burthen of the *Moon*, which the overloaded Earth would in revenge let fall upon him, for his unnatural Cruelty to his aged Mother, in burthening her ſo long ; and all the World would celebrate thy Praise, who has thus happily reſcued *Heaven* and *Earth* from their Embarrasſments.

Thy Thoughts are high and elevated to the *Heaven* of *Heavens* ; yet thy Humility ſtoops to the Centre of the *Earth*. But all Mankind would be obliged to thee for this, if thou wouldſt vouchſafe to take the middle Path, and ſurvey with thy accuſtomed Accuracy the ſurface of this *Globe*, whereon we Mortals tread. *Geography* being already ſenſible of her elder Siſter's Happineſs, in thy Correſtion and Amendments of the former *Aſtronomick* Schemes, languiſhes alſo for thy Survival of her own Defects and Blemiſhes.

Thoſe that have meaſured the Earth, cannot agree in ſtating her Circumference : And there were few in former Times who did believe the *Antipodes*. The *Muſſulmans* of *India* do aſſert, that the *Earth* is ſupported by eight mighty *Elephants* : And thoſe of *Turkey* ſay, it reſts upon the *Horns* of a great *Bull*. If either of theſe opinions were to be taken in the Literal Senſe, it would put the dulleſt *Philoſopher* to *Subſannation*, or at leaſt a fit of Laughter. But doubtleſs they are *Allegories*, under which are veiled ſome true and natural Secrets.

However, let the *Globe* reſt where it will, on *Bulls*, or *Bears*, or *Elephants*, or *Camels*, *Dromedaries*, *Horſes*, or the Back of *Atlas*, as the *Gentiles* did affirm ; I would

would fain know, methinks, how large a Space of Land we have to tread upon, and what Proportion is allotted to the Sea.

It is true, we have a common Notion of *Four Quarters* of dry Land; *Asia, Africk, Europe, and America*. Yet this is quarrelled at by those of later Times, who add a *Fifth*, which they call *Magellanica*, or the *Southern unknown Earth*. From immemorial Times, our *Fathers* were acquainted with the *Three First Divisions* or *Precincts* of the *Globe*: But the two last were but of late discovered, since the Improvement of *Navigation*, and the Invention of the *Compass*.

There is a vulgar Tradition every where in vogue, that after *Noah's Flood*, *Asia* fell to the Share of *Sen* and his Posterity, *Africk* to *Cham*, and *Europe* to *Japhet*. Whether this be true or no, cannot be proved, but is wholly owing to Conjecture. However, this is certain, that if it were so, there have been mighty Changes in the Inheritance of *Noah's Offspring*, and Alterations of their several Limits: Insomuch, as now they seem to be in Part blended and mixed together, or at least shuffled from one to another.

Those who lived in the *Middle Ages*, made but *Two Divisions* of the *Globe*, viz. *Asia* and *Europe*. And in this they also differed: For some made *Africk* only a *Province*, or Part of the latter, persuading themselves that they were antiently joined together, tho' afterward separated by a violent Irruption of the *Atlantic Sea* by the *Streights of Gibraltar*, which before was a narrow *Isthmus*, or Neck of Land; but from the Time that Bank was washed away, the *Mediterranean Sea* derived its *Origin*. Others made *Africk* a Part of *Asia*, they being not absolutely parted by any *Sea*; though some *Egyptian Kings* and *Roman Emperors* attempted to make a *Canal* between the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea*.

A third Sort divided the known Part of the World into *Asia, Europe, Africk, and Egypt*: Whilst a fourth placed *Egypt* to the Account of *Asia*, making the River *Nile* the Boundary between it and *Africk*. But this was incommodious, in regard it left that Part of *Egypt* on the *West* of *Nile* to *Africk*. Such was the Confusion of the antient *Greek* and *Roman Geographers*.

As for *America*, it takes its Name from *Americus Vesputius* a *Florentine*, who made the second Voyage to discover it. For it was first descryed by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genoese*, in the Year of the *Christian Hegyra*, 442, by the Order and at the Charge of *Ferdinand*, King of *Arragon* and *Castile*. This Part of the World divided into two mighty Empires; the Northern, or that of *Mexico*; and the Southern or that of *Peru*.

Magellanica, or the Southern Unknown Land, derives its Name from *Ferdinand Magellan*, the first that ever discovered it; in the Year 1520, when he sailed quite round the *Globe*. About five and forty Years afterwards, *Francis Drake*, an *Englishman*, touched upon the same Coasts; and twelve Years after him, *Thomas Cavendish*, one of his Countrymen. Likewise *Oliver van Noord*, a *Hollander*, undertook the same Voyage. But none made such Advances in this new Discovery, as a certain Spaniard, call'd *Ferdinand de Quier*.

GOD knows, what strange and unexpected Novelties this Country might afford, if Men were once acquainted with it. This may be the Sanctuary of the Ten Tribes of *Israelites*, which were led away Captives by *Salmanasser* King of *Affyria*: Or perhaps the Inhabitants of this Country are of another Race than that of *Noah* and *Adam*. We may from them, it is possible, derive new Lights, as to the Pre-existence of *human Souls*. Who knows, but they have Records more exact and antient than the *Indians* and *Chinese*? Be it how it will, I am clear for new Discoveries. There is a certain specifick Boldness in my Spirit, which prompts me to invade the pretended Modesty of *Nature*: I long to furl the Veil, which hides so many Secrets; and with a Philosophick Confidence, were I in Power, I would rumple up the envious Coverings of such desirable Wonders.

Oh! that some God-like Monarch in this Age would in Royal Bounty equip a Navy, and man them with the most expert and resolute Manners on Earth, with Vessels to transport an Army of Land-Soldiers, with Tenders to carry Meat, Drink, Apparel, and other Necessaries for so vast an Expedition. Surely, the Event would
answer

answer Expectation, the Gains would far transcend the Cost, the Honour infinitely surpass the Peril: and our known familiar World would be obliged by such a fortunate Undertaking.

Sage *Omar*, it depends on thee to bring this Thing to pass. Start but the Proposal to some mighty Sovereign, thy Recommendation will be of Force. Thou wilt be more than a *Columbus*, *Magellan*, or *Pizarro*. In fine, thou wilt wind up the Searches of this inquisitive Age, and put a Stop to future Scrutinies.

I only hint the Thing; do thou pursue it, and all Generations shall celebrate thy Fame. God inspire thee with fresh Ardors.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1668.

LETTER XX.

To *Osman Adrooneth*, Astrologer to the Sultan at *Adrianople*.

OLD *Ptolemy* was much out of his Byass; his wild irregular Fancy, drunk with the Lees of *Aristotle's* dark Opinion and Conceit, stumbled and fell asleep upon the Thought of the *Earth's* being Centre to the *Universe*, and then the rest of the *World* seemed to run round his giddy Head. He often strove to lift his heavy Noddle up, to see whether it were so or not. But the besotting Load of Prepossession weighed him down again: He slumbered, dreamed, and snorted loud, stretched at large upon the fair *Chimæra*.

The studious Candidates of Truth and Science, by his Example fell to the same Riot in *Philosophy*, and continued the Debauch for many Ages: Till too much surfeited and cloyed with such a fulsome Entertainment, bold *Tycho Brahe* rubs his Eyes, and wakes the Company with a new System of the mighty Frame. Then all began

gan to start and rouze, as at some Prodigy. His heavenly Gimcracks pleased the Palate of the Age. His *Epicycles*, *Eccentricks*, *Perigæ's* and *Apogæ's*, with all the rest of his gay Whim-whams, were received with general Applause, till the more excellent *Copernicus* appeared with something *Newer* still : And then the undring *Dane*, abashed, slipped off the Stage, without much as taking his Leave.

The Astronomers soon fell in Love, and payed implicit Adoration to the Idol which *Copernicus* set up ; and it was but reason, since they had never seen a fairer or a juster Scheme of the World before.

Yet every Age improves it self in Knowledge on the ruins of the former. And thus what *Ptolemy* never found out, nor *Tycho Brahe* or *Copernicus* could mend or match, if now they were alive ; is very lately discovered by the incomparable *Addel Melec Muli Omar*, President of the College of Sciences at *Fex*.

The happy *Musa Ab'ul Yatusian*, Professor of Philosophy there, first started the Proposal of a Mathematical Experiment : And laying Heads together, the Private of *Morisco* Doctors, Fathers of the *African Al-qui's* living, found a true Demonstration in it.

I have lately received a Dispatch from that renowned Prelate, with an inclosed Model of this Planetary Machine : A Copy of which I send thee, drawn by my own Hand. It represents the Original to a Point. Examine it well, and thou wilt find it is much more regular and exact, than any of those antiquated schemes ; and answers all the Questions of *Astronomy* without the least apparent Blunder. Besides, it has a perfect Symmetry and Proportion in every Part : It makes the World appear a compleat Beauty. Whereas the Frame which *Tycho Brahe* made, was all deformed with wild Unevennesses. Nor was the *System* of *Copernicus* without a manifest Botch, in making the small Orb of the Moon alone to interfere with that of the *Earth* : Whilst all the other Planets circulate in their own entire and solitary *Spheres*, without an Interoper to disturb them.

Besides,

Besides, he makes the *Earth* an *Atlas* to the Moon whilst this poor weary *Globe* is forced in his Opinion to drudge yearly round the *Zodiack*, with the vast Burthen of *Diana* on its Shoulders.

If it be so, it is no wonder that the *Earth* so often faints and trembles under the mighty Load. Henceforth we need not lay the Blame of *Earthquakes* to *Enceladus*; as if the drowzy, snoring *Giant*, turning his monstrous bulky Corps from one side to the other were the sole Cause of these Convulsions: When Mortals reel and stagger, as they walk upon the Surface when Trees and Mountains rock as in a Cradle, and whole Cities are sometimes swallowed up.

No; let poor *Enceladus* sleep on, and take what Rest he can in his *Infernal* Prison. There was no Danger of his ever stirring again, after he had been once thoroughly sowed in *Lethe's* All-benumbing Streams. *Cerberus* is only in the Fault: Whenever we feel the fatal heavings of the *Globe*, it was too unmerciful a Task he imposed upon it, especially in its Old Age.

It would have grumbled in its early Day and sturdy Youth, had it been thus severely used by *Orpheus*, *Hermes Trismegistus*, or any other of the Primitive Sages. But now to be thus roughly handled by an upstart Infidel in its declining Years, when three Parts of its Marrow is decayed, and its once potent Nerves and Sinews are shrunk, its Liver wasted, and every Viscer winding away, almost broke its Heart.

Therefore these *African* Sages, in Duty to their aged Mother the *Earth*, have found a Way to free her from the Burthen of the Moon in her decrepit State, and yet to make the *Sun* the Centre of the *World*; adjusting at the same time, with accurate Laws, and an unblemished Order, the Motions, Stations, and various Postures of the *Planets*,

This happy Revelation in *Astronomy* is not to be divulged in Publick Writings, lest some inquisitive, curious Traveller, ambitious *Nazarene*, or envious *Jew* should chance to light upon the sacred Scheme, and boast himself the Inventor of it.

Let it be only communicated to Learned, Faithful
Assulmans of the First Rank : For such Celestial My-
 steries ought not to be prostituted to the Vulgar. Tell
 the little *Jasmir Sigire Rugial* of it : For if thou
 sh, all the *Frank* Merchants at *Aleppo* soon shall be
 made privy to the matchless Secret. Be it a perpetual
canum in the Breasts of sublime Men, exalted Souls,
tends of God, and little less than *Prophets*. And be
 till all the Sages of the *East* and *South* are first made
 fible of it, and able to defend it against the vain At-
 tempts of the Uncircumcised Nation. Then let it be
 omulged in *Allah's* Name throughout the *Globe*, to
 the Eternal Honour of God, and the Glory of his Pro-
 phet, who could neither write nor read, yet has Disci-
 ples, to whom alone the purest Reformation of the U-
 niverse is owing

Do but survey with an indifferent Look the last and
 relief Portraiture of the World that ever was made
 Man. Fix thine admiring Eyes on the Magnifick
 at and *Palace* of the *Sun*. Consider at the same time
 true and equal Forms, Dimensions, Distances, and
 actual Intersections of the ambient *Orbs*, without the
 allest Blur or Blot in all the Eternal Frame. Then
 me thy Opinion, whether thou canst not calculate
 activities, erect all manner of *Schemes*, make *Alma-*
cks, tell credulous Men their future Fortunes, appoint
Eclipses of the *Sun* and *Moon*, set *Venus* and *Mercury*
 ether by the Ears, to stir up a furious *Mars* to make
 Turly-burly in the *Heavens* and *Elements* ; or, if thou
 art not wheedle the sowre Curmudgin *Saturn*, into a
 obliging Humour ; or fret the noble *Jupiter* to
 adness, by a damned *Conjunction* with his mortal E-
 ny ; and a thousand more *Astrological* Enterprizes.
 Tell me, I say, whether thou canst not perform all this
 more, as well by the inclosed Effigies of the World,
 by the old Threadbare, Weather-beaten, Worm-
 en *Italian* Clock-work of *Ptolemy* ; or the later In-
 vations of *Tycho Brahe* and *Copernicus*.

It will now no longer be a Secret, how those Birds
 expose themselves, which at a certain Time of the Year
 are

are seen to gather in mighty Troops, and fly direct upward out of human Sight; not one of the whole Species being left behind, or found on any Part of Earth, until the *Moon* has rolled full six Times round the *Zodiack*: When they return again in equal Companies into this Globe, each *Species* to his native Region. For the intelligent *Fowls* exactly know the Hour in which the Earth does in its yearly Circulation intersect the neighbouring Orb of the Moon, and then snatch the Opportunity to quit the attractive *Atmosphere* and take the Air of that adjacent Planet.

I have a great deal more to say on this Subject, which I will reserve for another Letter. In the mean time thou venerable *Star-gazer*, adieu, and remember me to private.

Paris 7th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1668,

LETTER XXI.

To the Venerable Mufti, Principal Support
Learning and true Science.

THE Orders of thy *Sanctity* came like a Messenger from Heaven, surprising me at once with equal Pleasure and Astonishment. Every Line increased my Rapture. And now I thought I had no more to wish for in the World, since the Great *Patriarch* of the Faithful has condescended to embrace the Advice of mean a Slave as *Mahmut*. It has been my passionate Desire to see Knowledge flourish in the Renowned Ottoman Empire, that the *Infidels* may no longer reproach us with Ignorance and Barbarism. This was the Reason that I so often importuned thy Predecessor to encourage the Translation of Histories into the *Turkish Language*. Now thou art pleased to begin this glorious Work, and to honour me, by requiring my Instructions

the management of it. Nay thou hast commanded to lay the Foundation of so Illustrious an Enterprise, in presenting thee a Pattern or Model of this great Work, containing an Historical Epitome of the great Monarchies, with a brief Series of the most remarkable and famous Translations, Charges, and other Events in the World, with reference to the Nation and Age wherein they happened.

As to the Advice thou demandest of me, I think it would be for the Honour and Benefit of the *Mussulmans*, that a compleat *History* of the *World* should be collected out of the most antient and sincere *Writers*, and digested into *Annals*, from the very Beginning of Time, down to the Reign of our present *Emperor*, the August Sovereign of the whole Earth: That so whatsoever has been done on Earth worthy of Memory, may be ranked in proper Time and Place; and we may not grope any longer in the dark, when we would know in what Year or Age any famous Warrior or Monarch lived or died; when any renowned City was built, besieged, taken, destroyed, and by whom all these Things were done: With many other useful *Memoirs*, in which the *Romans* are now wanting.

In the Beginning of this *Work*, it would be absolutely necessary to have recourse to the *Chronicles* of the *Indians*, *Persians*, and *Egyptians*, and to the *Writings* of *Pythagoras*, *Homer*, *Thales*, *Zeno*, and others of *Greece*, *Asia*, *Armenia* and *Thrace*. For tho' the *Nazarenes* of the East despise the Authority of these *Authors*, and calumniate all for *Fables* and *Romances* which was delivered before the first *Olympiad*; yet the more impartial Inhabitants of the *East*, whether *Christians* or *Mussulmans* seek nothing which has the undoubted Stamp of *Antiquity*: but rather seek to unriddle the mysterious Expressions of the *Poets* and *Philosophers*, who strove industriously to cover all their Knowledge and Traditions under dark *Ænigma's*, *Figures*, *Parables*, that so the *Divine* Secrets of *Antiquity* might not be prophaned by rude and unpolished *Vulgar*.

It was ever the *Maxim* of some antient *Sages* and *Politicians*, thus to keep the People in Ignorance of *Times*; the better to assure their Dominion and Authority over them. They only revealed what was obvious to every Man's Sense, the manifest and visible Influences of the *heavenly Bodies* of the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, the Natures of *Plants* and *Animals*, with whatsoever was liable to any Man's Eye and Apprehension. As to the more abstruse and less conspicuous Works of *Nature*, they were like the Secrets of State kept under a Veil.

Yet there wanted not Men of Wisdom in other Parts of the *World*, who strove to unfold all Things; and render Mankind familiar with whatsoever fell under human Intellect. Among these, the *Indians* and *Chinese* deserve the first Place, who were never covetous of the Gifts of *Nature*, but sought to improve all those of the *Nations* in the Knowledge of the *Arts* and *Sciences*, and especially in the *System* of antient *History*. These People shut up themselves from the rest of the *World* for many Ages, fearing lest Commerce might corrupt the Simplicity of their primitive Laws and Institutions. Only *Alexander the Great*, and before him, *Semiramis* Queen of the *Assyrians*, had never Access to the *Indians* in old Time. And *China* was never open till of late, when their too potent Neighbours the *Tartars* broke through their Famous Wall, and subdued the whole *Empire*: And their Business was not with *Books* but with *Men*.

For these Reasons we may not wonder, that the *Indian Brachmans*, and the *Bonzi's* of *China*, deliver an Account of the *Origin* of the *World*, and the next succeeding *Ages*, so far beyond the *Epocha's* of all other *Historians*, especially these in the *West*.

For Events of later Date, the *Compilers* of this *Work* may make Use of such *Historians* as have written the *Annals* of several *Nations* since the first *Olympiad*.

If thou knowest not what an *Olympiad* means, it is a Form of Computation used in the antient Grecian *Pyra*, every *Olympiad* containing Four Years. And the First of these *Olympiads* began in the Year of the World 3228. At which Time *Chorebus* of *Elis* signalled himself, by winning the first Race that ever was run at the *Olympick Games*. These Games were celebrated every *Olympiad*; and all the Youth of Greece flock'd to them, to try their Skill in Running, Wrestling, and other manly Exercises.

About this Time *Historians* began to write partially, and the Truth could hardly be discerned from the Fallacious Errors with which it was adulterated. Yet this Error proceeds from a *National Emulation*, than from any Design to corrupt the *Antient Belief*. However, thou mayest give Credit to *Thucydides*, who in the 86th *Olympiad* began to write his History of the War in *Peloponnesus*, between the *Lacedemonians* and those of *Athens*; which War continued one and twenty Years, as that Author testifies, who wrote *Annals* of it from the Beginning to the End. And among other remarkable Passages, which he is very exact in recounting, he mentions a famous *Eclipse* of the Sun, that happened in the first Year of that War; and was so great, that the Stars appeared at Noon-Day in the Sky. *Plutarch* also speaks of this *Eclipse*, telling us, that *Pericles*, Prince of the *Athenians*, being at Sea when the Sun was thus darkened, and perceiving the Master of the Vessel in a great Fright, as at some Prodigy, he threw his Cloak over the Man's Face, and ask'd him, *He was afraid of that, or looked upon it as a bad Omen?* And when the Master answered, *No: Pericles reply'd, What Difference is there between this Eclipse of the Sun, and that, since both are caused by the Interposition of a Veil between the Sun and thine Eyes; only that Veil is larger than my Cloak, it being the Moon which covers our Glorious Lamp from our Sight?*

Much about the same time lived one *Herodotus* and *Thucydides*, two famous *Historians*, Men of Integrity and Credit; and *Hippocrates*, the Renowned Physician of *Athens*.

thens. These are worthy to be translated into the *Tarish* Language ; as are also *Zenophon* and *Polybius*, who wrote after them. They all, except the last, lived in the Time of the *Persian Monarchy*, and therefore are most likely to deliver down a true Account of the memorable Events that happened during that formidable *Empire*.

As for the *Macedonian Monarchy*, the most Eminent Writers were *Curtius*, *Arrianus*, and *Diodorius Siculus* ; but this last is frequently mistaken in his *Chronology* and therefore ought to be corrected by the others. *Plutarch* also must be consulted, and *Josephus* the Jew with *Strabo*, *Appian*, *Livy*, *Justin* and *Pausanias*. For they either serve to illustrate one another, where they treat of the same Matters ; or else the one carries on the Thread of *History*, where the other left off. And therefore thou needest not wonder that I name so many *Authors*, since they are worthy of Credit, and absolutely necessary to the compleating an entire *History* of the *World* ; whereas there are a Rabble of other Writers who are scarce worth the naming ; much less their Authority to be trusted to, in compiling an universal *History*, which is to give a new Lustre to the *Ottoman Empire*, and raise its Credit in the Learned World.

As for the *Roman Empire*, it will be necessary to make use of *Josephus*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*, *Philo*, *Xiphilinus* ; *Zonaras*, *Ammianus Marcellinus*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Seneca*, *Florus*, *Livy*, and *Suidas*.

These will be sufficient Materials with which the *Translators*, *Scribes*, and *Compilers* may accomplish the illustrious Undertaking ; the Encouragement whereof I again earnestly recommend to thy Liberality and Munificence.

What concerns the Injunction thou hast laid on me to draw a *Pattern* or *Model* of this great *Work*, in presenting thee with a brief Abstract of the *Rise* and *Fall* of the *Four Monarchies*, with such memorable Events as will be proper to direct the Undertakers in the Method of digesting this *Universal History* ; I will refer

other *Letter*, not having those *Books* by me which are requisite to assist me in this *Affair*.

In the mean time, I pray *Heaven* prosper this noble enterprize, and grant that thou mayest live the Space many *Olympiads*, to see the Effect of thy Bounty ; when this *Universal History* being finished, shall instruct the *Mussulmans*, and defeat the Calumnies of the *Uncircumcised*.

Paris, 2d of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1668.

The End of the First Book.



LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *P A R I S*.

V O L. VII.

B O O K II.

LETTER I.

To Mehemet, an Exiled Eunuch, at Alcazar
in Egypt.

TH Y Sufferings pierce my Heart ; I owe thee
Pity on the Score of human Nature ; and a
more Compassion as thou art a *Mussulman* ;
but where is the Tongue or Pen that can describe
the Sympathy of Friends ? Canst thou in a despond-
ing Manner cast thy self upon thy Bed, there to ex-
hale, in melancholy Sighs, that pungent Sorrow,
which can find no other Vent, unless those Vapours
of the Spleen condense to Showers of Tears ? Canst
thou do this, and I remain insensible all the while ?
No ! I am a perfect *Eccho* to thy saddest Groans. And
when thou weepest, my Heart is not a Stone, that spate-
ters back again the Drops that fall on it ; but it is like
Clay, that softens with the gentle, solemn Distillation.
Believe that I sweat Blood, when thou dissolvest in
Tears.

ears. I am not capable of Moderation toward my friend. My Love, my Joy, my Grief and Anger are all excessive, when such a one as thou occasionedst them. It is equal Pleasure to live or die in this magnetick point: For *Souls* of Friends are perfect *Unisons*. Then, if thou hast a Spark of Love of *Mabmut*, do not kill me with thy sad Complaints. For whilst I hear that thou art thus abandoned to Misfortune and Despair, how can I live, without perpetual Deaths, more terrible than what we all must undergo by the Course of Nature? Dost thou delight to make a constant *Martyr* of me?

Thou art bred a *Courtier*, and so was I: Our Infant-Blood was seasoned with the *Grand Signior's* Bread and Salt; we equally imbibed the Manners, Habits, Customs, Maxims and the Pride of the *Serail*; with the Pillaw, the Milk, Sorbets, and other Nourishment of our early Years. Since which, we have seen the various Revolutions of mighty *Kingdoms*, *States*, and *Empires*. We have beheld the invincible *Emperor* of *China* fall a *Victim* to the Perfidy of his *Slaves*, and to the more propitious Fortune of the *Tartars*. After another Manner was the Glory of the *British* Monarchy eclipsed. But no Foreign Story can match the barbarous Massacres of our Majestick *Sultans*, *Mustapha*, *Osman*, and *Ibrahim*, all within our Memory.

O! *Mehemet*, we have lived too long after these Spoils of Royal Blood. How can we repine at our own private Losses and Affections, whilst we do but sip the flat insipid Relicts of those tragical, sprightly Potions, brewed for all the Palates of the greatest *Princes*. Henceforth let us live, as if we were among the Dead. Let us hear, and see, feel, taste and smell these outward Objects *en passant*, without being sensible what we do or suffer: Let us anticipate, by a wise Prevention, the last Stroke of Death, by dying every Moment.

Go to the *Pyramids*, my *Mehemet*, or would to God I could go thither for thee; there to contemplate the Fate of human Glory, the Mock-Grandeur of this World. Consider all the Race of the *Egyptian* Kings, who built these costly and magnificent Structures, or

their *Fathers* for them : Who filled the hollow Pile with Silver, Gold, and precious Stones ; whilst, with their Magick Laws, they lifted Legions of *Spirits* dwelling in the Air, Fire, Earth, and Water, obliging them to guard the wealthy Sepulchres : And tell me then, what thou canst find in those superannuated Vaults ? Nothing but Stench and Darkness. Old Time has filched away the slighter Glories of the Place ; and his younger Brother *Avarice* has plundered all the rest, which was the more substantial Part. He could have done no less in common good Manners, than take the Leavings of the Heir, the Elder of the two. The great *Al-maimun* thought to have the Gleanings of their Harvest ; but he found the Gain would never exceed the Cost.

But what is become of all the Founders of these astonishing Fabricks ? Look in the *Tomb* of *Cheops*, who is supposed to build the greatest of the *Pyramids* ; and thou wilt not find the least Relict of his Ashes : Or if thou shouldest, it will be impossible to distinguish them from the common Dust of other Mortals, though his meanest *Slaves* : So mutable is human Glory ; so inconstant all the Smiles of Fortune.

Do but reflect on all the glorious Conquests of *Alexander the Great*, and on the Triumphant Entry he made in *Babylon*, when the *Chariot* which carried him, was an *Epitome* of all the Riches which the *Indies* could afford ; and yet that *Chariot* ought to be esteemed but one Degree before the *Hearse*, which in a very few Days, with an Obscurity beneath the Merits of so great a *Victor*, conveyed him to his Grave.

Consider *Cæsar*, who after four and twenty Battles, wherein he always got the Day, was drawn in a Triumphant *Chariot* to the *Capitol* by forty Elephants ; yet now his Name is hardly thought of.

So *Epaminondas* thought to out-vye the World in his magnificent Insults ; yet all this glorious Pageantry ended in Dust and Ashes. *Aurelian* led the *Graecæ* Captive with *Zenobia* ; yet he himself at last became the Prisoner of Death. The pompous Galley of *Cleopatra*, when she celebrated the *Cicilian Triumph*, served but

at to mend the Poop of *Charon's Boat*, when she was to be ferried to *Elizium*. So the proud *Sesostris*, whose Coach was drawn by four vanquished *Kings*, at last was fain to owe his uncouth Funeral to four sordid Slaves, who stole his naked *Corpse* away from the designed Revenge of factious *Eunuchs*, and buried it in a Heap of *Camel's Dung*.

But where is the Pen, or Pencil, that will to the Life describe the unmatched Cavalcade of *Pompey*, when by prosperous *Chymistry* he had extracted all the richest spirits and Essences of *Eastern Wealth*, to grace his Entry into *Rome*?

The Front of the *Procession* dazzled every Eye with the strange Lustre of Diamonds and Carbuncles mixed in Chequer-wise: An *Oriental Figure*, or rather the Substance of all *Asia* in *Epitome*. Then followed the Image of the Crescent *Moon* in massy Gold, with a Train of Mountains of the same Metal, whereon were Woods of Jet, Vines whose Grapes were entire *Sapphires*, and Animals of *Porphyry*, grazing on Fields of verdant *Amethysts*.

To sanctify this glorious Shew, the Golden Images of *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Pallas*, came next in sight, with thirty Crowns of Gold, born up by the chief Captains of his Army, as if so many Kingdoms were designed for their Reward. And because *Gods* and *Goddeses* should not want a *Temple*, Five hundred *Slaves* bore up a *Fane*, built all of massy Silver, washed with Gold. And at the Back of this appeared the Statue of the Conqueror, on which no Eye could fix, being crusted over with *Hyacinths* and *Pearls*.

Behold, my *Mehemet*, an Exuberance of human Glory: Yet wonder not to see a Man come after all; a Mortal Man, I say, made Radiant as the *Sun* with borrowed Jewels. And to compleat this fading Triumph, read these Letters, all pure *Jaspers* on his Chariot-Wheels: *Armenia*, *Cappadocia*, *Paphlagonia*, *Media*, *Colchis*, *Syria*, *Cilicia*, *Mesopotamia*, *Phœnicia*, *Palestine*, *India*, and the *Desarts* of *Arabia*. All these were the Conquests of this Triumphant Warrior, and yet his

Destiny insulted over him. Poor *Pompey*, thou art gone, and all thy mighty Territories in the *East* are now possessed by *Sultan Mahomet*, our glorious *Sovereign*.

And what need thee and I repine, after we have seen all this? Let *Asdrubal* astonish *Carthage* with the Glory of Four Publick *Triumphs*: Yet that Theatre of his Honour quickly proves the Stage whereon he was degraded, stripped stark naked, and in Triumph led away by Death. So *Marius*, after he had been exalted to the Top of human Felicity on Earth, was seen all naked, lying in a stinking Ditch.

What is become of *Nero's* Silver Gallery in the *Capitol*? Or the pendant Gardens of *Semiramis*, which cost no less than twenty Millions of Gold? Where is now the glittering Hall of *Atabalipa*, King of *Peru*, whose Pavement was of *Sapphires*? Or the Gardens of *Cyrus*, fenced round with Pales of Gold? Or *Cæsar's* Fountains garnished with *Dryads* of the same Metal? Where is the Ivory Palace of *Menelaus*, or the Crystal *Louvre* of *Drusus*? All these Things are vanished with their Founders.

How wise and happy then was *Saladine*, the great and most invincible Conqueror of *Asia*, who triumphed over himself; and in his victorious Return, caused a Shirt to be carried before him on the Point of a Spear, with this Proclamation; *That after all his Glories, he should carry nothing to the Grave but that poor Shirt!* So *Adrian*, a Roman Emperor, to qualify the excessive Joys of his high Fortune, celebrated his own Funeral, and caused his Coffin to be born before him, when he was to make a publick Cavalcade through *Rome*. This was a Sacred Triumph, an Heroick Insult over himself and Death.

Let thou and I, my Friend, imitate these sage Examples, and ever have the Image of Death before our Eyes. Then we shall never mourn for the vain *Triumphs* we have lost, or covet what we never enjoyed: But being ever content with what our *Destiny* allots us, shall pass away our Time in a *Divine* Tranquility.

Mehemet,

Mohemet, thou wilt find this to be a profitable and
ne Experiment. Try it, and the Issue will convince
ee more than a thousand Counsellors.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1668.

LETTER II.

To Mohammed, the *Illustrious* Ermit of
Mount Uriel in Arabia the Happy.

I Lodge in a House near the Wall of *Paris*, which
gives me a daily Opportunity of surveying out of
my Window the adjacent Fields: These extend them-
selves in a Plain for the Space of a League, or there-
abouts; and then the Eye is arrested by a long Ridge
of rising Ground, a Row of Hills or Hillocks, not
meriting the lofty Name of Mountains, yet high en-
ough to put a Valley out of Shape, and make the
Horizon crump-backed.

These Hills are covered thick with Woods and
Groves; among whose verdant, shady Tops, some
stately Palaces lift up their glittering Crests, and make
a sociable pleasant Figure in those Solitudes.

This Prospect represents so much to the Life the
Valley of *Admoim* in *Arabia*, the Place of my Nativity,
that I could as well grasp Coals of Fire with naked
Hands, and not be burned, as cast my Eye out of my
Window on this lovely Landskip, and not be enflamed
with secret Passions for my *Native* Soil, the Place
where I first drew the Vital Air. It is a perfect
Magnet to my Spirit wheresoever I am, attracting all
my Wishes, Inclinations, and Desires. Methinks the
Eastern Winds at certain Hours waft to my ravished
Ears the Whispers of my *Countrymen*. Methinks,
sometimes, I see the Faces of my *Kindred*, and their
Rural Train; I hear their Voices, and converse fami-

liarily with them, as though they were present : Such is the Magick of strong Desire and Sympathy ; it steals the *Soul* away from it self, and with sweet Violence unites it to the beloved Object, tho' at never so great a Distance. Thus when my wandering Thoughts have taken up their Residence for a while in that delicious Vale where I was born, a far more powerful *Magnet* draweth them to thy Cave ; *Mysterious Solitary*, Mirror of Virtues, Exemplary Guide of such as consecrate themselves to God.

Glory to *Him* that was before *All-Time*, the *Father* of *Eternal Ages*. He changes not, yet is the Source of indefatigable and unwearied Revolutions. He is the only independent, true, and self-existent Being ; the uncreated Essence from whom all other Beings derive their Origin and Conversation. He is the *Prop* and *Base* of the *Universe*. He is but *One*, the *Primitive Unity*, and cannot be divided into Fractions : Yet every *Species* and *Individual Being* in the World participates a Share of his *Divinity*. Immortal Praises exhale from all Creatures, and ascend like Clouds of Incense before the *Throne* of his *Adorable Majesty*, or like Vapours which the grateful Earth returns in a hot Summer's Day, by way of Acknowledgment for the Benefit perpetually flowing on her from the *Sun*. So all the Elements respire their Thanks to Him that made them. The *Firmament* expands itself, and bows down to the Brims of this low Globe : *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars* do stoop and kiss the Floor of the Earth, in Token of profound Humility and Devotion to the *Immortal Source of Light*. Only ungrateful Man repays the Bounty of the *Omnipotent* with Neglects, Contempts, Affronts and Blasphemies. I mean the general Part of Human Race ; excepting always from this Charge the Just, the Innocent and Pious ; were it not for such as these, the *Divine Patience* would be tired with the continual Profanation of vain Mortals.

Oh ! Venerable *Sylvan*, thou art the only pacifick *Victim* of this sinful Age. Thy constant Self-Denials, Mortifications, Abstinences, and the whole System of thy accomplished Sanctity, stop the Wrath of *Heaven* from

from falling in large Cataracts on Mankind : When the *Eternal Eye* beholds thy Virtues, it drops down Tears of Love and Mercy on the Earth, glad that a Son of *Adam* yet survives, not stained with Vice. Thou art the effectual Propitiation for the sinful World. When Storms and Tempests of impetuous Winds, when Lightning, Thunder, Hail, or Rain disturb the Air, or Earthquakes menace more effectual Tragedies to the Earth, I think of thee, the Favourite of *Heaven*, and then repose in full Security : Thy very *Idea* is my Shelter from all Evils. I shroud my self under the shade of thy inviolated *Beard*, over which the *Razor* never passed. I take Sanctuary in the *Umbrella* of thy Arms, when stretched in fervent *Oraisons* : Thy Remembrance is my certain Refuge in Calamity.

I am impregnated with Sacred Emulations of thy Virtue ; I burn with fervent, passionate Desires to become thy *Disciple* : I languish to withdraw my self from this vain World, and from the contagious Society of Mortals. How happy is the Life that is led in quiet Solitude ? Where the *Soul* can feel herself, and being awakened to a Sense of her Immortal Strength rouses and vigorously shakes off the heavy Clogs of Sleep and Death : Whilst the Divine *Afflatus* gently breathing on the Intellect, and fanning the oppressed Sparks of Reason, which lay smothering under a Heap of Errors, Lufts, Affections, and unlimited Desires, kindles the Mind into a perfect Flame of Light, which soon consumes the Rubbish of bodily Pleasures, dissipates the Smoke and Mists of pampered Flesh and Blood, and then a Man becomes all radiant within, shining with unclouded Splendors.

We Mortals seem to be ranked in a *Middle State*, between the *Separate Spirits* and *Beasts* : Our *Virtues* make us like the former, our *Vices* like the latter. For when a Man has quite subdued his Appetites, and Reason sits Triumphant in her Throne, he is like an *Angel* living above the Race of his Mortality. He does not, with the *Stagyrite*, place *Virtue* in a *Medium*, or rank the *Excess* of *Goodness* in the *Predicament* of *Vice* ; but makes direct and swift Advances to the *Zenith* of He-

roick Generosity, scorning to halt or make lame mungrel Capitulations with himself, as if he were afraid of being too Good.

I would ask a *Peripatetick*, whether it be a *Virtue* or a *Vice*, in him that stomaching the enormous Villanies of wicked Men, boils up with an excessive vehement Anger? Or whether a Man can err in loving God too much, or in conceiving too violent a Sorrow for his past Offences? Or, who can be too thankful for the Favours of Heaven? No! the farther Distance *Virtue* keeps from this cold, earthly *Mediocrity*, the brighter is its Splendor. And so on the other Side, the greater is the Barbarism, Brutality, and infernal Stamp of *Vice*, by how much more remote it is from this *Indifference*. In a Word, *Virtue* and *Vice* are two contrary *Extremes*: So *Piety* is diametrically opposite to *Prophaneness*; *Intemperance* to *Sobriety*; *Fortitude* to *Cowardice*; *Incontinence* to *Chastity*; *Avarice* to *Bounty*; *Modesty* to *Impudence*; *Pride* to *Humility*; *Enmity* to *Friendship*, &c.

Now the *Mediums* between these *Extremes*, are *Hypocrisy* between *Virtue* and *Vice*; *Superstition* between *Piety* and *Prophaneness*; *Bashfulness* between *Modesty* and *Impudence*, and so of the rest.

Yet after all, it is necessary to observe a *Medium* in those Things which pertain to mortal Life, and to the Perpetuation of Mankind: Such are Meats, Drinks, Natural Passions of the Body and Mind, proceeding from the alternate Sense of Pleasure and Pain. So when we are pressed with Hunger and Thirst, we ought not presently to covet the plentiful Tables and superfluous Banquets of the Great; but rather such a Diet, as being easily prepared, may satisfy the Cravings of our Nature, without nauseating and giving us a Surfeit. To this End, the Divine Providence has scattered up and down the Surface of this Globe, an infinite Variety of Roots, Herbs, Fruits, Seeds, with all Sorts of Corn and Pulse. The Cattle afford us Plenty of Milk; the Bees are no Niggards of their Honey; the Fountains, Rivers, and Lakes abound with ever-springing fresh Supplies of sweet refreshing Water. We

also have the Use of Salt, Oyl, Wine, and other exhilarating Beverages; that being content with so many Benefits and Enjoyments, we might prolong our Lives in this World by Sobriety, as in a most pleasant Garden or *Paradise* of Health.

But alas, instead of gratefully acknowledging the Bounty of *Heaven* and pregnant Fertility of the *Earth*; instead of sitting mannerly down at the *Table*, which *God*, has spread and covered for us with such a Train of Festival Dainties, we break the Rules of Hospitality; and rushing violently on the Creatures under his Protection, we kill and slay at Pleasure, turning the Banquet to a cruel Massacre; being transformed into a Temper wholly Brutal and Voracious, we glut our selves with Flesh and Blood of slaughtered *Animals*. Oh! happy he that can content himself with Herbs and other genuine Products of the *Earth*; that sleeps as well in a solitary Cave, upon a Bed of Moss or Leaves, as in a Palace on a Couch of Down. He never wants, because he never desires what is not in his Power. He is not burdened with a Crowd of Servants and Retainers; nor his Repose disturbed with early and late Addresses of pretended Friends, officious Sycophants, importunate Petitioners, and other fretting Business of the World.

Why should I longer then demur or hesitate? What hinders me from presently embracing a Course of Life, that promises so much Happiness? A Discipline that will at once free me from a Thousand Tyrannies of Imperious Lusts, and Hostile Passions? I shall then have no need of Money, or the Help of cross-grained Servants. I shall not want a Multitude of Goods, the needless Pageantry of superfluous Ornaments to make a dazzling Figure, and draw the Eyes of People to a Reverend Admiration. I shall be free from sottish Drowsiness, and turbulent Dreams. My Lungs will in my Sleep respire the Air with Ease: Whilst gentle Slumbers, mixed with happy Visions, shall transport my Soul to unknown Worlds. No Fevers, Gouts or Dysenteries shall invade my Health, nor magisterial Menaces of Empyricks bespeak my certain Death, unless

less I will patiently submit to all the needless Tortures they are contriving for me, and tamely swallow down their new-invented Poisons, and be racked to Death in Hopes of Ease and Life. From all which horrid Circumstances, a slender, innocent Diet, not stained with Blood of any Animal, will set me free.

Holy *Eremit*, the Idea I have of this Manner of Life, makes a profound and durable Impression on my Soul. I am ravished with the Sentiments of *Plato*, and *Pythagoras*, and resolutely bent to undergo the Discipline of their Philosophy. I will first endeavour to rid my self of vain Affections, Habits, and prophane Negotiations of the Earth: I will gradually die to all Concupiscence and bodily Pleasure, that so I may by equal Steps revive to the Contemplation of *Celestial* Things. Then being free from every Spot and Stain contracted in the Days of Security and Carelessness, my Thoughts and Works will be acceptable to *God*; who in return, will certainly infuse into my defæcate Mind a secret Virtue, the Magick of this Visible World; which purifying my Soul yet farther, will prepare it for the last and highest Gift of the Eternal Bounty to our Race whilst in this Life; to wit, a Power of doing Supernatural Things, and of Foretelling Events to come.

Do thou but pray it may be so, and all the Powers of Hell can never prevail against me: For thou hast the Ear of the Omnipotent.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1668.

L E T T E R I I I .

To Hamet Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IN this Time of Wars with *Nazarenes*, when the *Ottoman* Fury is roused and provoked by *Infidels*; it will not be amiss to expose the Nakedness of *Europe* to the *Supreme Diwan*, which is on Earth the close Committee of the Court above.

I chuse to address my Letter to thee, in Compliance with my former Orders, wherein thou seemedst passionately desirous to know the present State of *Christendom*. God give thee a perpetual Serenity, *Scribe* of the *Scribes*: Mayest thou never be troubled with a running Eye, a shaking Hand, or the Tooth-ach. As for me, I am a perfect Magazine of Diseases, a walking Hospital, the School of *Æsculapius* where the necessary God has Scope to vent his Skill on all the various Kinds of *Maladies*, which afflict our mortal Race: Gouts, Fevers, Cramps, and horrid *Dysenteries*, are as common with me as my daily Diet.

However, amidst all these Afflictions, I serve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends with a cordial Alacrity; never grudging to sacrifice my Ease and Health to the Interest of *True Believers*.

The Face of *Europe* is much changed since the Decline of the *Roman Empire*, and the Usurpation of the *Popes*. The once mighty Monarch is now shrunk into a very narrow Compass, being shut up within the Confines of *Germany*, which formerly was but a *Province* of the *Ancient Empire*. All *Italy* is revolted. So are the *Swisses*, and the *United States* of the *Low Countries*. The *Hans-Towns*, which in Time past paid Homage to the *Emperor*, have now shaken off the Yoke, and are become Independent *Commonwealths*. *Transilvania* plays fast and loose with him, according as their Interest requires. *Livonia* laughs at his Menaces, as appears by the

the Answer they sent to *Charles V*, when he demanded their Submissions, and that they would return to their Native Allegiance, otherwise threatening them with Fire and Sword. For all the Reply they made, was, That they knew the *Emperor's* Horse would be foundered, before he could reach the Frontiers of their Country.

'Tis a general Observation, That since the Reign of *Rodolph I.* above Two Hundred Principalities and States have fallen off from the *Empire*. And those that yet continue in their Obedience, I mean the *Electoral Princes*, claim so many Privileges, stand so much upon Punctilio's and Prerogatives, that there remains now little more of the *Imperial* Majesty and Power, save the bare Title and outward Pomp. It is remarkable, That within these Three Hundred Years, no less than Nine *German* Emperors have been murder'd, and many more have been deposed and banished. To sum up all in a few Words: If we survey the present State of the *German* Empire accurately, if we pry narrowly into its true Circumstances, we shall find, that after all the Clatter of his noisy Titles, the Emperor can call nothing properly his own, but his *Hereditary* Estate in *Austria*, which is hardly equivalent to the Territories of some Lords whom he calls his *Vassals*,

The *Germans* in general are a Rude, Unpolish'd People; greedy of Novelties, Inconstant, Rash, Perfidious, and very Phlegmatick; much addicted to unnatural Lusts, and incestuous Copulations. It is recorded of *Barbara* the Empress, Wife to *Sigismund* another *Maslovina*, that after her Husband's Death, her Confessor advising her to reform her Manners, and live more chastly, like the *Turtle*, she answered, *If I must imitate the Life of Birds, why not of a Sparrow as well as a Turtle?* Her Brother *Frederick* was much such another. For at Ninety Years of Age he murdered his Wife for the Sake of a Strumpet. And being advised to repent, and think of his Grave, he said, *I am now studying my Epitaph, which I design shall be comprized in these Words:*

This is my Way to Hell ; I know not what I shall find there : What I have left behind me, I know. I abounded in all Delights, whereof I carry nothing with me ; Neither my dainty Meats, or pleasant Wines, or whatsoever my insatiable Luxury exhausted.

Drunkenness is said to be the Original Sin of Germany, from whence it spread it self into other Countries. They give this Character of a German, " That he is an Animal which drinks more than he can carry : A Tun that contains more than he can express. They tell a Story of four old Saxons, who at one Sitting drank as many Healths as they could make up Years amongst them, which amounted to Three Hundred, And 'tis recorded of a certain German Count, that he used to make his Children, whilst yet Infants, drink lustily, to prove whether they were of his own begetting or no : For if they grew sick after it, he presently concluded them to be Bastards ; but if they could bear the Debauch well, he cherished them as his own true Offspring. In a word, thou mayest have the same Idea of the Germans at this Day, as Solyman the Magnificent had in his Time, who used to say, " I slight the Germans above all other People of Europe, because they are always at Discord among themselves, nor can they ever be united any more than my Fingers and Toes. They cannot endure Labour, and are the excessivest Gluttons and Drunkards in the World : They always maintain a Regiment of Whores in their Camp. Their Generals take more Pride in their Feathers, than in their Military Arms.

In a word, the German is so over-run with all Kinds of Vice, that he wants nothing to make him a compleat Devil, but only a little Tincture of the Italian Qualities, according to the Proverb, *Tudesco Italianato*.

è un Diabolo Incarnato ; A German Italianiz'd, is a Devil Incarnate.

It is certain, the *French* have so weakened them on one Hand, and the *Swedes* on the other ; that considering the frequent Troubles they meet with from the *Hungarians, Bohemians,* and other Tributary Nations besides the Intestine Feuds of the *Electoral Princes* ; we need not fear the blunted *Talons* of the *Eagle*, which are scarce strong enough to support her tottering State, or prop her from falling into Ruin : So far is she from being able to offend her Neighbours, that she never makes War her Choice, or takes the Field but by Compulsion in her own Defence.

Illustrious *Hamet*, I pray God inspire the Victorious *Osmans* with prophetick Courage and Resolution, and the final Conquest of *Germany* will soon be the Prize of True Believers.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1668.

LETTER IV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THE Friendship that has been contracted between thee and me, ever since it was thy Fortune to serve the *Grand Signior* in that Station, obliges us both to mutual Sincerity. Besides, the Duty and Allegiance we owe our Sovereign, requires Plain-dealing between us. We ought to shun Flattery as the Bane of all friendly Engagements, the Pest of the Courts of Princes, and the General Contagion which infects chiefly the most Effeminate Part of Mankind. Such as are these *Western Nazarenes*, who abound in a Thousand little Complaisances and false Civilities : Thus suffering their own Integrity to be corrupted, their Virtue and Fastness of Spirit to be surprized and debauched ; whilst their Friends, by these Means, not seldom run on Precipices, and

and fall into inevitable Ruin. In a word, they betray one another and themselves, out of a pretended good nature.

By what I have said, thou wilt comprehend, that I do not reprove thee out of Spight, Envy, Malice, or an affected Gravity; when I tell thee, that you took wrong Measures, in endeavouring to set the *Emperor's* Palace on Fire, or to poison him at his Dinner. I told thee once before, that these preposterous Methods will never make Effect. Besides, they will do the *Grand Signior* no service.

Though thou art seemingly engaged in the Cause of the *Malecontents*, remember, that thy Business is different from theirs. What signifies it to thee, whether the *Hungarians* have their Liberties, Rights and Privileges granted them, or no? Or what Reason hast thou to suppose the Interest of the *Evangelicks*, rather than that of the *Catholicks*, any farther than as an Umbrage to cover the greater Designs thou hast in Hand, as an *Agent Incognito* for the *Grand Signior*. Let the *Jesuits* pursue their own Game, and the *Protestants* theirs: stand thou Neuter in the Main, and rather endeavour to keep both Parties in a Counterpoize, than to turn the scales for either. For the *Sultan* will gain by the Divisions of the *Nazarenes*, let the Case go how it will between themselves. Besides, there are *Catholicks* engaged in the *Faction*, as well as *Protestants*. 'Tis rather a *Civil Quarrel*, than a *Religious* one. The *Nobles* and *Gentry* of *Hungaria* and *Transylvania* are concerned for their *Estates*, more than for their Churches. They see the *Imperial Court* wants Money, and it is a Crime for an *Hungarian* to be Rich. Those that have the supreme Power in these Cases, will find Reason enough to condemn a wealthy *Lord*, whether he be guilty or not.

It is this puts them up caballing and entering into *Confederacies*, that so they might consult the Means of their own Safety, and be in a Posture to defend themselves.

I perceive the *Count de Serini* has made another Address for the Government of *Carolsstadt*, and been refused; *Joseph* Earl of *Haberstein*, and Knight of *Maltha*,

Maliba, being appointed to succeed the *Count d'Arnsperg* in that Honour. Which is an evident Sign, that the *Emperor* has no good Opinion of *Serini*, notwithstanding all his former good Services. And this is enough to alienate a Man of his great Courage and Merit.

Count Frangipani also has his particular Discontent. So has *Tatembach*, with many other potent Lords of *Hungary* and *Croatia*. Indeed, the whole Body of those Nations are disobliged, and almost wearied of with the continual Oppression of the *Germans*.

Nathan, thou wilt find it no hard Matter to bring them to a Necessity of putting themselves under the *Grand Signior's* Protection: It is thy Part to cherish their Discontents. As for the *Imperial Court*, thou mayest perceive they are resolved to mortify the People, and to take from them all Opportunities and the very Capacity of rebelling, by not suffering the Natives of *Hungary* and *Croatia* to possess any Office or Command.

Every Party pursues its own Interest, and so must we ours: Self-Preservation is the Root of all mutual Society and Justice. Take care of thy self, thy Friends and the Cause thou art engaged in, and then thou needest not fear any Qualms of Conscience. In fine, I counsel thee to put in Practice the Advice of one of thy own Rabbies, *Jesus Ben Syrach*: Be not over just.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year, 1668.

LETTER V.

To *Pesteli Hali*, his Brother, Master of the *Grand Signior's* Customs, at Constantinople.

Prepare thy self for surprizing News, and receive it with a Moderation becoming a Man. Our common Mother is dead. One and the same Night lodged

in the Apartments of *Hymen*, and the Chambers of Death. Before the Days of the Nuptial Solemnities were over, the mournful Rites of her Funeral commenced : She made but one Remove from her Marriage-Bed to the Grave.

If thou wonderest, that a Woman of her Age, being twenty Five Years Old, and having already had Two Husbands, should marry a Third ; Know, that it was not Dotage, but Discretion which prompted her to take this Course. The Integrity, Wisdom, and prudent Conduct of *Eliachim* the Jew, had charmed her Affections long ago, and improved her Acquaintance with him into a strict and virtuous Friendship. As a Mother, she owed him Respect and Love for his constant Fidelity to me : And on her own Account, she could not but entertain Sentiments of Esteem and Gratitude for a Man, who had been so nicely careful to preserve her Person and Honour from Injury and Violence, ever since she came to *Paris*. For he alone among the many Myriads of People inhabiting this City, was the only Confident both of her Secrets and Mine. In a word, these Regards, with some others of Piety, Zeal, and good Nature, made her willing to become his Wife, who in all Things had performed the part of a Friend, and a Person of Honour.

Besides all this, it was really her Interest thus to dispose of her latter Days in a *Foreign Country*, where she knew no body but *Eliachim* and me. As for me, she considered that my Life was not only subject to the same Casualties with other Mortals, and that I might be snatched away by a Thousand Deaths ; but that my Station here was very precarious, and I might be suddenly recalled by my *Superiors* to *Constantinople*, or at least be removed to some other *Post*, whither she could not accompany me, being incapable of bearing at these Years, the Hardships and Fatigues of Travel : That after my Departure, she should be neglected, contemned, and abandoned by all, but those who would desire her Death for the Sake of her Money and Jewels.

In

In these Circumstances, to remain a Widow, professing the *Faith* of *Mahomet*, and believing the *Alcoran* in a *Region* and *City* swarming with *Infidels*, would have been but an uncomfortable, as well as a dangerous Condition. Wherefore having had Experience of *Ezechim's* Virtue, and incorrupt Manners, he also making Addresses of Love to her, and giving her Encouragement to hope that he would become a *Mussulman*, he yielded at last to the Thoughts of taking him for his Husband, and they were married on the 7th of the *Moon*, in a private *Synagogue* of the *Jews*: For they are not allowed a *publick* one in this *City*, as they are in many other *Cities* of *Europe*.

My Mother appeared neither too dejectedly sad, nor profusely merry, during the *Nuptial Feast*. But comporting herself with a chearful Reservedness, seemed to have her Thoughts rather fixed on something else than the vain Ceremonies, Noise and Mirth of the Company. It looks as if her Prophetick Soul was sensible of its approaching Release: For, to be brief, she was found dead in her Bed next Morning.

Brother, she is now in her *Sepulchre*, at rest from all the Toils of Human Life. Let not this News affect thee with fruitless Melancholy, since Death is the common Fate of all Mortals. Rather advance the Bliss of our deceased Parent, with devout *Oraisons* for her Soul, remembring that before long we shall be in the same Condition. For tho' Man, like a Moth, be passionately enamoured with the Light of this World; tho' he flutter and dance about it for a while, basking in the Splendor and Warmth of his good Fortune; yet at length he is consumed by the very Flame which gave him Nourishment, and falls a *Victim* to his own Pleasure.

Paris 9th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1609.

LETTER VI.

Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

Sent thee a Letter some Days ago, wherein I exposed the General Nakedness, Imbecility and languishing State of the *German Empire* in this Age. My *Dispatch* abounded with Characters of their Vices: It is described exactly the present Eclipse of ancient Imperial Majesty, Power and Strength, the Revolt of many *Principalities and States*, the Feuds and Discord of those that yet remain in Obedience, and pay a seeming Homage to *Cæsar*; with many other Things, which being well considered, may for the future prevent, or at least diminish that Consternation and panick error, which uses to seize the Hearts of *Mussulmans*, when we are in *War* with the *Emperor*.

Now, as a farther Incentive and Encouragement to take up Arms against the *Infidels*; as a Spur to certain Victory and Conquest, I will unlock the Treasures of the Country, without taking Notice of the Inhabitants. And since nothing more excites the Resolution and Labour of military Men, than the Hopes of Plunder, and passing away a Campaign in Plenty of all necessary Comforts; I will give thee a true Account of the natural Dowry of these Regions, the Riches of the Soil, and the Wealth, which Commerce with other Nations, together with the Spoils of former Wars, the Industry of the People, and the Benevolence of Fortune have added to their Store.

Germany abounds in Generous Wines, and those more lasting than any other in *Europe*. The *Rhenish* Vines will keep above Fifty Years. The Wines of the *Necker* are wholesome, and clear as Water from the Rock: Those of *Franconia* are strong and operative; the *Austrian* Grape is sweet and luscious. Several *Roman Emperors* have preferred the Fruits of the *German* Vintage to those of *Italy* and *Greece*. And such

such is the superabundant Plenty of Vineyards, that in a Place called *Stutgard*, there is a Proverb current that *They have more Wine than Water*. If our *Jesuites* knew this, they would be for an Expedition into *Germany*: Nay, they temper their Mortar with Wine in some Places, and slack their Lime with it.

They have strong Beverages also made of Barley, Wheat, and other Grain, which they transport from *Brunswick*, *Breslaw*, *Delph*, *Dantzick*, *Lubeck*, and other Places to most Countries in the North and West of *Europe*. They likewise make a Sort of Wine of Honey, as strong, and sweet as the Wine of Candy.

There is Abundance of Frankincense and Myrrour in *Moravia*, of Saffron in *Austria*, of Liquorice in *Francia*, of Madder for Dyers in *Silesia*, of Amber in *Prussia*.

There are innumerable Orchards full of all delectable Fruits; the Fields stand thick with Corn, the Pastures are thronged with Cattle, and they have a Breed of the stoutest Horses in the World. They have Timber enough to serve all the Nations in the World for Shipping. But that which is most inviting, is the Variety of Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, Tin and Iron. Before *America* was discovered, *Germany* was the *Peru* and *Potosi* of all *Europe*. They have also Plenty of Marble as bright as Crystal.

Besides their native and domestick Riches, they have mightily improved their Stock by Foreign Commerce exchanging their Superfluities for Things more precious and of greater Value: Which in a constant Course of Bartering, brings into the *German* Coffers many hundred Millions of Crowns in a Year. In a Word, these Cities are so rich that when they have been pillaged by an Enemy, the Booty of one City has been valued at two Millions of Crowns in ready Money, besides Plate and Jewels. The common Soldiers have made Hilts for their Swords and Daggers of Gold and Silver; nay, some would make their very Helmets of the same Metals. Publick Gaming Tables have been set up in the Streets, and it has been common for

private

rate Trooper to win or lose Five or Ten Thousand
owns at a Time ; this would be rare Sport for our
nizaries and Spabies.

I tell thee, Serene Minister, considering the immense
wealth of Germany and the Degeneracy of its Inhabi-
ts, Providence seems to invite our Arms to make a
conquest of those fertile Regions, and take from the
circumcised the Goods which surfeit them. They
use the Gifts of Nature and Fortune, by employing
them to the Ends of Vice ; whereas the True Believers,
were they once possessed of them, would turn them to
virtuous Purposes, the publick Advantage, the Increase
of the Empire, Glory of God, and Propagation of the
Gospel Undeiled.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1669.

LETTER VII.

to Hebatolla, Mir Argun, Superior of the
Convent of Derviches at Cogni in Natolia.

IT was with a specifick Kind of Joy not easy to be
defined, that I received thy venerable Dispatch. I
crusd the welcome Orders therein contained with a
delight not in the least inferior to his, who being aban-
doned to Distress and miserable Poverty has by good
luck discovered a hidden wealthy Treasure : For so
thy Spirit is ravished, to find in this degenerate Age, a
such Reserve of Piety and Devotion to the ancient Pro-
phets of God.

I am glad to hear the Character of John the Baptist
which I sent thee formerly, was so well accepted by
thee, and all the Religious under thy Charge, that thou
thoughtest only to accuse the Shortness of the Rela-
tion, desiring a more particular Account of that Pro-
phet's Manner of living, especially of his Abstinence,
and what may be the most proper Interpretation of the

Grecian

Grecian Word *αἰνιδας*, mentioned in the History of Life ?

Praise be to GOD, who has inspired thee with the critical Regard to one of his most *Holy Messengers*. I were thy learned *Soul*, and that accomplished Intellect which is ever busy, prying into weighty and important Matters. I honour thy impartial Mind, which scrupled not to pay the Attach that is due to a *Saint*, tho' of the *Christian Calendar*. If we should reject all that the *Followers* of *Jesus* do, we should neither Fast, Pray, give Alms, or perform any other good Work. Therefore in this, thou art an exemplary Pattern to the rigid superstitious Sort of *Mussulman Fanaticks*, who bear an endless Grudge against all those that are not of the narrow Faith and dark Opinion.

Glory be to GOD, with whom the WORD was present from the *Dawning of Eternal Light*, before the *Morning* of his *Works* had peeped over the Mountains of the ancient *Chaos*, or penetrated the dark Abyss and misty Vale of *Nothing*, and painted the Tops of the Creation, the highest Ranks of *Beings*, with Splendors of the early Day. Before the *Sun* had drank the immortal *Halo* in, and sponged up all the visible Beams to squeeze them out again upon the *Moon* and Stars and on the lower World. That WORD remains forever, and at a determined Hour became incarnate, in the Person of *Jesus the Son of Mary*, as the *Holy Alcoran* informs us.

In those Days *John the Baptist* went into the Wilderness, and preached Repentance to the *Jews*, foretelling the near Approach of the *Messias*. The sacred *Hero* made a Cave his Residence ; and at first, to wean his Body from all Softness, he wore a Vest or Shirt of Camel Hair which was girt about him with a Belt made of that painful and religious Creature's Skin to put him in mind, that he was born for *holy Labours*, Toils, and Mortifications. He had no Table spread with fetched costly Dainties ; no Dishes crammed with bloody and large Inventories of Birds, four-footed Beasts, and Fish. His Diet was simple, cheap, and innocent, easy to be got in every Wood or Field, with

at the Detriment of his Fellow-Animals. For he either contented himself upon a Repast on Honey, which he found in hollow Trees: or on a kind of *Manna*, a sweet *Dew* falling on their Leaves, and there condensed by heavenly Influence; Or else it was a kind of *Jusculum* Moisture, which he sucked from certain Plants, perhaps not much unlike our *Sugar-canes*. For thus Interpreters do differ about the Words τὸ μὲν ἀσπρον. Whatever it was we may conclude it to be some slender, light and easy Nourishment: And when this Diet failed him, his Stomach required a little more Variety, he banqueted on what the *Grecians* call ἀκρίδες. Some will give these to be a kind of *Locusts* or *Grasshoppers*, a great indulgence the *Jews* by *Moses* in the *Law*. The *Perinthians* also counted them a Dainty; so did the ancient *Parthians*, as *Aristotle* and *Pliny* tell us. And my Countrymen the *Arabians* eat of them to this Day. Others are of opinion, that these ἀκρίδες were a Sort of little Shell-fish, such as *Crabs*, *Crawfish*, or *Shrimps*, which Nature has generally lodged in Holes along the Banks of Rivers. A pleasant, temperate Sort of Diet, recommended for their Virtues in expelling Poison, and being Remedies for the Strangury, and Antidotes to the Biting of mad Dogs.

The divine *Prophet* therefore often frequenting the Waters of the River *Jordan*, wherein he used to wash *Converts* and *Disciples*; these Men suppose, he took occasion to allay his Hunger with these little Shell-fish, which he might easily take in mighty Numbers from their watry Nests. And they endeavour to strengthen this Opinion, by asserting, That the Food which the Waters afford us, is much more pure and holy than what the Earth brings forth, in regard the Earth lies under the Malediction of God ever since *Noah's Flood*, where the Waters never were cursed. Hence, say they, it is very probable, that the consecrated *Hero* would not file his spotless Life with cursed Banquets from the Earth, but rather chose to appease his Hunger with the harmless, blessed, and wholesome Product of the Waters.

If thou wilt have my Opinion after all, I am apt to think these *ἀνπίδες* were nothing else but the tender Tops of Plants; such as we call *Asparagus*, or perhaps they were the wild Apples of the Wood, and then we may suppose there is some Mistake in the Greek Copy *ἀνπίδες* for *ἀνπαδες*. Or it may be, the holy Prophet in the proper Season of the Year, did use to crop and eat the Ears of the Barley, and then the Word should be *κῆρυπδες*. For what could be more sweet and pleasing to an abstemious Man, than to sustain his Life with Fruits, Grains, Herbs or Roots? Nor did the Malefaction reach the *Vegetables*, but only the *Animal Generations*, from which a perfect Man abstains.

Certainly those, who out of an Aversion for Purging by Prayer, and Fasting, turn themselves from human Bodies to Swine, and from religious Abstinence to salacious gormondizing on Flesh, seem to derive their Pedigree from a Race of *Devils*: Especially such as after the Manner of *Spiders*, gathering Poison from the Flowers of Piety, blaspheme this sacred Virtue of Abstinence and call it by the infamous Name of Superstition.

For if the Veneration we pay to God consist in the Knowledge, Love and Fear of his *Divine* Majesty, with Adoration and Praise of his Eternal Attributes; it follows, that we ought to worship him with the most fervent Application of our Spirits. But this *religious Ardour* cannot subsist in any *Soul*, whose Body is not mortified; nor can the Body be mortified without Austerity, which is always accompanied with rigorous Fasting and Abstinence from Flesh. Wherefore if we ascend to God by the very same Degrees as we fall from him, it follows that Abstinence is the first Step to Immortality and supreme Happiness.

I do not mean by Abstinence, that natural Aversion which some Men have for Flesh, who never durst to taste of any in their Lives, compelled to this by some occult *Antipathy* in their Stomachs. For such a Necessity cannot make a Virtue, it being common to Men and Brutes; there being many *Animals* who fast from all Provender certain Seasons of the Year, and others that taste not

ome Kinds of Food during their Lives: So there are
 ome Men to whom Wine, Flesh, Cheese, Apples,
 Herbs, and other Things, are an Abomination from
 heir Cradles. There have been others, who, by a
 ræternatural Necessity, have lived some Days, Weeks,
 Months and Years, without either Meat or Drink. So
 Plato records, That *Herus Pamphilius* lay ten whole
 Days among the Dead Carcasses of Soldiers slain in
 Battel; and when he was taken up to be laid on the
 Funeral Pile, they perceived him to be alive. *Laertes*
 tells us, That *Pythagoras* fasted forty Days and forty
 Nights from Meat and Drink. From whom *Apollonius*
Thyanæus learned the Art of keeping almost a perpetual
 Fast. And these modern Times afford us the Example
 of a *Spaniard* whom they call *Alcantare*, who every
 Moon used to fast for seven or eight Days together. So
 a famous *German Maid* was diligently observed and
 watched, whilst she passed away full seven Years Time
 without Meat, Drink, Sleep or Excrements. *France*
 also boasts another *Virgin*, who fasted above three
 Years together.

Such Abstinence as these are not to be put to the Ac-
 count of Virtue, in regard they were not the Effects of
 human Choice, but the *Decrees of Fate*. So would our
 Abstinence be depraved, if we should only practice it, as
 the old *Gentiles* did, who forbore to kill or eat some
 certain Beasts, because they held them consecrated to
 their Gods. As the *Dog* to *Diana*, the *Tyger* to *Bacchus*,
 the *Horse* to *Neptune*, the *Wolf* to *Mars*, the *Eagle* to
Jupiter, the *Peacock* to *Juno*, the *Swan* to *Apollo*, the
Dove to *Venus*, the *Owl* to *Minerva*. Nor need we to
 abstain on the Account of the Soul's Transmigration;
 for so we ought to forbear the *Vegetable* Products of the
 Earth, as well as *Animals*, since the Soul is indifferent
 to all Bodies in its separate State.

But our Reason in this Point ought to take its Rise
 from the *Fundamental Law of Nature*, the *Original*
Justice of the World, which teaches us, *Not to do that*
to another, which we would not have another do to us.
 Now since it is evident, That no Man would willingly
 become

become the Food of Beasts; therefore, by the same Rule, he ought not to prey on them. Next to this Foundation of our Abstinence, we ought to build our Aims at the Perfection of our Nature, which cannot be acquired but by Degrees: We must endeavour to abate the Aliment of our Concupiscences, by exhaling the superfluous and grosser Vapours of our Blood in sacred Fasts and Oraisons. Then we should refresh our fainting Bodies with Food affording little Nourishment and Pleasure: That so our vain Affections, Appetites and Lusts, may gradually die; whilst the pure Mind revives, and being free from the gross Vapours arising from too much, and too fattening Meats and Drinks, the Films which darkened her Sight fall off: and she can better now discern the naked Forms of Things by her own simple Institution, than before she could through all borrowed Spectacles and other *Opticks of Book-Philosophy*: Also she will more easily raise herself to the Contemplation and Science of Divine Eternal Things. He therefore that in earnest will apply himself to the Study of accomplished Sanctity, must first by Fasting exhaust the Marrow from his Bones, the Fatness from his Flesh, the wild and rampant Spirits from his Nerves, and then he must purge the Words and Actions of his Life from Vice. When this is done, the Soul becometh a pure *Tabula Rasa*, and is fit for the Impressions of Celestial Virtue.

Those who labour under acute Diseases, run great Hazard of their Lives, according to *Hippocrates*, unless their Diet be accommodated with proportionate Regard to the Quality and Time of the critical Fits or Paroxysms. But those who are entangled with Vice, do labour under far more dangerous Distempers, than such as afflict the Body. Wherefore the Prophet, our Holy Law-giver, like a wise Physician, appointed certain Seasons of the Year for sacred Abstinences, Fasting, Pilgrimages, Vigils; and other holy Exercises, especially the mighty Fast and Vigil of *Ramazan*, wherein tho' it be not forbid to eat of Flesh after the Stars appear at Night

Night, yet none but loose and indevout *Believers* take that Liberty; whereas the better Sort content themselves with an ascetick Diet. The *Hebrews* fasted with unleavened Bread, and a little Salad: the *Christians* also taste no Flesh on their prohibited Days: And shall the *Mussulmans* be greater *Libertines* than these *Infidels*?

O *Hebatolla*! how radiant is the Lustre of a Lamp when shining through a clean, and fine, defæcate Crystal! So does the Soul display the Rays of her immortal Virtue round about, when she inhabits in a well purified, chaste, and almost pervious Body. Wherefore it is absolutely necessary for him to attenuate his Body with perpetual Temperance and Abstinence, who consecrates himself to Virtue and Devotion. He will not be ensnared or caught by any Baits of Luxury or Voluptuousness; not yet affrighted from his constant, sober Course of Life, by any Pain or thwarting Accident: No Frowns or Menaces shall divert him from his noble Purpose: But he will so nourish his Body all his Life, that it shall never be surfeited, or over-filled with Meats. And such is the Magick of this sacred Virtue, that it can never be hurt, much less subverted by all the Machinations of evil *Dæmons*, or the malicious Attempts of Men. But it proceeds from Strength to Strength, and fights the Combat valiantly, till having overcome at last, it triumphs for ever, and receives the Palm, the Crown and Chaplet of Divine Reward in *Paradise*.

Holy President, pray that I may practise what I so admire, and not be self-condemned for living contrary to my Knowledge. For God neither loves a double Tongue or Heart, neither delights he in Feet or Hands that are swift and nimble to do Mischief.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1669.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of the Ottoman Empire.

NOW the *Christians* are in a general Confternation for *Candy*: The Pope has ſent Letters to all the Princes that are in his *Communion*, inviting and preſſing them to ſuccour that diſtreſſed Iſland. Levies are making every where; and the King of *France*, who ſeeks all Occaſions of Glory, appears the moſt forward of any to aſſiſt the *Republick* in this Fatal Juncture. The Duke of *Beaufort*, and *Chevalier de Vendosme*, are appointed to lead the Forces deſigned for that Service. They are gone to *Toulon*, in order to embark. The Pope has ſent the Duke of *Beaufort* a *Brevet*, declaring him General of the Troops *Eccleſiaſtick* that are to ſerve in *Candy*; and for his greater Encouragement, he has ſent him the *Pontifical Standard*. In the mean while, there is a *Triple League* concluded between the *Emperor*, the King of *Spain*, the King of *England*, the King of *Swedeland*, and the *States of Holland*.

There is great Joy in *Portugal* for the Birth of the *Infanta*, who is called *Elizabetha Maria Louiſa*. She was born the 6th of the 1ſt Moon; and on the 18th, the *Empreſs of Germany* was alſo delivered of a Daughter. Theſe *Western Queens* are very pregnant; Not a Year paſſes without the Birth or Baptiſm of ſome Royal Infant.

This is all the News at preſent; but to oblige thee, I will ſay ſomething of *Italy*, which is eſteemed the Garden of *Europe*. Nay, *Conſtantine Paleologus*, *Emperor of Greece*, was wont to ſay, *Unleſs I had been aſſured by very Learned and Holy Men, that Paradife was ſeated in Aſia, I ſhould have ſworn that Italy had been the Place.*

It is moſt certain, *Italy* is a delectable Country abounding in Riches and Pleaſures. The Eye is not ſatiſfied with ſeeing the infinite Variety of Beauties, which grace this happy Region. Such is the lovely Inter-
mixture

mixture of Hills and Vallies, Groves and Plains, Palaces and Gardens, that a Traveller is ravished as he passes on the Road. But this is not all : She is as rich as fair. No Country in the World can match *Italy*, for the Plenty and Variety of excellent Wines ; only they are of no long Continuance. Above all the rest, Travellers commend that Sort which they call *Lachrymæ Christi*, or the *Tears of Christ*, for its delicious Taste : Which when a *Dutchman* once tasted, he burst forth into this Exclamation ; O *Christ*, why didst not thou weep in my Country ? At *Papia* there are a Kind of Aromatick Grapes, which leave a fragrant Odour in the Mouth of him that eats them. It is recorded of a certain *Roman Lord*, That when he was in Prison half dead with Melancholy, he drank a Glass or two of this generous Wine, which so revived his Spirits, that instead of despairing, as he was ready to do before, he wrote a *Treatise*, entituled, *De Consolatione*.

Besides, *Italy* abounds in Cattle, Sheep, Fowls, Mines, Rocks of Alabaster, Marble, Porphyry, Coral, Ophits, Agats, Chalcedonis, Azures, and innumerable other precious Stones. Hence it comes, that in this Country are seen the most Glorious and Magnificent *Temples* of the World.

But this so fair and wealthy a Spot of Ground is inhabited by a very wicked Sort of People. They are quite degenerated from the Virtues of their *Ancestors*. They are a Base, Effeminate, Sly, *Sodomitical* Race of Men, Covetous, Revengeful, and Inexorable. I have heard a Story of two *Italian* Brothers that were walking one Night in the Fields, it being a very serene Sky ; when one of them looking stedfastly on the *Heavens*, wished, he had as many *Oxen* as there were *Stars*. The other wished, he had a *Field* as large as the *Firmament*. What would you do with it ? said the first. Let your *Oxen* graze there, replied he. But as they proceeded in this Kind of foolish, loose Discourse, they kindled each other's Anger ; and at length, falling from Words to Blows, killed each other on the Spot. Behold the Consequence of their covetous Desires ! They are extremely

addicted to Revenge, and are as dextrous at poisoning as the *Indian* Princes. A certain *French* Author gives us a very compendious Account of the Benefits a Stranger gets by travelling into *Italy*, in these Words; *We go into Italy*, says he, *with incredible Charges, only to purchase the mere Shadow of Civility, and we bring back from thence the whole System of Vices.* The *Milanese* teach us how to cheat. From the *Venetians* we learn Hypocrisy. *Rome* transforms us into perfect *Atheists* and *Libertines*. *Naples* turns us to *Satyrs*. *Florence* instructs us in the Artificial Methods of poisoning, There is not one City, which does not tincture us with some Specifick ill Qualities.

Sage *Hamet*, in all my Letters to thee, I studiously insert some Remarks on these *Western* Nations, that so I may gratify thy Wishes. Pardon the Want of Order; for I write Things as they present themselves to my Memory. Accept all in good Part from *Mahmut*, who obeys thy Commands chearfully, and honours thee without Flattery.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1669.

LETTER IX.

To *Hamet Reis Effendi*, Principal Secretary
of the *Ottoman* Empire.

THOU mayest register in the Archives of the Sacred Empire, That *Don John* of *Austria* is made perpetual Governor of the *Low Countries* under the *Spanish King's* Obedience. He is also *Viceroy*, and *Vicar-General* of *Arragon*, *Catalonia*, and *Valentia*. But it is fit for thee to know also, That this is so far from being esteemed by that Prince a Happiness, that he counts it his greatest Misfortune, in regard it is no better than an honourable and irrevocable Banishment from the Court of

Spain; where his Royal Blood and Merits are out-
shin'd by the Genius of a certain Priest, whom they
call *Father Nitand*. This Man is very ambitious, always
dealing in high Matters; yet admired by no body for
his Learning, Beauty, or any other good Qualities. Only
the *Queen of Spain* is pleas'd to make him her Favourite.

He could never buckle to the Humour of *Don John*;
and hence arose a secret Envy between them, which af-
terwards burst forth into open Animosities, Feuds, and
Quarrels: So that at the last the Favourite got the Day,
and *Don John* was forced to quit the Field.

It is impossible to trace the *Sovereigns* of the Earth in
the Footsteps of their *Royal* Conduct; or else one would
of course conclude, That so great a Prince as this, of
the same Lineage as the *Queen* herself, should have ea-
sily eclipsed the borrowed Lustre of an Upstart Minion.
But *Monarchs* have Specifick Reasons to themselves,
which others cannot penetrate.

Perhaps this cunning Priest used a Trick like that of
a Soldier in the Army of *Alexander the Great*: Who
being of an ambitious Spirit, and coveting to make some
greater Figure than that of a private Centinel, consider-
ed *Alexander's* Humour, and how to hit it. He knew,
that his Heroick Master took delight in any thing that
was bold and brave. But how to come into his Presence,
he was ignorant. At length, he pitched upon this Me-
thod. One Day, as *Alexander* was debauching with his
beloved *Parmenio*, *Hephestion*, *Lyfimachus*, and other
Officers; this Fellow (whose Name was *Clytus*) put
himself into a mimick Dress of War, counterfeiting
himself Mad, and dancing the *Pyrrhick* Measures, with
his brandish'd Sword, killed five new-listed Soldiers
lately come from *Colchis*. The Guards soon seized upon
him; and it being a Tragical Novelty, the News was
carried to the King; who caus'd the Fellow to be
brought before him. And examining him on the Point,
Clytus answered, " Great King, those five Men, whom
" I have killed, had conspired to take away thy Life
" this Day, being hired thereto by the King of *Colchis*,
" and therefore sent into the Army. Their Tent being
" next to mine, I had an Accidental Opportunity last

" Night of over-hearing their Discourse, when they
 " were plotting together the Time, the Place, and Man-
 " ner of thy Death. I kept a Watch upon them, and
 " observed their Motions from that Moment. For, tho'
 " I knew the Hour appointed by them for this execra-
 " ble Regicide, yet I was solicitous lest some ill Fate
 " should prompt the *Russians* to antedate their own Re-
 " solves, and hasten a Murder, whose Delay might else
 " discover their Designs, or at least prevent them.
 " Therefore I took this mad Disguise, to execute the
 " soberest and most important Purpose that ever I fram-
 " ed in all my Days; which was at once to save the
 " Life of the World's *Conqueror*, and get myself Im-
 " mortal Honour by the happy Deed."

After profound Deliberation of the Drunken Cabinet-
 Council, *Alexander* approved the Fact, and ordered
 Publick Honours to be done to his Deliverer. Accord-
 ing to the *Macedonian* Custom, he vested him with pur-
 ple Robes, and gave him a Chain of Gold, admitting
 him to the latter End of the Banquet, and afterwards e-
 steeming him above his most Familiar Friends. 'Till such
 another Debauch as this, but more unfortunate to *Clytus*,
 at once deprived him of the *King's* Favour and his own
 Life: So inconstant is the State of Human Greatness.

Sage *Hamet*, the Favour of *Princes* is like a Reed of
Egypt, which either transpierces him that leans upon it;
 or flinches from the Burden, and so gives him a Fall,
 which most times plunges him over Head and Ears in
 the choaking Mire of popular Hatred.

God grant thou mayest never be crushed to Death
 from Above, by the Weight of the *Sultan's* Displeasure,
 or undermined from beneath, and swallowed up in an
 Earthquake raised by the Multitude.

Paris, 18th of the 7th Moon,
 of the Year 1669.

LET.

LETTER X.

To Hebatolla, Mir Argun, Superior of the
Convent of Derviches at Cogni in Natolia.

THOU wilt not be displeased to hear of a Mighty King, that laying aside his *Diadem* and *Sceptre*, and abandoning the Height of Human Glory, has consecrated himself to a private *Religious* Life, vowing perpetual *Poverty*, *Chastity*, and *Obedience*.

Yet this is true of *John Casimir*, late King of *Poland*, who from a Sovereign Monarch is become an Humble Subject, and having forsaken the Pleasures and Magnificences of his *Royal Palace*, voluntarily confines himself to the narrow Circumstances and Austerities of a *Monastick* Life.

He chose *France* for the Place of his Retreat from his own *Kingdom*; and the *Abby* of *St. Germain*s near *Paris*, as his *Sanctuary* from all worldly Affairs. He was magnificently received and entertained in every City through which he passed. And on the 4th of the 11th Moon, he made his first Entry into the *Mosque* or Church of the *Convent*, where he made his Vows in Quality of *Abbot*, or *Superior* of that *House*: For which they solemnly sung their *Te Deum*, or a Song of Praise to God. And the Court of *France* seems to be proud of the Honour this Prince has done it, in retiring hither, and making it the *Theatre* of such pious Resolves, the last Stage of his *Pilgrimage* on Earth, where he will bid *Adieu* to the vain Pageantries of Honour, Wealth, and Empire; and having shaken off the Glittering Burden of a *Crown*, with all the other Clogs of elevated Mortality, he will the easier climb to *Paradise*.

Abstracting from the particular *Superstitions* of the *Nazarenes*, I cannot but commend the sage Undertaking of *King Casimir*; who in this seems to outgo the noisy ostentous Action of *Adrian*, one of the *Roman Emperors*: For he only once celebrated in outward Pomp his own *Funeral*, by way of *Type* or *Figure*; making a splendid Caval-

Cavalcade, before which his *Coffin* was carried in a Kind of *Mock-Triumph*: As if, after all his Victories, at last he had led *Death* himself *Captive*. Whereas this hindered not, but that he returned again to the Vanities which in this publick Emblem he seemed to despise; and from a *Dramatick Conqueror*, he became a real Slave. His personal Mortification in the Streets ended in his ordinary Passions at home: And he had a stronger Inclination to the Bed of Voluptuousness at Night, than he seemed to have by Day to his Grave.

But this Heroick King of the *Poles* is really gone into his *Sepulchre*. [For no better is a *Monastery* in my Opinion.] He has translated the *Seat* and *Throne* of his *Kingdom* to a *Tomb*; not for Three or Four Hours, to make a Shew, but there really to lead a dying Life, or living Death; and reign in *Funeral Majesty* all the rest of his Days. For to be thus *Recluse* from the World, is to be buried alive.

O Venerable and Benign *Derwich*, pardon the favourable Opinion I have of this *Christian Monarch*. I do not patronize his Errors in applauding his Virtue. Besides, it is the General *Faith* of *Mussulmans*, That, let a Man be a *Christian*, a *Jew*, or *Pagan*, provided he lives up to the best Light he has, he shall be saved. And the *Holy Prophet* himself gave us Encouragement to believe so.

Thou wilt at least conclude this King to be more pious and worthy of Praise, than one of his *Predecessors*, who usurped the *Polish Crown*. This was *Uladislaus V.* who having entered into a solemn League with one of our former *Sultans* living in his Time, and taken an Oath thereupon, giving also the *Eucharist* (or that which they esteem the *Body of Christ*) in *Hostage*; yet soon after broke the *Articles* that he had Signed and sworn to, and for the Performance of which he had pawned his *God*.

This so provoked the *Grand Signier*, that he had recourse to his Arms for Justice, and invaded *Poland* with a mighty Force: To repel which, *Uladislaus* also levied an Army, and met him in the Field. But just as they were going

going to give Battle, the *Sultan* took out of his Bosom the awned *Eucharist*, with the *Capitulations* agreed upon, and sworn to between them. Then holding the *Waser* in one Hand, and the *Articles* in the other, he cried out, in the Hearing of both Armies; "O thou *Crucified God* of the *Christians*, behold thy perfidious Adorers, who have given thee to me as a Pledge of their Faith and Truth in what they have sworn; yet in a most impious manner they have violated their Oath. If thou art a God, chastise them now by my Means, for their abominable Perjury and Prophanation of thy Name." His Prayer was heard of *Heaven*: For the victorious *Osman*s gave a total Overthrow to the *Infidels*, and that blasphemous *Prince* was himself killed in the Battle.

Whatever various *Forms of Religion* there be in the World; we know there is but *One True God*, Creator of *Heaven* and *Earth*, *Conseruator* and *Governor* of *Men*. He connives at the invincible Ignorances Frailties and Infirmities of our Mortal Race. He accepts the Good Works and sincere Vows of *Pagans* and the *Uncircumcised*, as well as those of the *True Believers*, and *Followers* of the *Prophets*. But he abhors, and punishes all Injustice, Perjury, Treason both in One and the Other. For he has no partial Regards for this Nation or Person, more than that. They are all equally the Works of his Hands, and his Care is alike over all.

The *Sun* runs from the *East* to the *West*: In his daily Circuit he illuminates and warms this *Hemisphere*; and by Night our *Antipodes* enjoy his Favours, and welcome Influences. At one time of the Year he comforts the *North*, at another he revives the *South*. There is no Part of the *Globe*, which in due Season does not rejoice in his all-chearing Beams.

The *Moon* never slacks or deviates from her wonted Course; but from the *Crescent* to the *Wane*, observes the *Laws* of him that made her. She is exact in timing the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*: And she guides the wandering Mariners by Night. The Inhabitants of the *Arctic* and *Antarctic* Circles wait for her Light, when the
Sun

Sun absents himself for half the Year. As soon as they see the *Chariot* of *Diana* appear on the Road of their *Heaven*, every Man claps his Hands for Joy. They rouse from their domestick Dulness and Melancholy; they come out of their Dens and Caves. With Dances and Songs they welcome the Approach of the Beautiful Goddesses; knowing that she is but a Second Remove from the *Eternal Light*; the Mirror of the *Sun*, in which that glorious Planet may see his Face; in whose, by Reflection, we see the Face of God.

So do the *Stars* keep on their various Travels through the *Heavens*. Each *Constellation* faithfully maintaining its Post; each *Planet* pursuing its Road. Whilst all together, at so vast a Distance, appear a flying Camp, never setting up their bright Pavilions but by Night, and in the Morning taking them down again. This may be called the *Army of Heaven*, the *Host of God*, embattled in the *Firmament*, to guard his Friends on Earth, and to chastise his Enemies.

To descend lower yet into our *Sublunary* Elements; we find the Rain, Hail, Snow, Winds, Thunder, Lightning, and other Meteors, are impartially scattered up and down the Climates of the Earth; I do not mean by Chance, but by the Universal Providence which governs all Things. As the *Alcoran* expresses it: "It is he directs the Seminal and Prolifick Showers to Barren and Desert Places: Doubtless this is a Sign of his *Divine Unity*."

In fine, all Provinces and Corners of the Earth bring forth their proper Fruits in Season. And the *Negroes of Africk* and *America*, though gross *Idolaters*, and some of them worshipping *Infernal Demons*, yet enjoy God's Blessings, and live as plentifully, with as much Content and Joy, as we that adore his *Eternal Unity*.

Every Nation takes up their Religion on the Credit of their Priests; and so long as they observe the *Natural* and *Moral Law* imprinted in their Hearts, the indulgent Judge and Father of Men will dispense with those that err, in Obedience to the Positive Laws of their Na-

tion:

For Sedition is like Magick, odious to God and man, and equally liable to Universal Punishment.

Once more, O pious Father of the *Derviches*, I beg thee to pardon the Freedom I take, in discoursing Religious Matters in thy Presence, who art a Light to the Blind, a Guide to those that err; a Resolver of doubts, an Arbitrator of difficult Questions; the only Oracle of thy Province.

I endeavour to inform thee, but to disentangle myself from Error; and testify, that tho' I honour God and his Prophet; yet I think there is no need of a falsehood to defend the Truth.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1670.

LETTER XI.

To Useph, Bassa.

DEATH has of late celebrated a *Triple Triumph* in the Court of *France*; having led away *Cap- tives* to the *Invisible World*, the Cardinal Duke of *Vendôme*, a Dutcheß of the same Title, and *Henrietta Maria*, late Queen of *Great Britain*, being the Relict of King *Charles I.* and youngest Daughter to *Henry IV.* of *France*.

Thou mayest also report to the *Diwan*, that *Casimir* the King of *Poland*, is now at this Court; having left *Poland*, as soon as he saw Prince *Wiesnowiski* elected his successor. The Dukes of *Lorraine* and *Newburgh* had severally laid Claim to that Crown, and levied Armies in part, in order to make good their Pretensions. But the *Polanders* being aware of it, were resolved not to bring themselves under the Jurisdiction of any Foreigner, so long as there was a Prince of their own Nation capable of the Dignity; and one who being the Son of King *Casimir*, seems to have the best Title to his Father's Throne, whose Virtues he inherits.

Here

Here is also arriv'd the Prince of *Tuscanny*, who has travelled through all *Europe*, and takes *France* as the last Kingdom in his Return Homewards : Protesting he does this in good Manners, as preferring *France* to all the Nations in *Christendom*. Indeed, he could do no less in good Manners, than make this Apology, which yet sounds very flat to a Court so refined as this ; which might have expected his first Visit, as a Token of his Regard ; since, tho' in Domestick Processions, Entries, and *Caravades*, those of highest Dignity take the first Place ; yet in *Foreign Embassies* and *Voyages*, it is usual for Princes to address those first, for whom they have the greatest Esteem.

The Politicians here keep very secret the News that comes from *Canday*, which makes all Men conclude, it is none of the most prosperous. It is generally reported for a Truth, that Admiral *Beaufort* is either killed, or taken Prisoner by the *Ottomans* ; and that the *French* have lost near Two Thousand Men in this Undertaking.

I wonder why the Painters always describe Death in the Form of a *Naked Skeleton*, a starved System of dry Bones : Whereas one would think, he ought to be portrayed as a Monster, a Miracle of Fatness ; since he is the greatest Glutton in the World, hourly gormondising on all manner of Flesh, and is the very Original, Universal *Cannibal* of Nature, who from the Beginning of the World has feasted himself with human Bodies. But perhaps he has a bad Digestion, and none of all his raw and bloody Diet will afford Nutriment enough to form so much as a poor Skin to cover his Nakedness ; And therefore it is he is always drawn in this *lean* Figure.

Courteous *Bassa*, suffer me in this vain Jest to fall into a serious Reflection on our Mortality, and the frail State of Human Race.

Man is but a fatid Vapour, first exhaled from the Earth, and afterwards advancing, is condensed to a Cloud, that so his Filthiness may be concealed under the Cover of a Skin, there in Secret to engender a Thousand Meteors of Fiery Passions, Lusts, Concupiscences, and extravagant Thoughts : Which in time burst forth, and trouble

able all the World : Yet end at last in empty Smoak,
in, Hail or Wind, and are extinct almost as soon as
they are formed.

The Elements of which we are compounded, may
be as Mirrors to represent the constant Mutability of
Nature. So the devouring Fire, when all its Fuel
is spent, decays and dies. Earth, Air, and Water, all
subject to Corruption, and from thence our Gene-
ration takes its Rise : Likewise thither we return
again. This is the Eternal Circle of Natural Products.
The Trees, the Flowers, with all the Vegetable Race ;
Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, with every Species of Ani-
mals, are so many Remembrancers of our Mortality.
Which way soever we turn our Eyes, they are present-
ed with fresh Images of Human Weakness : And the
very Breath which doth prolong our Life, helpeth
also to shorten it, since every Respiration carrieth
away some Portion of our Substance. Our finer Par-
ts gradually vanish into Smoak and Air, whilst the
coarse gross Remainder scums off in noisome Excre-
ments : And if there appear a Shew of any thing solid
at our Death, it is soon reduced to Ashes, Dirt,
and Worms. Our Bodies, of which we make so great
account whilst Living, are lost in an Abyss of Univer-
sal Matter soon after Death.

What were the greatest Prince the happier, though
he possessed the whole Circumference of this Globe ?
No, but a mighty Heap of Dirt or Dung, perpetually
rotting or crumbling away : It is one of the Dishes
which compose the Banquet of all-devouring Time.
Whilst the insulting Monarchs of the Earth tram-
ple on it in Disdain, spreading their Armies far and
wide, and boasting that their Empires have no Bounds ;
they do but hasten to be shut up himself within a lit-
tle obscure and putrid Hole, not much surpassing the
entrance of a Mole-hill.

Great *Bassa*, let not the Honours and Dignities thou
enjoyest, make thee forget the Miseries to which thou
art liable each Hour : But remember thou art a Man.

*6th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1669.*

L E T.

L E T T E R XII.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE is arrived a *Muta-faraca*, called *Solyman Ismael*, with Expresses from the *Grand Signior*. It was no small Refreshment to see his publick Entry which appeared like a little *Epitome* of the *Mussulman* Grandeur and Magnificence. The young Rabble were as curious to be Spectators of the *Eastern* Cavalcade as the *Romans* were fond of beholding the *Secular* Play which were exhibited but once in an Age. Nay, People of all Ranks, Ages, and Qualities, filled the Streets the Windows, and Battlements of their Houses: Some because they never saw such a Sight before; others despairing that they should live long enough to be Witness of such another.

Yet with all their Curiosity, none but the Ministers of State are able to dive into the least Secret of his Instructions. These willingly communicate the Tidings which that *Great Arbiter of the Earth* gives the *French King*. That so not only his Subjects, but neighbouring Nations may conceive the profounder Veneration for him, without penetrating the Measures he takes. This is an Artifice common to all States to turn their best Side outmost; only the *Hollanders* excepted, who in the Days of their *Revolt* from the King of Spain could not so much as put a good Face upon a bad Matter: But were forced to expose their Poverty and Nakedness, as well as suffer under it; addressing themselves to *Elizabeth*, then Queen of *England* in the Character of *The poor Distressed States of Holland*, and so begging her Assistance.

However, *Solyman* has faithfully imparted to me the Affairs, as I have Reason to believe. He is too well born and bred, possesses more Reason and Wit, than to amuse the *Old Man in the Cassock* (so they call him here in the Streets, who know me not by any other

Character

character ; so private is *Mahmut* in *Paris*, at this Hour, withstanding all his publick Sufferings.)

esteem *Ismael* as one fit to represent the *Grand Signior's* Person, among better People than *Infidels* : Yet I see thee the *French* are the most refined of all the *Western* *Giafers*.

Ismael understands the Force of the Civil Laws which he learned from *Justinian's* Code, and other Books. For he is perfect in *Greek* and *Latin*, and has bestow'd some years in reading their Books both Prints and Manuscripts.

He makes a very Personable Figure, being tall, full-limbed, well-shaped, and not of an ugly Face, which is enough to be said of a Man designed for Business, and not only for Love. He is never in danger of falling under *Cato's* Censure, who seeing two Ambassadors sent from *Rome* to a foreign State, one of which had his Head so little, that it could hardly be distinguished from that of an Owl ; and the other such a little, that he could not walk without Stilts ; cried out, *Here is an Embassy which has neither Head nor Tail*.

And then, our *Muta-faraca* is rich : He supports the charges of his Commission with extraordinary Munificence. His House is already become the Sanctuary of all the distressed *Levantine's*, whether *Greeks*, *Armenians*, or *Followers of the Prophets* : And he speaks *French* as readily as a Native. Yet he dissembles his impertinence in that Language, to keep up the State and reservedness of the *Ottoman* Empire, which disdains to condescend to any other Speech than *Turkish* or *Arabick*. Besides, he has the Advantage, by thus artificially-shutting his Ears that he can at one Time both Hear and be Deaf ; Understand and be Ignorant of whatsoever is said by the Spies of the *French* King. And this is no small Gift in a Man of his Character and Trust. For he had need of an *Angel*, or a *Dévil* at his Elbow, that thinks to over-reach this Court.

About

Above all, I believe our *Solyman* would never be guilty of the Error committed by the Ambassadors from *Tenedos* to one of the *Roman* Emperors, I am sure he is not yet. For those Gentlemen had seen the Death of the Emperor's Son, Eleven Moons and Four Days, as the Story says, before they knew it was their Duty to make an Address of Condolence: Or, at least, before they called it to mind; for they were drowned in the *Roman* Luxury. So that, when they came to perform that *Devoir*, the Emperor could not forbear to scoff at them in these Terms: *I much lament, said he, the Fate of the Renowned Hector, your Countryman, and Champion, whom Achilles the Greek killed above a thousand Years ago.*

I speak this in a particular Regard to *Solyman's* Deportment here. For, when he first came to this Court, he found them all in Mourning for the Death of the King's Aunt the late Queen of *England*, and of other High Personages, (particularly those that were slain in the late Action at *Candia*) whereof I have already given an Account to the *Sublime Porte* in another Letter. Without Instructions he very demurely accosted the King, and told him, "There could be no *Dunsmuir* in the *Ottoman* Empire, for the late Success at *Candia* so long as the *French* Court were Mourners.

This was a sensible Touch to those that understood it, and from that Moment, the *Grande*es and Ministers of State have made a Difference in their Entertainment of this ingenious *Muta faraca*, and the which they used to give to the *Chiaus*es formerly sent from the *Porte*.

I can assure thee, he is, at the same time, very blunt and very elegant in his Discourse. There is Fire in every Word he utters, to warm and refresh, if they take it at a due Distance, but if they approach too near, it scorches their Spirits, and puts them into a Choler they dare not shew. They consume inwardly in their own Despight: Yet cannot help themselves.

Doubtless, the King of *France* is the greatest Monarch, the most powerful and victorious Prince in *Christendom*.

the only *Invincible* Emperor of the *Western* Kingdoms. Yet he veils to our *Majestick* Sovereign, Lord of the whole Earth. And our *Eunuch* will not part with a Tittle of his Master's Honour, or give any Advantage by an Easiness worthy of Blame, in a Case that may be turned to a Precedent. He is very happy in his Repartees, as thou wilt perceive by the Answer he gave to a *French* Lord yesterday, when he asked, Whether he thought it not a Violation of the Law, for Ambassadors to be imprisoned, as they are at the *Ottoman* Porte? No, (says *Solyman*) it is where the Ambassador is guilty of Treason, or Criminal Majesty. But, if it were, you Frenchmen have the least Reason to accuse us of it; since we first learned this Maxim from the Backside of your *Salick* Law, where it is endorsed. And then he produced twenty several Instances of this Kind in the Court of *France*.

In a word, *Solyman* has hitherto acquitted himself with marvellous Success in every Thing; tho' the *Grandees* often set upon him, to try what Metal he was made of; having generally a mean Opinion of the *Turks*, because Learning is so little countenanced among us.

He has no Matter of News to acquaint thee with, but that a violent Plague broke forth not long ago at *Messina*, and a terrible Earthquake in *Sicily*, frightened the Inhabitants of *Catanea*, and the adjacent Towns of their Habitations; after one whole Village had been swallowed up.

Those who were curious to pry into the Cause of these particular Convulsions, and that affrighting Overthrow, perceived, after diligent Search, that it proceeded from a new Eruption, or Breach in *Mount Gibel*, at two Miles from *Catanea*: Where the Horrid *Mountain* vomited forth Floods of Fire, with flaming Stones; which being carried violently through the Air, in the Space of near a League round about, at last fell down in flaming Showers or Cataracts, producing sad and calamitous Effects in the neighbouring Country.

Serene

Serene Minister, it is evident, that the Judgments of God are upon these *Infidels* : Yet, they will not be converted from their Errors and Vices. They have the same Tempest of Fire which overwhelmed the Cities of the Lake *Asphaltites* : Yet, they remain inflexible and obdurate : Surely, they will be exterminated from the Earth.

Paris, 4th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1669.

The End of the Second Book.



LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. VII.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

to Mehemet, *an Exiled Eunuch, at Alcair in Egypt.*

BE no longer melancholy, my Friend, nor sink under the Burthen of thy Misfortunes. Give not thy Enemies an Occasion of double Triumph, in that they have driven thee from thy self, as well as from the *Grand Signior's* happy Presence. Thou hast Money and Jewels enough left to purchase thee a competent Felicity any where. Or, at least thou hast Virtue, which renders every Place a *Paradise*. Associate thy self with the other *Exiles* in that City, Victims to a royal Caprice; suffered with all their immense Riches, to make a pompous and magnificent Entry into that Metropolis of *Egypt*; but soon after stripped of all their wealth, and sacrificed to the Court Avarice. So were the consecrated Bulls of old, dressed up in stately Equipage,

quipage, their Horns and Hoofs all gilded over with Gold, adorned with Ribbons of costly Silk, their Bodies covered over with Mantles of Brocade and Tissue embroidered with Pearls and precious Stones, and trailing on the Pavement of *Apollo's* Temple ; while the Priests stood ready at the Altar to dispatch whole *Hecatombs* of these gay Sacrifices.

Your Case is not so bad at *Caire*, in that your Lives are spared, and you at Liberty to carve new Fortunes to your selves, where-ever you please. You ought to aid and counsel one another in your Misfortunes. It is a Comfort to the Miserable, to have Companions in their sad Estate. Insinuate thy self into the *Bassia's* Favour. He may do something to alleviate thy Grief. He will measure thy Circumstances by his own ; considering that he has but three Years to enjoy his present Wealth and Grandeur.

Go to the banished *Mufti*, if he be living at *Caire*, desire his spiritual Advice : Perhaps thou mayest receive into the Bargain some Temporal Advantages from him. He has a greater Influence on some of the *Egyptian Beys*, than the *Grand Signior* has himself : You are alike embarked in one Affliction, whose Essence does consist in being degraded from your former Honours (though in different Degrees) and being separated from your Friends, that bask in the immediate Lustre of Imperial Dignity. It is your Business therefore now, to find out some new Source of Happiness : To make new Friends, since you have lost the old ; or, at least to prop up one another by a mutual Friendship, not to be broke or dissipated, but by a *Destiny* equal to the former. And then you have no more to do, but prosecute your several Interests, and be resigned to *Fate*.

As for thee, I am particularly solicitous ; being engaged together from our Youth, by a Reciprocal Participation of good Offices, which was the Effect of a deep-rooted and strong *Sympathy*. The Agreeableness of Humour united first our Souls, and taught us the mysterious Lessons of *Platonick* Love. We saw each other, and were streight inspired with sacred Inclinations

ons. My Eye no sooner fixed on thine, but through
at Perspective, I could see the inward Virtue of thy
oul, which immediately produced a Ventilation in
y Breast : And I soon found our Hearts bore Time
o one another. This generous Passion afterward in-
reased as we grew up ; and what it lost of its first Vio-
ence, is gained by acquiring a more lasting Strength,
more durable Integrity, and constant Faithfulness. Our
Joys and Grievs were still the same. No prosperous or
averse Fortune could ever change our Minds, to warp
either to Flattery or Contempt : But with an even
Mind we still sustained the different Accidents of hu-
man Life, and propped up one another with a right
affection ; till it was the Will of Fate to separate us,
being made a Slave in *Sicily*, whilst thou enjoyedst
the Smiles and Favours of thy Infant-Fortune, which
introduced thee first to the *Serail*. Afterwards I gain-
ed my Freedom, and returned to the *Imperial City*,
and to the Palace of the *Sultan*. But was not suffered
long to enjoy that Happiness, being appointed for this
hazardous Post in *Paris*.

I tell thee, *Mehemet*, I reckon my Case far worse
than thine, in that I am forced to take my constant Re-
sidence up among these *Infidels*. Could my propitious
stars encourage me but with the smallest Hopes to
change my present Course of Life, I would never re-
turne at what was past, but please my self with flatter-
ing Prospects of some future and unknown Felicity.
But to be irrevocably chained down to the Oar, with-
out a Glimpse of any Sign that I shall ever be relieved,
worse than Death it self.

Whereas, on the other Side, thou art disposed of in
the happiest Region of the Earth, *Egypt*, the Mother
of Sciences; the Midwife of *Celestial Secrets*, the Nurse
of Sages, Saints, and Prophets ; the Granary of the
Mussulman Empire ; and the Refuge of Distressed Mor-
tals. Oh ! *Mehemet*, prize the vast Advantage thou
enjoyest of me, and others of thy Fellow-Slaves. Improve
thy Privilege and Opportunity of ranging where thou
wilt. Go, visit all the Antiquities of *Egypt*, and trace her
orders to the *West* and *South*. If this will not divert
thy

thy Melancholy, go farther yet, and search the mighty *Cataracts* of the *Nile*, which deafen Mortals with their Fall. Go view the Mountains of the *Moon* in *Aethiopia*: Or, see the Desolation of the *Smoaky Valleys* and of the Cities, whose Inhabitants were in a Minute metamorphosed in to Stones, as a Memorial of Eternal Vengeance against crying Sins.

But, after all, my *Mebemet*, depart not from thy Reason, Loyalty and Faith. For these are Armour Proof against the Assaults of Chance and Destiny, of Men and Devils, of Earth and Hell. And when thy Travels are finished here on Earth, those Virtues will not fail to carry thee to Heav'n.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1670.

LETTER II.

To the Same.

I Cannot forbear giving thee the Trouble of another Letter by this Post, that I may yet more encourage thee to a virtuous Resignation to the Will of Fate, which thou knowest is inexorable.

There is an Eternal Law fixed in the Universe which admits of no Repeal. No Prayers or Tears of Passionate Mortals; no Vows, Alms, Pilgrimages, or any other Supererogating Works, can move the Destinies. They are more inflexible than the Judges of the old *Athenian Areopagus*. And the unchangeable Edicts of the *Median Empire* might sooner be reversed than the Decrees of Fate.

If thou couldst make *Corban* with an hundred thousand Sheep, and feed the Poor of all the *East*, according to the *Mussulman* Practice: or sacrifice as many Bulls, after the Fashion of the antient *Gentiles*; couldst thou monopolize all the *Aromatics* of the *Orient*, compound

compound the most exalted Incense, and make a Pyramid of odoriferous Smoke ascend high as the Shadow of the Earth at Midnight, whereby the Heavens should be all perfumed, and every sleeping City should be awakened by the fragrant Smell; wouldst thou bribe the Choirs above, to tune the Spheres new, and raise the sweetest Harmony that ever reached the *Eternal Sense*; yet all would not prevail to alter the Resolves of Heaven, or re-inflate thee in thy former Honour. No! my *Mehemet*, thou art lost for ever at the *Serail*: The Face of Things is changed, since thou hast been in *Egypt*. Thy Friends are all dispersed abroad in the World, or dead; which is but another kind of Separation. There are no Hopes now left thee, never returning again to that proud City, which inherits the Character of antient *Rome*. The *Lady of the earth*. I wish the *Roman* Luxury be not alike entailed. Rouze up, my Friend, and look not on thy State, through the deceitful *Opticks* of thy Passion; but let Reason light the *Prospect*. Thou wert before a Slave; now thou art free, and Master of thy self. However, rid thee of the very *Idea*, or fancied Misery, I counsel thee once again, to travel.

Go, make the speediest Retreat thou canst out of the limits of the *Ottoman* Empire that thou mayest forget thy Cares and Fears. Take not the Way by *Barbary*, nor covet to see the Place where antient *Carthage* was situated; be not curious to enquire after *Queen Dido*, *Aeneas*, or *Hannibal*, or to hear some Stories of the famous *Scipio*. Nor would I counsel thee to pass the Kingdoms of *Morocco* and *Fex*. For, though those realms pay no Obedience to the *Sultan*, yet they are his allies; and that Reflection will always keep thee in pain. Besides, the Sight of *Mussulmans* will terrify thy mind, and fill thee with a thousand Apprehensions.

Go rather the directest Way thou canst, unto the Kingdoms of the *Negroes*, or Black People inhabiting the *Torrid Zone*. But, take this Rule: Be sure to coast along the River *Nile*, as near as the Roads of *Africk* will admit: That so thou mayest avoid the horrible and

affrighting Defarts of *Lybia*, *Nubia*, and *Zanfar*, with other inhospitable mountainous Parts between the *Tropic* of *Cancer* and the *Equinox*. For, thou wilt not find it very pleasant to encounter and converse with none but Dragons, Basilisks, and other Monsters of those Regions. And yet, for ought I know, it is better than to fall into the Hands of human Savages.

I know not how to give a general Character of the *Southern Blacks*; since every Province varies in its particular Principles, Customs, Laws, and Institutions. The *Abyssines* are *Christians*; so are the Inhabitants of *Congo*, *Songo*, *Angola*, and other Countries bordering on the Upper *Aethiopia*. Those that dwell along the *Red Sea*, are generally *Mahometans*. They discourse also of a very populous Country thereabouts, possessed by *Jews* alone. And there are Authors who assert a Female Kingdom, a Nation of *Amazons*. It is certain, on the *Western Side* they are all *Pagans*.

It will be worth thy Labour to observe the different Humours of these People, and make comparison between the Antient and this Modern *Gentilism*, to abstract their Morals from their Superstitions: And tell me then, whether they do not better deserve the Title of *True Believers*, than we *Mussulmans*; since they act according to their Faith, whereas we go by a quite contrary Method. They believe no other Gods but their Domestick Priests, and these they never willingly offend, Whereas, whilst we profess the *Eternal Unity*, we scruple not to sin against him every Hour. They circumcise, wash, pray, abstain from Meats, give Alms as well as we. Their Justice is as strict, their Mercy as soft as ours. In fine, they are Men differing from us only in Colour, Education, and the peculiar Maxims of their Country, which they rigorously observe, and hope for Happiness thereby, as we do by obeying the Law brought down from Heaven.

Mehemet, Our Holy Prophet has said, "That whoever lives innocently, and does Justice, whether he be a *Christian*, *Jew*, or *Pagan*, shall be saved as well as his Disciples." Therefore in all thy Travels,

He not any Man for his Religion, be it never so ridiculous in Appearance; provided he be good and honest in his Conversation; much less condemn those *Africans* for their Colour; since *Black* and *White* are all alike to him, who first gave Man the Power to know the Difference.

Mebemet, If thou acceptest my Advice, take also my Wishes for thy good Voyage and Prosperity.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1670.

LETTER VII.

To the Mufti, Venerable Patron of Learning and Knowledge.

FROM thy Clemency I will not fear a Charge of Negligence, in that I have delayed to perform the Task thou enjoinedst me. Thou knowest my Circumstances, and will consider, That though I have read *Books*, yet I have not a *Library* of my own, It is true, I often frequent those of this City, but my Seasons are limited, either to those Hours when the *Libraries* are opened, or to those I can spare from the Affairs of my Commission. I cannot serve the *Grand Signior*, and follow my Studies both at once. Yet I have outpassed Frugality, and turned a Niggard of my Time, that I might obey the great Oracle of True Believers, and promote a *Work*, for which I have so affectionate a Regard.

The enclosed Paper contains the Size of the Volume, which I conceive will be most proper for so great a Work, with the Contrivance of the Pages, which I have divided into Columns, that so the Years of the World, the Date of the Olympiads, with other remarkable *Eras*, may be ranked in Order, each parallel with the rest, and all with the Matter treated at such a Time.

This I have done in the enclosed Paper, not thinking it proper to interrupt the Series of my Letter with a blank Scheme, which is for the Use of the Completers ; but to present thee with a transient View of the *Four Monarchies*, which have made such a Noise, in the World ; wherein thou needest not fear the Fatigue of a tedious continued History ; for I design only to call out such Passages as are most diverting, and worthy of Perusal.

To begin then with the *Assyrian Monarchy*, which was the First of the Four : This Nation was, for a great while, contented with its own Bounds, without seeking to encroach on the Territories of others. And *Ninus* was the First of the *Assyrian Kings*, who enlarged his *Dominions* by *Conquest*. He subdued the greatest Part of *Asia*, and raised *Assyria* to the Title of an *Empire*.

After his Death, *Semiramis* his Wife took upon her the Government, counterfeiting the Person of *Ninus* his Son, who was yet but a Child. She wore the Habit of a Man, and being like her Son, passed for him, as the lawful Successor, unsuspected. This *Virago* enlarged the *Conquests* of her Husband, and spread her *Empire* from *India* to *Æthiopia* ; and to lay the Foundation of an immortal Fame, she built *Babylon*.

To her, succeeded *Ninyas* her Son, of whom nothing is remarkable but his Effeminacy. For neglecting the Affairs of War, he spent all his Time among his *Concubines*. And the same Stain is fastened on his Successors, even to *Sardanapalus* ; in whose Death the *Assyrian Monarchy* suffered an Interruption, being Canonized into Petty Royalties by the *Governors* of *Provinces*. Among whom, those who assumed the Crown of *Babylon* were of most Note, in regard they first recovered the broken Empire to its old Grandeur and Unity.

By a Succession therefore of many Kings, in reference to whose Actions History is silent, the *Monarchy* descended to *Merodac Baladan* : In whose Days happened that wonderful Retrogradation of the Sun, mentioned by *Hebrew Writers* and others, which occasioned

those Famous Controversies among the Philosophers and Astronomers of that Age, mentioned in the *Persian Chronicles*. For they observing, that not only the Sun, but the whole Planetary System, and all the fixed Stars went back at the same Time, or at least seemed to do so, began to revive that curious Question, about the Motion of the Earth, which the *Chaldeans*, and *Gymnosophists* of *India* had started before, when the Sun and Moon stood still at the burning of *Ida*. And it was concluded by some of them, That the Motion of the Earth being granted, its standing still or going back at these extraordinary Times, would solve all the Astronomical Appearances better and in a more Natural Way, than by supposing such a prodigious Stop to be put to the whole Celestial Frame at one Time, or that the Everlasting Spheres should be rowled backwards at the other.

This Dispute was the Occasion of that famous Conflux of the *Eastern Sages* to *Babylon*, mentioned in the *Persian Poets* and *Historians*. For *Baladan* being very inquisitive after Knowledge, and particularly desirous to be informed in the Grounds of this Preternatural Appearance, sent Messengers into *India*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and all *Kingdoms*, where Learning flourished; inviting the *Astrologers*, *Priests*, *Magicians*, *Prophets*, and all that had the Character of *Wise Men*, to come to his Court of *Babylon*, where they were magnificently entertained; and when they had fully satisfied all the King's Demands, he sent them away laden with Gifts and Presents, every Man to his own Country.

Arkianus succeeded *Baladan* in the Kingdom of *Babylon*, in whose Time *Ecbatan* was built. To him succeeded *Belithus*, *Aphronadius*, *Rigibelus*, *Messifimordacus*; after whom the Kingdom was again translated to the *Affrians*, in the Reign of *Escharbaddon*, in the 3323d Year of the World, and 24th Olympiad. During the Empire of this *Escharbaddon*, the *Affrian Monarch*, *Chalcedon* that lies over-against the Imperial City, was built by the *Thracians*, in the 25th Olympiad, and the 3329th Year of the World.

To *Escharraddon* succeeded *Soasdachinus*, *Chyladamm*, *Nabopolassar*; in the Reign of which last, *Necho*, King of *Egypt*, attempted to cut a Canal from the *Nile* to the *Red Sea*, wherein he employed an Hundred and Twenty Thousand *Egyptians*; but discouraged by the slow Progress they made, and the vast Expences he was at, he gave it over.

This *Nabopolassar*, once more raised the Kingdom of *Babylon* to an universal Monarchy; for before his Time it had been for some Years in the Hands of the *Assyrians*; but he subdued all *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, *Judea*, and *Egypt*, and expelled the *Scythians* out of *Asia*.

To him succeeded his Son *Nebuchadnezzar*, who dreamed of the *Four Universal Monarchies*, that were to succeed one another. In his Reign was born the *Grand Cyrus*, who raised the *Persian Monarchy*. Of him it is recorded, that one Night he dreamed, That the *Sun stood at his Feet*, whom when *Cyrus* Thrice attempted to lay hold on, the *Sun* as often disappeared: Which the *Magi* interpreted as a sure Sign that he should Reign Thirty Years, which came to pass accordingly.

During this Reign, there was a not able Duel fought between *Pittacus*, one of the Seven Wise Men of *Greece*, and *Phrynon* the most renowned Combatant of those Days; for he always won the Prize at the *Olympick Games*. He was General of the *Athenians*, and being puffed up with his constant Successes, he defied any Man to a single Combat. *Pittacus* the Sage accepted the Challenge; and when they were hotly engaged in the Field, he suddenly threw a filken Net over *Phrynon's* Head and having thus entangled him thrust him through with his *Lance*.

This was that great *Nebuchadnezzar*, who having besieged and taken *Jerusalem*, burnt it down to the Ground, razed the Walls, and carried away all the *Jews* with their Riches into Captivity to *Babylon*.

Afterwards, having conquered all the Neighbouring Nations; he new built *Babylon*, and enclosed it with Three Walls: He also built those *Pendulous Gardens* renowned

renowned throughout the Earth; and made those *brazen Gates* which were reckoned among the *Wonders of the World*. But at length being puffed up with the Thought of his *Magnificent Works*; he was *Metamorphosed* into a *Satyr*, or *Silvan*, and dwelt Seven Years in the *Desarts of Arabia*, being a Companion of the *Brutes*. My Countrymen shew the Places of his wild Haunt to this Day; having received it by *Tradition* from their *Fathers*. They say also, that *Paremiel*, the *Angel of the Woods*, when the Term of Seven Years was expired, interceded with God for *Nebuchadnezzar*, who thereupon turned him into a Man again, and restored him to his *Empire*. He died peaceably in the 442d Year of the Word, and the 43d of his Reign.

To him succeeded *Ewil Merodach*, *Neriglissor*, *Laboroarchod*, and *Labyntus*, in whose Time there was War between the *Babylonians* and *Persians*; when *Cyrus* after many victorious Campaigns, at last laid Siege to *Babylon*, took the City, and translated the *Empire* to the *Persians*: and having subdued all the *West of Asia*, even to the *Red Sea*, he died at Seventy Years of Age; Commanding his Servants not to embalm his Body, nor use any costly Pomp at his *Funeral*, but burying him decently like a Man, should cause this *Epitaph* to be writ on his *Tomb*.

O Mortals, I am *Cyrus* who laid the *Foundation of the Persian Monarchy*, and was *Emperor of all Asia*; Therefore envy me not a *Grave*.

To him succeeded *Cambyfes* his Eldest Son, who marching with his Army into *Egypt*, and laying Siege to *Pelufium*, caused a great Number of Cows, Apes, Birds, and other Animals, to be placed in the Front of his Army; knowing that the *Egyptians* worshipped such for *Gods*, and consequently would forbear to shoot their Arrows that way: By which Stratagem he took the City, and afterwards conquered all *Egypt*, carrying

away many Thousands of the *Egyptians*, with Foreigners residing there, into *Captivity*, among whom was *Pythagoras the Philosopher*.

After this *Cambyfes* sent *Spies* under the Notion of *Ambassadors* to the King of *Æthiopia*, with rich *Presents*. But the King suspecting what was their Business, took a *Bow* in his Hand and bent it, as though he would shoot; and giving it to the *Spies*, he bid them carry it to their *Master*, and tell him, *That when he and his Persians had learned to bend Bows of that Strength, he might think of invading Æthiopia, and not before; for that the Æthiopians were Giants in Vigour*. And when the *Spies* returned to *Cambyfes*, there was no Man found among his Soldiers which was able to bend that *Bow*. Yet he marched directly towards *Æthiopia* with a great Army; part of which was overwhelmed in the Sands of the *Desarts*, to the Number of Fifty Thousand, and the rest being reduced for Want of Provisions, to a Necessity of eating one another; he returned in a great Rage to *Memphis*, where he slew *Apis* the God of the *Egyptians*, and caused his *Priests* to be massacred. He also slew his own Brother, and killed his Wife, because she mourned for him. He shot *Prexaspes* through with an Arrow, and commanded Twelve *Persian Nobles* to be buried alive. He set Fire to the *Temple*, blasphemed the *Gods*, and at last killed himself by an Accident with his own Sword.

After his Death, the *Magi* crowned one of their own Order, and set him on the *Throne* of *Persia*, giving out that he was *Smerdis* the younger Son of *Cyrus*, who had been murdered by the Command of his Brother *Cambyfes*. And it was easy to carry on the Fraud, in regard the *Persian Kings* rarely suffer themselves to be seen: which is a Custom, thou knowest observed by all the *Monarchs* of the *East*.

One *Ostian*, a *Persian* Prince, first discovered the Cheat, by means of his Daughter a *Concubine* of the King's: For she, by his Instruction, found out, that the King had no Ears; which was a convincing Argument

ment that he was one of the *Magi*, whose Ears *Cambyses* had commanded to be cut off.

This *Ossan* drawing six other Princes into a Conspiracy, they rushed into the Palace, and killed all the *Magi*, and singled out of their own Number, one *Darius* the Son of *Hystaspes*, to succeed in the Throne. This was not done by Election, but by Lot: For they agreed to meet all together, one Morning before the Palace Gates on Horse-back; and that he whose Horse first neighed after the Sun was up, should be King. This fell to *Darius's* Share, by the Stratagem of his Squire, or Master of the Horse. Then the other Princes crowned him, and made him swear by the Sun and Fire, that he would never put them to Death, or deny them his Presence.

But *Darius* finding himself curbed by these Princes was resolved to rid himself of such dangerous Companions: Wherefore he caused a Stove to be built on purpose for a *Banqueting-House*, and so artificially contrived, that the Fire-place being under the *Banqueting-Chamber*, should, in so many Hours, burn asunder the Pillars that supported the said Chamber, and cause the Floor to fall down into the Fire. Then he invited these Princes to a Feast, which he held in his *Banqueting-House*; and was merry with them till the Signal was given him to depart: At which Time he left them in the Midst of their Mirth; and within a while after he was gone, the Floor of the Chamber fell down, with all that were in it, into the Fire underneath, where the Princes were soon consumed to Ashes.

After this *Darius* managed all the Affairs of his Empire without Controul. He ruled over all the Provinces of *Asia*, from *India* to *Æthiopia*, containing above an Hundred Kingdoms. He extended his Conquests to the Provinces of *Greece*; and setting forth a prodigious Fleet, he sailed into the *Mediterranean* and *Archipelago*: He conquered the Islands of the *Ægean Sea*, reduced *Chalcedon*, and all the Cities along the *Hellaspont* and *Propontis*, even *Byzantium* itself, the present Seat of our *August Emperors*. At length, having reigned prosperously

prosperously Thirty Six Years, he died, and left *Xerxes* his Son to succeed him in the Throne.

Thou seest, great Guide of the Faithful, that I have not yet reached to the End of the *Persian Monarchy*; whereas I thought to have comprehended all the *Four* in one Letter; for I have only touched upon the most remarkable Passages, omitting the main Body of the History, which it would be too tedious for thee to peruse.

If thou approvest what I have written, I will continue thus to abbreviate the History of the *Persian, Macedonian* and *Roman Empires* in other Letters: But if thou thinkest what I have already writ to be a sufficient Model for the Compilers of an Universal History, I submit to thy Oraculous Appointments.

In the mean time, I pray the *King Eternal*, who establishes and dissolves all the Empires in the World, and has put into the Possession of the *Grand Signior* those ample Tracts of the Earth which formerly belonged to the Successive Monarchies; to extend the Limits of the *Mussulman Empire* through the Five Zones

Paris, 17th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1670.

LETTER IV.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale of Sidon.

IT was a long Time before I could find out the true Secret of Human Happiness. I have for many Years groped after it in the Dark; and when I thought I enjoyed a Prospect of it, as clear as of Things we discern in the Light of a Mid-day Sun, that Sun was little better than the *Sol mortuorum* of the ancient *Romans*, whose Beams served only to give a faint Mock-Glimmering to the Ghosts, that wander on this Side

Charon's

baron's Ferry; and like an *Ignis fatuus* to mislead them up and down the dark Suburbs of *Elysium*, the Fens and Marshes of the *Stygian Lake*. So have I straggled all my Life thro' unknown Ways, seeking the Road to Heaven, yet finding nothing but the *Paradise of Fools*.

Sometimes I thought by outward Works of Virtue, to purify myself and gain Perfection. I was punctual in observing every Precept of the Law: and performed a few Acts of Supererogation. Confiding too much in the Fidelity, and inviolable Fastness of my Wings, the Force of my Religious Passions first formed by Nature, afterwards improved by pious Tutors, I strove to make Heroick Flights, and soar above my Guide. But, alas! they were mere borrowed Feathers which bore me up so long; dead artificial Wings, cemented to my Soul only by Education, Custom, and the Practice of my Fathers; a Composition of Spiritual Wax, or Glew, which could not stand the Brunt of hot and fiery Trials, but soon dissolved in my unwarrantable bold Approaches to the Sun. So that, in fine, my Wings dropped piece-meal off, and I had the Fate of *Icarus*, to fall a Victim to my own obstinate Zeal and Rashness.

Surely our Souls are like the *Augean Stable*, which no human Power, Art, or Industry, can ever cleanse, did not the Messengers and Favourites of God, like *Hercules*, teach us the Method of opening a Canal from Heaven, and letting in the Torrent of the River of Purification from *Paradise*.

Our *Vices*, *Hydra*-like, still start young Infant Heads, as fast as we cut off the Old. Whereas our *Virtues* are like the *Venetian Treasure*, which being once shewed to the *Spanish Ambassador* in many Coffers of Silver, Gold, and Jewels; the wise *Castilian* desiring to see the Bottoms of those Wealthy Chests turned up; when it was done, made this Remark, *Your Riches have no Roots, nor grow, like those my Master possesseth in the Indies*. So are all the boasted Excellencies acquired by human Discipline, more inanimate and dead than the artificial Productions of Minerals, Metals and Stones. No traditional Chymistry of Men, can ever revive a Soul that is dead

dead to God. Perhaps, some Theological *Paracelsus*, *Helmont*, or *Arabian Ifriqui*, may, from the Ashes of an Original Flower, raise the Fantastick Form of it again; I mean the Colour and Contexture of the Leaves. But none of them is able to bestow the Vital Sap, the Seminal Juice, the Inward Virtue of the once prosperous and flourishing Vegetable. No Mortal can repair what *Adam* once destroyed. That *Protoplast* has ruined us all.

Well then! Must we despair of Remedy? Shall we decamp, and sneakingly retire to Hell, because we cannot take Heaven by Storm, nor undermine it; nor have recourse to Stratagems; nor bribe the Garrison; or make a Party amongst the Celestiall Burghers? No, let us rather lie entrenched within ourselves, till Heaven shall voluntarily open its Gates, and sally forth in Love, to invite and lead us in.

Oh! thrice-happy *Santone*, thou hast experienced what I say. My Resolution is to follow thee, by suffering myself to be gradually abdicated from the World, and from my own Will. Vouchsafe to instruct me in the Method, lest Self-love misguide me to my Ruin.

In the mean while, repose thou in the Bosom of God, which is the Bed-Chamber of Holy Souls.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1670.

LETTER V.

To the Selihtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer, to the Sultan.

I Shall entertain thee now with a *Medley* of Relations, some containing News of the freshest Date, others only informing thee of things done many Moons ago, yet pleasant enough in the Rehearsal. However, I beg of thee to accept this as a Testimony of my Devoir and
Regard

regard ; in that I have Abundance of Letters to write, many Friends to gratify, and cannot send the same latter to all. I am forced to parcel out my Intelligence, and suit every Letter to the Genius and Station of him whom I address. Knowing therefore thy particular Inclinations, I shall present thee with something very agreeable.

No doubt but thou art acquainted with the *Christians* *Carneval*, which is a Time of publick Joy, Licentiousness and Sport. This Year the King and Queen of France observed it with wonderful Magnificence.

Among their other Divertisements ; they were presented with a Play, wherein two Rival Princes, by an ingenious Emulation, strove to outvy each other in relating a Princess, equally beloved by both. The Representation was very fair, and full of Majesty. On the right Hand of the Theatre appeared *Apollo* in the Air, returning to his *Heaven*, after he had chased and routed all the *Cyclops*, with the Serpent *Pytho*. On the Left was seen the same God on the Top of *Parnassus*, in the midst of the *Nine Muses*, scattering Flowers on the Arts and Sciences, which were at the Foot of the Mountain. Then a Veil being drawn aside, discovered a Sea, surprizingly natural and fine. In the midst of which, the Gods of many famous Rivers appeared seated on Rocks, with *Tritons* and *Cupids* ranged on each Side upon the backs of *Dolphins*. Then from above, amidst the clouds, King *Æolus* appeared, laying his strict Commands upon the *Winds*, that they immediately retire into their Caverns, excepting only *Zephyr*, who, for his soft and gentle Breezes, was permitted to be present at his Feast. After which, came *Neptune* riding in his rockle Chariot, drawn by Four Sea-horses, attended by a Train of *Gods* that dwell within the Deep.

Immediately the *Scenes* changed into a Champain, representing the delicious Fields of *Tempe* ; where a most excellent and agreeable Comedy was acted, to the Satisfaction of all the Court. I leave the Dances, Interludes, and other Novelties, to thy Imagination. Assure thee, that all was Astonishing and Magnifick.

But

But not to entertain thee longer with these empty Trifles, I shall now acquaint thee with something of Importance; which is a Peace concluded between this King and the State of *Algiers*. On the 2d of the *Moon*, the Count *de Guiche* brought the Articles of the Treaty to the King, from the Hands of the Marquis *de Martel*, Lieutenant-General of the *French Fleet* in the *Mediterranean*.

If thou wouldest know the Particulars of this Agreement, read the inclosed Paper: As for Matter of Fact, all the *French Slaves* at *Algiers*, were immediately released upon the Signing and Sealing the Treaty, and delivered up to the *French Commander*: with some *French Vessels* also which they had seized. And so dishonourable are their Capitulations, that at the same Time they have yielded up a Ship of theirs, which the *French* had taken from them, for ever quitting all Claim to it.

In the Beginning of *May*, the King took his Journey to *Flanders*, to visit his new Conquests there. This put his Enemies into a great Consternation, fearing that he had some Design upon them. They began to be upon their Guard, and prepare for a sudden Surprise. But the King perceiving their Alarm by his Spies, sent them Assurance on his Royal Word, that he would do them no Violence at this Time.

However, he soon after sent the Marechal *de Créquy* into *Lorraine*, with a Force considerable enough to reduce that Prince to Reason, who had not kept his *Parole* with him in several Instances. The Effect of this Expedition was the reducing *Ponta-Mousson*, *Espinal*, *Chasteau*, *Lametz*, and all the Principality of *Lorraine* to the *French King's* Obedience: So that the poor Duke is forced to seek his Refuge in foreign Courts.

Noble *Agas*, this Duke is not to be pitied, being very ungrateful, and a perfect Madman. He owes his Liberty and Life to the King of *France*, yet could not forbear plotting against him. Now he is deservedly chastised for his Folly. So may all those suffer, who abuse their Benefactors. But upon the Benign and Good, may the

The Favours of Heaven rest till the Splitting of all things.

Paris 13th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year, 1670.

LETTER VI.

To Isouf, his Kinsman, a Merchant at Astracan.

I Received thy Letter, and perused it with much Complacency, finding thy Sentiments very agreeable to Reason. Yet give me leave to warn thee of an excess which thou art running into. For I have had experience of its ill Consequence.

Thy Losses have made thee melancholy, and the fraudulent Dealing of thy Correspondents, Factors and supposed Friends has taught thee to declaim against Friendship, Men and Business: And not only so, but it seems thou hast taken a Resolution to abandon all worldly Affairs, Pleasures and Engagements whatsoever; and turn *Saquir*, *Eremit*, or *Dervich* at least. For thou art disgusted at human Society, and weary of all Things but Solitude.

I must confess, *Isouf*, these are very generous Thoughts, and pious Resolves. But they are not easily put in Practice. They are Undertakings fit only for perfect Saints, Men of unblemished Lives, and free from all Sorts of Vice; Persons who have a Stock of Temperance, Chastity, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Patience, Humility, and all the other Virtues; a Fund of Magnanimity, which can never be exhausted by any Temptation, Difficulties or Perils, that usually assault and environ such as enter into so austere a Course of Life.

Wilt thou be able to endure the unrelenting, rigid Cold of *Winter* in the Desert, where there are no Chimneys, Hearths, or Stoves, or any other Method of keeping

ing Fire to warm thee by? Canst thou sustain the raging Blasts of *Boreas* at that Season, or the killing Tempests of *North Eastern* Winds, which blow from far, and fill the Air, the Earth and Sea, with baneful Mists, Frosts, Ice, Snow, Sleet and other chilling Meteors out of their Eternal Magazines within the *Arctic Circle*, which *Ovid* calls the *Frigid Zone*.

There are many other Extremeties to which a Man is exposed in such a solitary State. Nor wilt thou be liable to Inconveniencies and Hardships, if thou shouldst ramble as a *Faquir* up and down the World. Much less couldst thou endure the sad Restraints and Mortifications of a Convent. Thou wouldst hardly live out thy *Novitiate* with Patience. It goes against the Grain of Nature to obey another's Will, in every trifling Matter that he commands. Thou must not eat or drink, but thy Superior will set the Place, the Time, and Manner of thy Diet; which will be irksome to thy free-born Soul. And then thou must forsake thy amorous Pleasures for ever; forswearing also the very Thoughts of Money, or of being rich. I tell thee, thou must resolve to become a religious *Drone*, fit for nothing but to hum over thy Beads, or turn the superstitious Round, till thou art giddy, or dance an Hour together to the Music of a thousand *Hens* and *Hei's* hoarsely croaked out in frantick Tones by thee, and all thy Brethren *Devotives*, till ye are sick, and foam at the Mouth: Then your Devotions are thought meritorious. Canst thou digest these sacred Fooleries? Or grant this to be a rational Service of the Divinity, as some will plead; who say, we ought to employ each Member, and all our Faculties, in praising him that made them; yet canst thou brook a Confinement all thy Days, to this Religious State?

I tell thee, *Ihsuf*, I have been often tempted in this Manner, to forsake the *Sultan's* Service, with all other Engagements of the World, and throw myself into a Convent, or spend the Residue of my Days in some obscure and solitary Corner of a Desert; Yet I found at length, that this was nothing but Delusion, and the subtle Sophistry of that malicious Dæmon, who envies Man

Man his Happinefs. It is he that whispers Arguments of Discontent and Murmuring into our Souls, watching his Opportunities when any thing gives us exquisite Pain or Grief, to drive us to Despair.

So have I sometimes laboured under an intolerable Anguish of Mind, besides the fretting Maladies of Flesh and Blood, with outward Crosses in my Fortune. Then have I wished myself in some dark Cavern of the Earth, or on the solitary Top of *Teneriff*, where I should converse with none but *Spirits* and *Demons* dwelling above the Clouds. Or else I coveted the melancholy Retirements of the *Lybian* Defart, which affords no other Society than that of *Lyons*, *Tygers*, *Dragons*, and other *Beasts* of Prey.

When these Wishes have appeared too extravagant and wild, I then retrenched my Thoughts, and pitched upon some other manner of Life, equally promising Comfort, yet less threatning and dangerous. I gave myself up wholly to Prayer and Fasting for a while, thinking to hold out thus for ever. So sensible a Pleasure attends these Exercises, that at certain Moments a Man is all Rapture, Ecstasy and I know not what. He is apt to think himself in some new World. A sacred Pride invests his Soul. He seems all Majesty within; an inseparable Companion of the Immortals, and the darling Friend of God. Whereas all this results but from the Ventilation of his Blood by vocal Oraisons; and is no more than a mere natural Operation, whereby his Lungs are artificially breathed, and gently forced to disembugue their over-heated Airs, their thick caliginous Vapours, which fill the Heart, and all the rest of the Vitals with Seeds of Melancholy, Fear, Suspicion, Grief, and other doleful Passions.

But mark the *Zealot*, when his Prayers are over, his Fast is done, and all his fervent pious Discipline is accomplished: how like a *Hypocrite* he looks and acts? How formal is his Carriage; or at least, how vain and light? He either heaves out fulsome hypocondriack Sighs, with supercilious Looks, and Chaps set like the

the Furrows of a fowre-faced *Hadgi*; or else he is tickled into a loud ungovernable Laughter, and all his Carriage is ridiculous and wanton. Either his Hunger, Thirst and Faintness, the usual Effect of such excessive Devotion, makes him peevish, cholerick, and unmortified; or else he is as apish as a Cat.

Human Nature cannot abide long in the same Humour; and those that seem to be always even-tempered People, like the *Caspian* Sea without Ebb or Flow, are only Counterfeits and Politicians. There is an Art to conceal one's Passions, but there is none that can annihilate them. We change from one Affection, Appetite and Desire to another, Our Inclinations circulate with our Blood. They are transformed each Minute, Hour and Day; they vary like the Wind and Weather. Therefore never think of taking an eternal Pleasure or Distaste in any thing here below. Prayer is good in its Turn, I mean the vocal Aspirations. So are Fasting, Abstinence, and other Religious Severities, but if all Men should be perpetually at these Exercises, God in a little Time would have but few Adorers on Earth. The Ground must be left untilld; the Fields would quickly bring forth crops of Briars and Weeds, instead of Corn. The Gardens then must turn to Wilderneses. There would be then no need of Millers, Bakers, and the other Trades, whose Livelihood depends upon the Husbandman. And so for want of proper Sustenance, Mankind must quickly perish.

I do not argue against those who seem to be constellated to a solitary Life; or by some special Grace of God, are strengthened to endure the constant Hardships of an Hermitage: Such as the illustrious and great *Mohammed* of Mount *Uriel* in *Arabia*, who is our holy Prophet's Tenant and Successor, in the *Cave of Wonders*. Such also is *Ilch Rend Hu*, the celebrated *Bramin* of *Cachemire* in *India*, who lives on the Top of an high Mountain; is a hundred and twenty three Years old: foretels Things to come, resolves all Doubts, gives infallible Counsel, heals divers Diseases, works some Miracles;

Miracles; and in fine, says and does all Things by a Spirit worthy of Admiration.

The Mountain whereon this Philosopher or Prophet dwells, seems to be the *Land-mark* between *Summer* and *Winter*. For one Side of it is always covered with Snow, the other with Blossoms, Flowers, Herbage and Fruits. This overlooking a spacious Valley, which they call the *Paradise* of the *East*; that affording a Prospect little more agreeable or fair, than what the *Poets* speak of the *Raphæan Hill*.

Ilch Rend Hu has his Habitation in a Cave or Grot, which passes through the Rock, as *Virgil's* does near *Naples* in *Italy*, which thou hast seen.

In this mysterious Station, he appears like *Æolus*, Lord of the Weather: For it is certain, he commands the Winds to blow or cease at the least Word, within the Verge of his accustomed Walks. If any Person dare profane the Silence of the Place with Words, or other ruder Noise: they are immediately surprized with dreadful Storms of Thunder, Lightning, Wind, and Rain; such as seem to threaten the Dissolution of all Things: Which makes all Men in those Parts hold *Ilch Rend Hu* in great Veneration. He is the only Oracle of the *Indies*. They resort to him from the neighbouring Provinces and Kingdoms, in all their Difficulties. The *Grandeës* of *Persia*, *Tibet*, and *Cathay*, send to him honourable Presents, desiring his Counsel in Matters of Peace and War. Nay, they make devout Pilgrimages to him from the Kingdoms of *Tunquin* and *China*. He is the *Apollo* of the *East*.

If it would be some Encouragement for thee and me to embrace a solitary Life, if we might ever hope to attain such wonderful Perfections. But, as we have hitherto lived in the World, and stained ourselves with the common Vices of Mortals, we cannot presume to merit these extraordinary Favours: Our old Habits are rooted in us; and if we have Time and Strength to plant new ones in their stead, yet they will not grow up to Maturity,

Maturity, but with many Years : For, believe me Cousin, no body becomes a *Devil* or a *Saint* all at once

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1670.

LETTER VII.

To the Chaiux Bassa.

IT appears, That the King of *France's* Fortune not only procures him constant Victories and Triumphs in *Europe*, but such a Renown and Character in foreign Countries, as stimulates the most remote Princes, and puissant Monarchs of the Earth, to court his Alliance and Friendship.

Here is at this present, an Ambassador come from the Coasts of *Guinea* in *Africk*, being sent by the King of *Arder*, one of the greatest Sovereigns in those Parts, possessing an absolute and uncontrollable Authority over his Subjects, as the *Grand Signior* does over the faithful *Osmans*. But we will not compare the narrow Limits of his Dominion with the vast and unbounded Extent of the *Mussulman* Empire, the Inheritance of our sublime *Sultan*, the Lord of the Globe at large. Suffice it, that this Black Prince is a wise Man, descended of a Race of Sages ; and, that Policy of State is as natural to him, as common Craft or Cunning to the meanest of the Vulgar. He knows how to make War or Peace abroad, and to keep his Subjects in awe at home.

Surely there is a Force and Charm in the Derivative Blood of heroick and wise Ancestors, which secretly inspires their Off-spring with Maxims and Principles agreeable to the Inclinations, Aims, and Purposes of the Family from whence they descend. And where it is experienced otherwise, it may be supposed that Change of Climate, unhappy Marriages, or some over-ruling Misfortunes in the World, have caused the Degeneracy

for some noble Vegetables of *Asia*, and other Quar-
ters of the Earth, lying near the Sun, will not prosper,
once transplanted into the cold and barren Soils of
northern Europe. Thus Poverty, Disgrace, and other
subject Circumstances, chill the greatest Spirits, and
hinder their Growth. Yet there is an inborn Excellency
in some Natures, which with Evenness supports the
strokes of Fortunes, and pushes through all Difficulties
to attain its End.

So this great *African* King, informing himself not
only by *French* Vessels trading in his Ports, but also by
their Ships of *Christendom*, of the Grandeur of the
French King, his Wealth and Puissance by Sea and
Land, with the vast Interest and Traffick he has in both
the *Indies*, thought it high time to seek his Friendship,
whose Enmity would, in all Probability, be very fatal
to him: For he had heard of his Conquests far and
wide. It is no matter, whether by Valour or good
conduct, we make ourselves happy. One is as lauda-
ble as the other, in the unequal War we are engaged in
with Fate, Providence, and Chance; with Angels,
Men, and Devils; with Heaven, Earth, and Hell.

I speak this in reference to the celebrated Prowess,
Magnanimity, Riches, and Strength of this *Negro* King,
who need not yield to the King of *Benin*, his next
neighbour, and the most potent of all the *South-western*
Maritime Princes of *Africk*, nor to any of his other
neighbours besides; yet could not think himself safe,
to be at rest, till he had sent his Embassy to the King
of *France*, offering his Lands, his Havens, his Seas,
and whatsoever was within his Jurisdiction, to this great
Monarch.

The Address which his Ambassador made to the *French*
King deserves Remark. For after the usual Obeisances
at the Foot of the Throne, he went up Three Steps, and
then prostrating himself three times on his Face and
belly, he clapped his Hands in token of Reverence, and
put his Fingers on his Eyes, to shew that he was not
able to behold the Lustre of so much Majesty. This is
the *French* Interpretation of his Carriage: But I tell
you, it was rather designed as a Precedent to the *French*
Ambassadors

Ambassadors, if any should be sent to *Guinea*, where it is the Custom of the Country for all Foreign Ministers, to observe the same Ceremonies to the King of *Arder*, and other Princes his Neighbours.

These *Europeans*, because they first found out the Art of Navigation, or at least, first improved it to the Discovery of many remote Countries, value themselves too high; imagining, that all the Nations, formerly unknown, are Fools; and know not themselves and their own Strength. They thought it was impossible to find in *Africk* or *America*, Empires, Kingdoms, and Commonwealths, as strong and well-governed, as those in the Hermitage of *Japhet*: But it is a damned Mistake. For the most High is impartial in the Distribution of his Gifts and Favours: Those despicable *Black* whom all the Princes and Nobles of *Europe* and *Africa* buy as Slaves, being born of the *Vulgar*, are nevertheless come out of Regions, where Power, Riches, and Wisdom, are as much in their *Zenith*, as in these *Western* Countries.

They are all outwardly Flesh and Blood, as we are notwithstanding the Contrariety of our Colours. And as for their Souls, they are even just as capable of Knowledge and Ignorance, Reason and Folly, Vice and Virtue, Piety and Prophaneness, Superstition and Atheism, as we are, who pretend to be Lords of the World, and all Things.

May thou and I practice Moderation, and not condemn any of human Race, though they be the *Captives* of *Mosambique*. But let us always Remember the old *Turkish* Proverb, *That it is not good or safe to point Mockery behind the Grand Signior's Back.* Adieu.

Paris, 3d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1670.

L E T T E R VIII.

To Mahommed, the *Illustrious* Solitary of
Mount Uriel in Arabia.

THE grand Root of the common Injustice which Men are guilty of, in reference to the Beasts, and of the Intemperance with which they corrupt themselves, I perceive is a false Principle which they have established, denying the Capacity and Use of Reason to all Living Creatures but themselves.

This Error was first publickly maintained by the *Peripateticks*, *Stoicks*, and *Epicureans*; and afterwards by *Claudius of Naples*, out of a particular Aversion they had for the Doctrines of *Pythagoras* and *Empedocles*, two famous Patrons of Abstinence.

Heraclitus Ponticus undertook to explain the Sentiments of the former *Sects*; and *Hermachus* those of the latter. But both of them seem to confide more in the little Tricks and Arts of Sophistry, than to use true Reason. For at the first Essay of their Skill, they strive to cast a Mist in the Reader's Eyes, by dividing the Generations of Living Creatures, into such as want it. Whereas thou knowest it is an indubitable Maxim in the *Eastern Philosophy*, that every Thing which partakes of Sense, has also Reason. For it is the Mind alone which sees, hears, &c. the Body of itself being deaf, blind, and void of Sense. It is evident therefore, that since the Beasts do see, hear and perform all other Actions of Sense, they have also what the *Greeks* call *vous*, or the *Mind*, in them, which is the very Seminary, or native Seat of Reason.

It is true, indeed, we cannot affirm, that they possess a Reason so perfect as ours; since that Perfection is acquired by Discipline, which the Generality of the Brutes want. They have no Colleges or Schools, where the Arts and Sciences are professed and taught by

Rules. Nature is their only School-Mistress, and they learn her Instructions with abundance of Promptness and Sagacity. They are educated in the open Elements, as in an Academy, or University founded by the Creator of all Things; where every Thing they encounter, serves as a Book to teach them all the Knowledge which is necessary to their Well-being on Earth. And they need no more.

It is manifest also, that some *Species* and *Individuals* are more capable of learning what is taught them than others: Even as we discern the same Difference among the various Nations, Families, and Persons of Men. But we do not use to say of inanimate Things, that this Piece of Wood is more apt to learn than another: or that a Dog is more tractable and docile than a Hog: Nor of immoveable Things, that This is slower than That: Nor of Things which want Sense, that a Stone is duller of Apprehension than a Piece of Iron. So could we not probably affirm of Animals; that one is more crafty and sagacious than another; more provident, chaste, temperate, cleanly, and the like Epithets; if they were not by Nature capable of Knowledge and Virtue. And yet we daily see all this true, in comparing one *Species* of Living Creature with another; nay, and one *Individual* of the same Kind with some of its Fellows.

When *Antipater* accused Asses and Hogs of Nonsense, he did not consider how accurately nice and curious the Lynxes and Cats are, which with so much Diligence and Care hide their Excrements, that they can never be seen or smelt again. So the Swallows teach their Young to mute over the Brims of the Nest. All which are Arguments of their Prudence and Discrimination. Doubtless, every Animal has its peculiar Gift and Excellence. One is more quick sighted than another; this has better Ears than that; a Third surpasses in the Goodness of his Smell, or the Swiftness of his Feet. Let not vain Man therefore boast and insinuate as if he were the sole Engrosser of all Wisdom and Virtue; since the Beasts of the Field, the Birds of the Air, the Fish of the Sea, with all the Generations of Reptiles

reptiles, Insects, and whatsoever is endued with Life and Sense, possess their Shares as well as he.

It is manifest also, that there are various Principles of Folly, Injustice, and all manner of Ignorance, Error, and Vice in human Nature, equal to what we can possibly find in the rest of the Animals, whom we so much despise. And it is a Question, Whether even the very Sea-Horse, who murders his Father, and for that Reason was by the antient *Egyptians* made the *Hieroglyphick* of Impiety; may not justly exchange his Character with some of human Race, who made their Passions the continual Martyrs to their Ambition, Pride, Envy, Avarice, and other Vices.

I would fain know, Whether any Man would not take it ill, to be told he is Blind and Deaf, because he cannot See and hear so quick as some of the Beasts? Or, that he is a Cripple, because he cannot out-run a Hart? Certainly, a strong Man deserves that Character, tho' he cannot pretend to match the Strength of a Camel, or an Elephant. And shall we then say, that the Beasts have no Reason or Virtue, because they cannot discover those Qualities so artificially as Men?

Besides, do not all Privations suppose some Habits? And is not Madness a Privation of the Habits of Reason and Prudence? If therefore Dogs, Bulls, Foxes, and other Animals, are known to be sometimes mad, shall we think it less fit to say of them, that they are out of their Minds, or Wits, than to affirm the same of Men? And if *Compos*, or *Non Compos Mentis*, are proper Expressions of any Beasts, when it is sober, or mad; who, that is not deprived of Reason himself, can deny, that they have the Possession of that Faculty by Nature as well as he?

As oft as I trouble thee with Letters on this Subject, thou mayest conclude, I am newly awakened to a Sense of my Error: in not religiously observing the Sacred Institution of *Abstinence*; which ought to be the Natural Consequence of these Thoughts: For, in a word, if it be lawful to kill the Animals for the sake of Food, I think we may as well turn *Cannibals*, and eat the Flesh

of our purchased Slaves, or of our Captive Enemies over whom we have, by the Law of Nations, an equal Right as to their Life and Death, as over our Beasts.

Abstemious Sage, I leave thee to the Divine Inspirations of the *Genius*, which possesses that *Holy Cave*: I leave thee to the sacred Whispers of Winds from *Eden* and to the Sweets of an innocent Solitude, which admits no other Society than that of Angels, or Beasts.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1671.

LETTER IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant at Venice.

I Received thy last Dispatch which informs me, that thou art commanded to remove from *Venice* with all Speed possible, and to visit *Naples, Genoa, Rome, Padua, Milan, Florence*, with the other chief Cities of *Italy*: In fine, that thou art not to make a long Residence, or take up thy Abode any where; but after the Manner of a Traveller to be always in a moving Posture from Place to Place, from one *Province* and *Principality* to another; that thou mayest take a just Estimate of the Strength and Riches of each State through which thou shalt pass: That thou mayest dive into their Counsels, observe their Motions, watch their Designs, and transmit thy Remarks to the *Ministers* of the *August Diwan*, the *Mysterious Cabinet* of the Earth's Great Sovereign.

There may be less of Profit in such a Peregrination for the present, than in thy constant Residence at *Venice*, where thou art established in a settled Way of *Merchandise*. But thou wilt find abundance more Profitable: And if thou acquittest thyself successfully, the *Grand Signior* will reward thy Merit. Besides, thou mayest meet with a thousand Opportunities of Tra-

even in thy Travels. An active and diligent Spirit cannot fail of Means to advance its own Interest in any Part of the World; and thou dost not want a Stock of Money to support thy honest Undertakings.

Thou wilt meet with a new Sort of *Italians*, wherever thou shalt set thy Foot: That People being strangely mixed, and descending from several Nations. Every City has a different *Genius*; which is so remarkable and conspicuous, that they have all got peculiar *Epithets*: As *Rome* the *Holy*, *Naples* the *Genteel*, *Florence* the *Fair*, *Bologna* the *Fat*, *Milan* the *Large*, *Ferrara* the *Civil*, *Bergamo* the *Subtle*, *Genoa* the *Proud*, *Padua* the *Strong*, *Siena* the *Studious*, *Mantua* the *Glorious*, *Lucca* the *Industrious*, *Ravenna* the *Mild*, *Catania* the *Amorous*, *Urbino* the *Loyal*, *Verona* the *Worthy*, *Perugia* the *Fortified*, *Friuli* the *Wanton*, *Rimini* the *Good*; and so of the rest.

Beware of contracting Friendship with any *Italian*: And if thou dost engage, be cautious how thou givest just Offence. Thou canst not be too tender in this Point: For, as the *Italians* are very constant where they have once pitched their Affection, so are they inexorable in their Revenge, where they apprehend their Love abused; and they are the most jealous People in the World. If thou hast made two false Steps, never seek to repair thy Faults by After-submissions, but fly: For thou hast wounded his *Soul*, and he will never pardon thee, or let thee live to be guilty of another Affront. They have a common *Maxim* in this Case, He that wrongs me Twice, it is his Fault; but if I let him injure me the third Time, the Blame is my own.

The wisest Course is to be civil and modestly reserved; not to be too frank and open in Discourse, or loose in Carriage. For this lays a Man naked, and exposes him to the Contempt and Censure of such as are more composed and recollected; and this is the peculiar Character of the *Italians*, That they think more than they speak, and are many Times disgusted at the Person on whom they smile.

When thou art on the Roads in *Apulia* and *Campania*, when thou beholdest the Beauties of that luxuriant Soil, and thy Smell is ravished with the fragrant Odours of the Hedges, adjoining Groves; think on *Elizium*, *Paradise*, or whatsoever Place *Nature* has made delightful; and say, I must be in this *Country*, or in some *Region* very like it.

As thou sojournest at *Naples*, remember with what Pleasure *Virgil* passed away his Time there. It was in that happy Air, that *Horace* penned his admirable Poems. There *Liwy* wrote the *Roman History*, and *Seneca* his *Morals*. From thence we have the Works of *Statius*, *Claudian*, *Laurentius Valla*, and many other Learned Writers.

Forget not when thou art at *Genoa*, the former Glory of that *Commonwealth*; how once she did possess *Sardinia*, *Cyprus*, *Lesbos*, *Chaos*, and did extend her Conquests to *Peru* near *Constantinople*: How she entered the *Black Sea*, planted a Colony of *Genoese* at *Cassa*, and stretched her Dominion to the River *Tanais*.

Thou wilt find Matter of Contemplation in *Pisa*, *Milan*, *Padua*, it would be a kind of Sacrilege not to cast back thy Eyes, and view her antient Glory, when she was the Mistress of the World; when she had three Millions of Men within her Walls, and a hundred and fifty Millions of Gold in yearly Revenue: When she kept in constant Pay, at home and abroad, six hundred five and forty thousand Men. Her Foreign Conquests may be numbered by her Domestick Triumphs, which from *Romulus* her Founder, to *Augustus Caesar*, were not less than three hundred. *Julius Caesar* augmented the *Publick Treasury* with forty Millions of Gold. In the Reign of *Aurelianus*, this City was fifty Miles in Compass, and the Number of her Inhabitants increased to four Millions: And they were prodigiously enriched with the Spoils of their Enemies. *Seneca*, when he died, left seven Millions and five hundred thousand Crowns behind him. *Claudius Isidorus*, though much exhausted by the *Civil Wars*, yet left Four thousand one hundred and seventeen Slaves, three

thirteen thousand and sixty Yoke of Oxen ; and of other Cattle two hundred and fifty seven thousand. There were commonly kept in *Rome* five hundred *Gladiators*, a thousand *Bears*, and a hundred *Lions*. There were always five hundred Men employed in looking after the *Aqueducts*, and *Baths* of *Rome*.

When *Cynias* the *Ambassador* of *Pyrrhus*, had viewed the City round, and was asked what he thought of *Rome* ; He answered, *I think all Rome is but One Temple ;* (for there were above four hundred in the City) *Her Senate is an Assembly of Kings ; She is the Beauty of the whole Earth : The Flower of Mankind dwell within her Walls.*

Zeidi, This was the State, this the Grandeur and Magnificence of *Pagan Rome*. But since the Incurfions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, the *Lombards*, *Huns*, and other *Barbarous Nations* of the North, *Rome's* Glory is eclipsed, her Honour laid in the Dust. Whereas before, she lifted up her stately Crest, on seven high Hills, now she is fain to stoop, being humbly seated in the Plain of *Campus Martius* : being not by a fifth Part so large as formerly, nor yet so populous.

All over *Italy*, thou wilt meet with Reliques of the *Antient Roman* Majesty and Greatness. And, in some Places, thou mayest encounter Persons of great Extraction, but very poor, who may not unfitly be called the Ruins of *Antient Nobility* : Such as the *Marquisses* of *Ceva*, the *Earls* of *Piacenza*, and the *Knights* of *Bologna*, who are become the Proverb of *Illustrious Poverty*. Such also were the *Counts* of *Lusigniani*, Three of whom were once seen upon a Fig-Tree, eating the Figs to keep them from starving. And many *Italian Lords* get their Livelihoods by selling of *Ptisans*, *Limonades*, *Essences*, *Powders*, and other Refreshments to the Gentry. Yet they are proud, and when any one Addresses to them, he must entitle them, *Most Excellent*, *Most Illustrious*, or else they will frown, and be affronted.

Zeidi, if ever it be thy Fortune to be made a *Lord* I pray Heaven give thee an Estate answerable to the

Title: For a Lord without Riches, is like a Soldier without Arms, very ridiculous.

Paris, 15th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1671.

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THIS Day something has happened to me very prodigious, and I know not what to make of it. About the Hour of *Quindinamasi*, I was suddenly taken with strange Fits of Vomiting: My Stomach was in a Prodigious, or rather a Philosophical Humour; resolving to cast off all the Superfluities, and only retain what was necessary to its Ease and Welfare in this Life. I laboured under a Thousand Horrid Agonies, which made me fear, that either an *Impossthume* was the Cause of such violent *Convulsions*; or at least, that they would end in opening the inward Sluices of my Blood, by too much forcing of the *Pectoral Veins*.

Whilst I was busied thus with sad Presages of a sudden Death (for I dread to be so unawares thrust out of the World,) I longed and passionately languished for an *Arabian Orange*.

It happened at the same Time, my Mother *Ouchou-michie*, *Daria* and *Eliachim* the Jew, were with me in my Chamber, and had been there an Hour. They all stood at the Window to see a Procession that was going by. But when they heard the straining Noise I made, immediately they ran to my Bed side, as *Human Nature*, *Curiosity*, or *Passion*, uses to prompt in such like Cases.

With a faint broken Voice, I told them what I wished for; *Eliachim* forthwith gives Order to his Boy that waited in an *Anti-Chamber*, to run with speed, and buy the best *Arabian Oranges* he could find.

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The arch young Lad was gone full Thirteen Minutes by my Watch, and then returned with half a Dozen *Oranges of Spain* (for he could get no other.) But *Heaven*, as I have reason to think, supplied his Negligence, and unsuccessful *Mercating*. For long before he came with that *sowre crabbed Fruit*, *Daria* spied an *Orange of Arabia* on the Table.

No Body knew from whence it came, or what kind hand had laid it there. They were all equal Witnesses, that there were no such Thing upon the Table when they came to the Bed-side, nor a considerable Time afterward: And when it was suggested that some of the Company had privately conveyed it hither, whilst the rest were looking another way; *Eliachim* with solemn Vows and Imprecations cleared himself; so did *Daria*, and my Mother. As for myself they were all sensible, it was impossible for me to do it, as I lay in my Bed. A general Astonishment possessed us all; and the Women would needs have it to be a *Miracle*, whilst I greedily eat the *Delicious Fruit*, not troubling my Thoughts with making endless *Scrutinies*, or so much as caring which way it came there, so long as I had the Enjoyment of it.

Yet I ceased to be thus indifferent, when I perceived my *Malady* on a sudden removed by eating of this *wondrous Orange*. And whereas I had lain for six whole Days and Nights in a continual Faint and languishing Condition, not able to get down a Morfel of Bread, now my Spirits grew brisk and fresh; I seemed like one transformed, or in another World. My Stomach revived, my almost dissipated Vigor rallied, and I rose chearfully to eat a hearty *Supper*. These Things I must confess, put me, as well as the rest of the Company upon thinking.

I tell thee, upon the strictest Examination possible, I am very well satisfied, that there could be no Design or Trick in the Case: For if there were, no Body would be guilty of so many repeated horrid Perjuries in denying it: But every one rather would have been forward to own themselves the Instruments of this happily

pily and unexpectedly rescuing a poor sick Man from the very Jaws of Death : For I was just then ready to expire.

Whether there be a *Magick* in the Strength of a Man's Fancy at such Times ; and that through the Intense Agitation of his exalted Spirits, he moves the Soul of the *Universe* by *Sympathy*, to exert some of its hidden and uncommon Faculties, and gratify his necessary Desires : Or whether there be an Order of *Officious Beings Invisible* about us, who have the Charge of *Mortals* committed to them, and are bound by the Laws of their concealed *Kingdoms* to assist us in Extremities, even to the Height of a seeming *Miracle*, where it cannot be done without, I know not. But it is certain, any observing Man may take Notice of some extraordinary Passages in the Course of his Life, of which he can give no Rational Account, but must be forced to put them on the Score of *Præternatural Causes*. Such is our Ignorance of the *Secret Operations of Nature*.

All the Company were ready to list me among the *Prophets* ; or in the Catalogue of *Saints*, for this stupendous Occurrence. But I had other Thoughts of my self : For comparing this with some former Occurrences of my Life, I presently concluded, it was the Fore runner of some grand, but short Affliction : And I so told them all.

I believe, my *Dgnat*, that *God* will hedge me in with divers Kinds of Adverse Circumstances : He will rush upon me on a sudden, like a Troop of *Tartar* Horse, who swiftly spread themselves all round the affrighted Country, and take Possession of the Roads and Passes. They hunt the conscious *Infidels* from Dens and Caves, and other lurking Places in the *Woods* and *Mountains* : None can escape their Chastisement and Revenge. So my presaging Soul foretels some sad surprizing Inroads from the *Omnipotent*.

That which I have to do in this Case is to make speedy Expiations for my past Security and Presumption, to repair the ruined Fastnesses of Virtue, and build new ones where they are wanting ; to keep strong Guards ; and lastly, to retire my self into a most profound

found Humility, and Compliance with the Will of God; which is the strongest Fortrefs in Time of a *Divine Invasion*.

Paris, 23^d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1671.

LETTER XI.

To Sephat Abercromil, Vanni Effendi,
Preacher to the Sultan.

THE Character and Fame of thy Exemplary Life, and profound Doctrine, though studiously concealed and suppressed by thy self, have yet made a forcible Eruption, and filled the *Mussulman* Kingdoms with the fragrant Odour of thy incomparable Piety and Virtue. Even these remote and *Infidel* Regions of the *West*, are edified by thy sacred Rules and Institutions of a spiritual Life. The *Nazarene Priests* and *Doctors* begin to harbour Emulations of thy *Sanctity*, since they have seen no fairer Draught of true acceptable *Religion*, than what the *Chaplains* to the *French Ambassadors* at the Port have copied from thy Principles, and recommend to their Friends among the *Clergy* of *France*. Inasmuch as *Francis Malevella*, a blind *Ecclesiastick*, but an *Argus* in the *Sciences*, has publickly espoused thy Theorems and Practices; having in Print now lately undertaken the Patronage of a contemplative Life, so much insisted on by thee to which the *College of Sorbonne* have also given their Approbation.

That Excellent Man, though he has lost the Use of his Corporeal Eyes, yet has a Soul transform'd all over into Light, by which he clearly can survey the vast mysterious *Horizon* of the Invisible World, and penetrate the most recluse and hidden Secrets of Eternity: The Age is ravished with the Book he published: He has Ten Thousand Profelytes among the *Roman Priests* and

and *Derwiches*. None but the *Jesuits* and *Dominicans* oppose him.

The former of these *Orders* is grown odious throughout *Christendom*, for the Impious *Doctrines* they maintain, and the Enormous Crimes they have committed: Being notorious *Boutefeu's*, *Traitors*, *Hypocrites*, and *Secret Libertines*. Their *Colleges* are esteemed the Shops and Forges of *Sedition*, *Faction*, *Publick Animosities*, *Broils* and *Wars*, with all the *Mischief* that is done in *Europe*. The latter are not loved in *France* because they are generally chosen *Officers* of the *Inquisition*: Which inhuman *Judicature* was first projected by St. *Dominick* their *Founder*, in order to exterminate the *Moors* from *Spain*. There is a Natural and Irreconcilable Antipathy between the *French* and *Spaniards*. They mutually abhor each others *Customs*, *Laws*, and *Humours*: But above all, the *French* can never be reconciled to that *Infernal Court*, which tyrannizes over the *Souls* of *Men*, and punishes them for *Thoughts*. It is an equal Crime to speak, or to be silent; to pray or not; to go to Church, or stay at Home, provided you are rich. It is *Wealth* the *Inquisitors* aim at, not the pretended *Safety* and *Deliverance* of the *Church* from *Enemies* and *Rebels*.

Therefore the *Dominicans* and *Jesuits* being looked upon as *Favourites* and *Patrons* of the *Inquisition*, and for that Reason hated by the *French*; in vain they argued against *Malewella's* new reformed Model of *Interior Religion*, which is but a Translation of the *Original Dogmata* laid down by thee. Thy refined *Sentiments* are *Prolifick*, as the solar *Beams*, which by ineffable *Increases*, propagated themselves without diminishing the *Illustrious Fountain*. Each bright and fertile *Atom*, by a miraculous *Emanation* begets another; they multiply by admirable *Progressive Issue* and *Expansion* from every *Point* of the *refulgent Center*, till every splendid *Particle* becomes a *Ray* of equal *Length*, and all together produce an entire *Orb* of *Light*. Thus thy serene *Ideas* of *Religion* dilate themselves through this dark *Side* of the *World*, as fast as they illuminate the *Mussulman Hemisphere*. The *honestest Sort* of *Western Franks*.

Franks are already, by a *Demi Metamorphosis*, grown half *Mahometans*, capitulating with their Prepossessions, Prejudices, and the Force of Education for the rest.

They go to *Church*, but not to babble over a Thousand vain *Tautologies*, which are taught them by their *Priests*, and to ensure their Memory, are printed in their Pocket Manuals, or Books of Prayer: Nor do they number a long Series of the same repeated *Oraisons* on Beads, or use any other exterior Form of blind and lame Devotion: But with inward Recollection, Silence, Purity, and fervent Application of the Spirit, they address themselves to *God*; or rather by a certain gradual Passiveness, Oblivion of outward Things, and dying to themselves, they prepare and fit their *Souls* for the Divine Approaches: Thus having barricadoed up their Senses, and made Retrenchments round the Centre of the Mind, to secure it from the last Invasion and Assault of Mundane Objects; thither they retire, desiring Death, rather than to take Quarter by a faint Cowardice, or timorous Apostacy and surrender to the World.

These People undergo at certain Times, strange Difficulties, Desertions, and Sterilities of Spirit, which are the Torments that compose the most severe and painful Martyrdoms. A common Death, or any violent Dissolution of the Body, is but the Recreation, Sport, or Play of Nature, when compared with these tremendous, tragical and dark Annihilations of the *Soul*. A Man at such a Season seems to be reduced to an *Eternal Catastrophe*. His Spirit descends, and is engulfed in the Abyss of *Hell*; or *Hell* comes up to him, and yawning with its horrid Dragon's Jaws, murders the *Soul* with Baneful and Infernal Breath. Yet this they find to be the only near directed Way to *Heaven*. This is the Mystick Fence, the Ditch, Bastion and Counterscarp of *Paradise*. He that would scale the Wall, or enter by the Gates of *Eden*, must first pass through these terrible Outworks. This is the freight and narrow Bridge over which each *Soul* must pass, that would attain Immortal Life. *Moses*, *Jesus*. *Mahomet*, and all the *Messengers of God*, have pointed at this as the only Way to our
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supreme Felicity. Neither was it unknown to the Ancient Poets and Philosophers among the Gentiles. *Orpheus* and *Hesiod* recommended it in their Mysterious Verse. *Empedocles*, *Theophrastus*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, *Porphyry*, *Jamblichus*, with many others, improved the Sacred Revelation, adding new Lights unto the blest Discovery. And if we take the History in the best Sense, unless I am deceived, *Socrates* died a Martyr to this important Truth. Many of the Learned Hebrew Rabbis have asserted it. The Persian and Arabian Doctors, before and since the Holy Flight, have been its Advocates: And let not Envy refuse to give some of the Christian Priests their due Acknowledgement, who preached this Doctrine in the primitive Assemblies, taught it in the Publick Schools, and ensured it to Posterity in Learned Manuscripts. Such were *Origen* and *Anmonius*, *Clemens* of *Alexandria*, *Simplicius*, *Chrysostom*, *Tertullian*, *Augustin*: And in more modern Times, *Thomas* of *Aquin*, *Marfilius Ficinus*, *Bonadventure*, with many others.

And it is esteemed the Height of Indian Religion to this Day; the *Bramins* delivering it as an Hereditary Article of Faith, and Point of Practice, from Immemorable Ages. Since therefore all Regions in the World agree in this, notwithstanding their other Ceremonial and Speculative Differences: Doubtless it is the Voice and Will of God, not the Contrivance or Innovation of Man.

Reverend *Effendi*, it is a common Proverb among the Christians, That wheresoever God has a Temple, the Devil has a Chapel. That cunning Spirit, like a Serpent, winds himself into outward Forms and Ceremonies of Devotion. But he that builds a Mosque in the Centre of his Soul, may bid Defiance to *Tagot*: For that is the Throne of God, near which the *Dæmon* cannot approach.

May thou and I, live always skreened behind ourselves; for in that dark Recess from visible Things, the Eternal lives to manifest his otherwise invisible Light. Adieu.

Paris, 17th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1670.

LET.

L E T T E R XII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

AFTER all my Scepticisms, I at this Hour believe, there is something of us remains immortal and incorruptible, when our grosser Bodies are dissolved. Call it what you will; an Astral Body, a Ghost, a Spirit, or any thing else. I am sensible some Part of us will never die. What signifies the vain Dispute of Words, the dark Resolves of *Plato's Cave*? Let it be *Substance* or *Accident*, *Matter* or *Form*, or a Result of all; There is still a certain Portion of our Nature, against which the Strokes of Death, and of ten hundred thousand Deaths, can never prevail. We may be changed indeed; and Masquerade it up and down, perhaps thro' infinite Worlds, in so many different Disguises; But we can never be annihilated, or made nothing. We cannot be excluded from the eternal List of Atoms. The Loss or Absence of the least Particle from the Universe, would either cause the loudest never-ending Thunders and Lightnings, or an everlasting Silence, Sullenness and Darkness. This mighty aggregate and stupendous Heap of Beings would fall to Ruin, if there were the least *Vacuum*, or the smallest *Mite* missing. Steal but the most indivisible Atom from the rest, and down comes all the Fabrick; For one supports another by an inseparable Adhesion, reciprocal Congruity, and mathematical Fitnets. They are so cunningly hitched and knit together, so closely fastened and indented each with other, by the original Art, or Chance which formed the World, that all the Motions of this grand Machine would at an Instant stop, in such a Case: as does a Watch, when the least Tooth is missing from any one of the contiguous Wheels. Every thing in Nature is full and pregnant. Neither can there be any other Emptiness save what we think we see in Bottles, or other hollow Vessels, which, when they are void of
Water,

Water, Wine, or other Liquor, it is but to be crammed brim-full of Air; which Element insinuates and crowds itself into each diminutive Cranny, Chink, and Pore of grosser Substances; So if the airy Atoms have any Hollownesses in them, the smallest Vacancy possible is still supplied with its full Measure of the purer *Aether*; and that again with some Matter more refined, if such there be; or else it drinks full Draughts of immaterial Essences. And by such a subordinate Gradation, human Souls, though in themselves, perhaps, pure incorporeal Spirits, are yet fastened, and cemented to our Bodies. Thus is one *Being* successively, and eternally, either a Syringe, or Sponge to another. The Elements inebriate one another by Turns: An universal *Epicurism* and Drunkenness reigns.

So the hot Stomach of the Earth, parched with inward mineral Fires, greedily guzzles down the very Salt unpalatable Lees of the Sea, rather than be a-dry: With a thousand thousand gaping Throats, it gulps the Beverage which *Neptune's* deep and mighty Cellar runs withal. It pants, and sucks eternally, the thick rosy Settlements of the *Ocean's* Bottom. These are distilled again in hidden Limbecks, Cylinders, and other chymical Vessels below, that so the gaping Channels on the Superficies, may be constantly supplied with more refined Liquor, through the Springs and Fountains: and yet the Globe not having quenched its Thirst with this perpetual Draught, continually sips up the Rain, a Liquor more sublime and pure than all the rest. But this is only on certain Holy-days of Fate, when the Celestial Powers, the Planets, Stars, and Constellations, order a *Dunelm*a for the vegetable Race below, to refresh the Herbs, the Corn, and Trees, with Banquets from the Clouds. Then the big-bellied Tuns above are rolled out of their hidden Store-houses, and broached the Conduits of the upper Region spout and run with plentiful Showers and Cataracts of Nature's seminal Juice, the radical all-cheering Nectar of Heaven. The greedy Soil imbibes the sacred strong *Cascade*; each joyful Turf is frolicksome, and swallows down large Bumpers of the eleemosynary Wine. Whilst the least dry and crumbling

Lump

Lump of the late fainting *Glebe*, has Drops and *Superaculums* enough to revel on ; till party-coloured *Iris*, the *Major-Domo* of these yearly *Festivals*, perceiving the tender Seeds and Roots are well-nigh fuddled with what at second-hand they have exhausted from the over-laden Ground, makes her Appearance in the Clouds, inviting all the Guests to a splendid Collation of warm Beams and Rays, with which the *Sun* is minded to regale them.

A grateful, soft and chearful Noise was heard throughout the Room before. The Earth and Air were in a merry Humour. Well pleased with the Debauch, they would have sat till Morning at it, being loth to leave the Liquor behind them, or change it for dry Meat. But at the sight of *Iris*, every one changed Countenance ; an universal *Murmur* ran throughout the *Hall* ; they were sorry thus to be baulked in the midst of their Mirth : Till courtly *Zephyrs* comewith their soft Compliments, and tell them, it is necessary for their Ease and Health : Then are the Tuns and Bottles removed, with all the drunken Tackle. The Table soon is spread, and covered with a rich Course of glittering Charges, sent from *Phæbus*.

That sponging *Planet* only lives by bantering and Wheedles. The illustrious Figure he makes in the World, is always borrowed. He never wore a fashionable Dress in his Life, but what he took up by Tally from the first Source of Lights : For which he is bound to pay so vast an Interest, that he would necessarily become a Bankrupt, did he not repair his broken Fortune, by playing Tricks upon the Earth. Thus whilst he mocks this sublunary World with his pretended Treats, he makes it pay for all with costly Exhalations. He plunders the Elements, picks the Pockets of the Earth, and robs the Treasures of the Sea : Nor can he forbear filching something from the Air ; and when he has stolen enough, he sinks away in the Dark, and flies to the other Side of the Globe ; there to commence new Shams and Cheats upon the *Antipodes*. And all the while, the Stars are full as bad as he : For, like a brave Highwayman, that Luminary frequents the publick Way of Heaven by Day ; he robs in open Sight of all the World, and

and leaves a generous *Viaticum* wherever he borrows any thing. But the Stars, those little Bullies of the Sky, are perfect *Night-Pads*, *Shop-lifts* and *Sharppers*; they skulk about in the Dark, through all the private *Alleys* of the *Firmament*, and commit a thousand Murders, Rapes, and other Violences. Some of their *Aspects* are as venomous as the fatal Eyes of *Basilisks*, they carry divers kinds of mortal Poisons in their Looks, which they disperse at Random in this lower World. They strew the Earth with *Hemlocks*, *Aconites*, and other baneful Weeds. They also scatter up and down the more contagious Seeds of Envy, Avarice, and a thousand black infernal Vices, which take Root in human Souls, at our Nativities; and growing up with us, in time bring forth the fatal Fruits of Death. The ugly Race of *Dragons*, *Serpents*, *Crocodiles*, and all the reptile Generations, with every thing that is hideous, cruel and destructive on the Globe, derive their Natures, Qualities, Forms and Dispositions from some malignant Stars or *Constellations*, if *Astrologers* say true. So do the scaly Monsters of the vast *Abyss*; and every Bird of horrible Figure flying in the *Air*. They are all the Brood, the *Emissaries*, Spies, and Agents of the Powers above, sent down on thievish Errands, to prey on other Animals more innocent than themselves.

There is an eternal Clause in Nature, whilst every thing is either on the Hunt or Flight. Thus Heaven purloins from Earth, and that from Heaven again. When we are first conceived, our wandering Souls are caught, as in a well-baited Trap. And when we die, it is but the Soul's Escape from one Snare to be soon trepanned into another. Perhaps a human Body may be our Prison again; or we may be attracted by some more agreeable Embryo. This magnetick Star may draw us up to Heaven, or the wide jaws of all-devouring Orcus may swallow us down into the hungry Paunch of Hell; which God avert.

Learned Haly, let not thou and I be too solicitous about these things: For all our timorous Forecasts are in vain. But, considering the secret Magnetisms dispersed throughout the Universe, and that every thing attracts

ts Like, let us take care to qualify ourselves with celestial Habits and Dispositions, and then we cannot fail of being drawn up to *Paradise*.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year, 1671.

LETTER XIII.

To the Mufti.

IN Obedience to thy Commands, I shall now proceed in relating the most memorable Transactions of former Ages, during the four Great Monarchies; observing thy Instructions, not to be prolix, or over-curious in tracing down the particular Successions of Kings and Princes; but rather to relate the Actions of famous Men, the wise Sayings of the Antients, with such other Remarks, as may be at once delightful and instructive.

It will be no Breach of this Rule, to begin where I left off in my former Letter, with the Death of *Darius*, and Successor of *Xerxes*, his younger Son; there being something of Nicety in the Plea between him and his elder Brother *Artabazenes* for the Crown; For this laid Claim to it on the Account of his Primogeniture: But in regard he was born before *Darius* was made King, the Succession was determined in Favour of *Xerxes*, who had a double Advantage, in being begot by a crowned King, and born of *Atosb*, the Daughter of *Cyrus*, who first established this Monarchy.

As soon as *Xerxes* was settled in the *Throne*, he led an Army into *Egypt*, and suppressed the Insurrections in that Country. Then he fitted out a Fleet of 4200 Ships, on board of which were above five hundred thousand Men. He had a Land Army also consisting of Two millions and five hundred thousand Soldiers, of several Nations. With this vast Multitude he marched against the *Grecians*; and to facilitate the Voyage of his Fleet, he

he caused one Part of his Army to dig a Passage thro' Mount *Atbos*, whereby the Sea was let in, and the Ships might sail two a-breast; whilst another Part of the Soldiers were employed in building a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellepont*. No sooner was this done, but there arose a vehement Tempest; which so discomposed those narrow Seas, that between the Winds and Waves, the Boats which made this Bridge were all dispersed, broken, and cast away.

This so incensed *Xerxes*, that he commanded the Sea to be scourged with Whips, and a Chain to be thrown into it, as a Mark of its future Subjection. He also beheaded those who built the Bridge, and caused others to make a new one.

Here one of *Xerxes's* Eunuchs, and a particular Favourite of the King, sent for a *Græcian* of the Isle of *Cibios*, who had formerly deprived him of the Evidences of his *Virility*. And the old Man coming with his Sons to wait on this great Courtier, the Eunuch caused him first to castrate his own Sons, and afterwards forced them to do the same by their Father, in Revenge of his own Loss and Disgrace.

From hence *Xerxes* marched with his Army by the Place where once stood the famous Town of *Troy*, went in Pilgrimage to the Tomb of King *Priamus*; where he sacrificed ten Hecatombs of Oxen to the Ghosts of the antient Heroes, and to the Divinity of the River of *Scammander*, which his Soldiers drank dry, and yet half of them had not quenched their Thirst.

After this, he came to the *Hellepont*, where taking a Survey of all his Land and Sea-Forces, which covered the *Hellepont*, and all the neighbouring Shores; and contemplating the Shortness of Man's Life; and that of so innumerable a Multitude, not one should be alive at an hundred Years End, he wept bitterly.

Then having sacrificed to the Sun, for the good Success of his Expedition, he caused all his Army to pass over the *Hellepont* by his Bridge of Boats; after which, they drank their Way through another River, which had not Water enough to satisfy half his Men and Cat-

tle

tle. For his Army increased all the Way, by the Accessions of Soldiers out of every Nation through which he passed. Yet *Leonidas*, King of *Sparta*, with a small Body of 4000 *Lacedemonians*, gave Battel to the whole Army of *Xerxes*. And in a Sea-Fight at *Salamis*, the *Persians* lost 500 Ships, with a considerable Part of their Army; which with other Disasters, or Sickness, Famine, &c. so terrified this great Monarch, that he posted back again as fast as he could, by the Way of the *Hellepont*, which he crossed in a poor Fisher-Boat all alone, leaving *Mardonius* to pursue the Wars in *Greece*. But an ill Fate attended their Arms; for at *Platea* the *Grecians* set upon them under *Pausanias* their General, and routed the whole Army, killing above two hundred thousand of them upon the Spot, and burning their Camp and Navy.

Xerxes hearing these ill Tidings, fled towards his own Country; and by the Way set Fire to the Temples of the Gods of *Babylon*, and other Parts of *Asia*, sparing none but that magnificent *Fane* at *Ephesus*, which was renowned throughout the whole World.

About this time died *Pagapates*, the faithful Eunuch of *Darius*, who had passed seven whole Years Mourning at the Tomb of his Master.

I must not omit the Treachery of *Pausanias*, the *Lacedemonian* General, who held a private Correspondence with *Xerxes*. And having been twice accused of Treason, and as often acquitted, was the third Time discovered by a Boy, whom he kept as his Minion; and by the Sentence of the *Ephori*, was starved to Death.

Thou hast forbidden me to augment the Bulk of these historical Letters, with Glosses, or Remarks of my own or else it were a proper Occasion to put thy Holiness in mind, how great a Value ought to be set on a faithful Man; and let Nature itself plead my Excuse for entrenching on thy Orders, whilst I vindicate myself from the Calumnies of the Envious; and beg of thee to rest assured, That no Man on Earth can be truer to his Trust, than the *Arabian* Slave *Mahmut*.

But to return to *Xerxes*. He was unfaithfully dealt with by the Captain of his Guard; why by the Assistance

tance of *Spamitres* the King's Chamberlain, and several other Conspirators, killed him in his Bed with his eldest Son *Darius*, and crowned *Artaxerxes* in his stead.

To him fled *Themistocles* the *Athenian*, who was suspected a Partner in the Treason of *Pausanias*. The King received him in his Favour and made him Governor of a Province, adding the Gift of five great Cities, to furnish him with Money for the Expences of his Table and Wardrobe. And this the King did, not as a Reward or Encouragement of Treason, (from which he knew *Themistocles* was free, being falsely accused by the *Athenians*,) but he heaped those Honours on him, as a Debt to the Merits of that once illustrious Enemy, now become a Friend, and seeking Shelter in the *Persian* Kingdom, from the barbarous Ingratitude of his own Countrymen; who for all his eminent Services to *Greece*, could think of no better Acknowledgement, than to put to death as a Traytor, the bravest and wisest Captain of that Age.

Not long after this, the *Persians* lost two hundred Ships in a Sea-Fight with the *Grecians*, and were routed at Land by a Stratagem of *Cimon*, the *Grecian* General, who after the Naval Victory, but his Men on Board the *Persian* Vessels which he had taken, and apparelling them in the Garments of the *Persian* Captives, landed them near the Enemies Camp in *Pamphilia*; who taking them for Friends, suffered them to enter their Trenches without Jealousy; and so were all slaughtered, except a few, who escaped by the Swiftness of their Horses.

About this time, *Pericles* was made Prince of *Athens*, of whom I made mention in my former Letters. And *Themistocles* being made General of the *Persian* Army, and sent against the *Grecians*; rather than fight against his Country, or betray the Cause of his new Master, became a voluntary Victim to his own Integrity and Honour: For, sacrificing a Bull in his March, he drank off a Bowl of the Blood, and fell down dead at the Foot of the Altar.

The next War the *Persians* were engaged in, was with *Egypt*; where, in a Battel near *Memphis*, they lost

an hundred thousand Men. But sending fresh Recruits, they dried up the River Nile, where the *Athenian* Fleet, confederate with the *Egyptians*, lay at Anchor. Which so amazed the *Egyptians*, that they made their Peace with them: And the *Athenians* set their own Ships on fire, in number 200, and returned home with Disgrace, when they had been six Years in *Egypt*. And after this, a Peace was concluded between the *Persians*, and those of *Greece*. And in the first Year of the 8th *Olympiad*, which soon followed, there was an universal Peace throughout the World, which continued till the first Year of the 87th *Olympiad*, at what time began the *Peloponnesian* War.

In the 4th Year of the 88th *Olympiad*, *Artaxerxes* died, and his Son *Xerxes* was invested with the Crown. But at a Year's End, being overcome with Wine, and falling asleep in a Place where no Guard was kept, his Brother *Secundianus*, with the Help of an *Eunuch*, murdered him, and took the Government on himself. He also was soon after dispatched by his Brother *Darius*.

I over-run whole *Olympiads*, without mentioning any thing, save the Transactions which made most Noise in those Times. But I am unwilling to slip the Reign of any King, though I speak but two Words of it, that so thou mayest have a perfect Idea of their Succession.

During the whole Series of *Darius's* Reign, History mentions nothing remarkable, but is taken up in relating the little Quarrels, and Reconciliations of several Provinces in *Greece*, some private Treaties between the *Persian* Governors of *Lesser Asia* and those of *Peloponnesus*, and the Overtures of Peace between the *Lacedemonians* and the *Persians*, the End of the *Peloponnesian* War, with such other Passages, as would be too tedious for a Letter.

I will only rehearse a memorable Saying of *Darius*, on his Death-bed, to his eldest Son *Artaxerxes*, who was to succeed him in the Throne. The Prince being assured by the Royal Physicians, that his Father's End drew near, thus addressed *Darius*: ' My Father, since it is ' the Will of the Gods to take you from Earth, into ' their own blessed Society, and that you have been ' pleased

‘ pleased, with the Consent of the Nobles, to declare me your Successor in the Kingdom ; tell me, I beseech you, by what Methods of Policy you have governed this Empire.’ To whom the King replied ; ‘ My Son be assured, That if my Reign has been blessed with greater Success and Peace than those of my Predecessors, it is because in all Things I have honoured the immortal Gods, and done Justice to every Man.

As soon as *Artaxerxes* was possessed of the Crown, he sent for his Brother *Cyrus*, and put him in Manacles of Gold, with design to make him privately away ; but at the Intercession of his Mother, he released him again, and restored him to his Government of *Lydia*.

About this Time, *Plato* the Philosopher being very young, gave an early Specimen of a ripe Wit, in comforting *Antimachus* the Poet, who lost the Garland in Contest with *Niceratus*, at the *Lysandrian Feast*. For when he beheld the Poet extremely vexed at the Ignorance and Partiality of *Lysander*, who knew not how to distinguish between his lofty Measures, and the flat Rhimes of his Antagonist ; *Plato* bid him be of good Courage : For, said he, *his Ignorance no more diminishes thy Knowledge, than a blind Man’s mistaking thee for another, would deprive thee of thy Sight.*

When *Cyrus* was returned to his Government, he plotted to depose his Brother ; and to win *Lysander* to his Party, he presented him with a Ship built all of Gold and Ivory. *Alcibiades*, the famous *Athenian* Captain perceiving this, designed to give *Artaxerxes* notice of his Brother’s Treason : But by the Way he was murdered himself by some Soldiers, hired for that Purpose by *Lysander* ; who yet durst not set upon him in the Day-time, when he was armed in his own Defence, but in the Night set his House on Fire ; and as he was escaping through the Flames and Smoak, they lying in Ambush, shot him dead with Arrows.

However, *Artaxerxes* quickly became sensible of his Brother’s Designs ; and raising an Army of Nine hundred thousand Men, gave him Battel not far from *Babylon*.

Ion. In the Fight he was wounded by *Cyrus*; but after a hot Dispute, *Cyrus* was killed, and *Artaxerxes* got the Victory.

Parisatis, the Mother of *Cyrus*, to revenge the Death of her Son, caused those that wounded him to be killed with lingring Torments; and inviting Queen *Statyra* the Wife of *Artaxerxes* to a Feast, she divided the Bird *Rhindaces* asunder with a Knife poisoned on one Side, and gave the venomed Part to *Statyra*, eating the other herself. Upon which the Queen died in horrible Anguish and Torture.

The famous Deeds of many Heroes are also recorded, during the Reign of this *Artaxerxes*; as of *Agefilas*, King of the *Spartans*; *Ipbicrates*, *Pharnabazus*, *Tissaphernes*, and *Tiribazus*, *Persians*; with *Conon* the *Athenian*. But fearing to trench on thy Patience, I content myself with only mentioning their Names, and so finish my Letter with the Conclusion of *Artaxerxes* his Life, who died of Grief, for the Death of his Son *Arfames*, whom *Ocbus* his Brother had caused to be murdered out of Envy and Jealousy, because his Father doated on him.

If I have not answered thy Expectation in this Letter, blame not me, but the Historians, from whom I have collected these Passages; or accuse the Men of that Age, that they did not perform Greater Actions. However, in the next thou shalt hear of the Birth and Life of a great Prophet, even *Alexander*, the Conqueror of all *Asia*. In the mean time, I plunge myself in the Ideas of the Dust thou treadest on, and shrinking into an Abstract of Humility, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1671.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *P A R I S*.

VOL. VII.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master of the Customs, and Superintendent of the Arsenal at Constantinople.

I Know not well, whether it is my Part to be for or glad, when I hear thy Son is wild and prodigal that he is amorous, and very much addicted to frolick with *Women, Wine, and Musick*, that he frequents the *Baths and Play-Houses*, on purpose to make for Interest for his *Love*, that he may sometimes get a Sight of beautiful Ladies, and have the Pleasure of being admitted into their Company; that he haunts the Societies of *Foreign Merchants*, the Houses of *Christian Ambassadors*, and insinuates himself into the Acquaintance and Familiarity of all Travellers who make any Figure in the *Imperial City*.

I p

I protest, it seems difficult in my Opinion to determine, Whether thou thyself hast Reason to be grieved at all this, or not rather to rejoice, as at a Presage of his future good Fortune, since it is a manifest Argument of the Greatness of his *Soul*: And let that alone to work out its own Way to Happiness. Never check a *Generous Spirit*: For such are full of the *Divinity*. They are the *Eagles*, the *Lions*, the *Kings* and *Princes* of the Earth. Their Veins flow with *Sacred BLOOD*. Their Nerves strut with the Milk of *Paradise*. A thousand Excellencies possess their Hearts, and ten thousand Perfections take Root in their Brains. Whatever of precious is scattered up and down in the *Elements*, meets in their accomplished Nature, as in an *Epitome*, or rich *Compendium* of the brightest *Essences*; an Extract of all that is valuable, good, and lovely in the *Universe*.

Be not discouraged to see thy Son amorous of Women. It is a Sign of good Nature. And he is looked upon as a Monster, or degenerate Person, who feels no Warmths or Passions for that lovely Sex. *Women* are sent into the World on purpose to blow up those gentle Flames within our Breasts, which sublimate our grosser Mould, and make us more refined. *Love* is a sacred Frenzy of the Soul, a Divine Madness elevating a Man up to the Pitch of a *Santone*, and rendring him the Care of the benigner *Dæmons*. He is every where safe; having the Favour of *Gods* and *Men*, as the *Roman Poet* expresses it:

Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque sacerque.

And had it not been for thy own Experience of this *Noble Passion*, thou hadst not had a Son to complain of.

Perhaps it makes him expensive and costly in his Manner of Living. He would, no Doubt, appear gay and polite in the Eyes of his *Mistresses*: He would be generous and magnificent in his Entertainments, liberal to his Friends and Acquaintance, charitable to all Persons in Distress. And canst thou really blame him for putting in Practice so many amiable Virtues? Is not this better than to see him of a sneaking, sordid Tem-

per, addicted to Avarice, and other *Ignoble Vices*? Remember thy own *Genius*, when thou wert young; what a passionate Delight thou tookest in *Travelling*: Yet, this could not be maintained without great Charges. Consider therefore, that it is thy own Blood, running in the Veins of thy *Son*, which prompts him to a noble Way of Living. And do not thou imitate those Fathers, who by their Severity, teach their Children to degenerate, instead of making them better, or more reformed. They frighten them from the Paths of innate Virtue, for the Lucre of their Gold, take abundance of Pains to instruct them in the Methods of Covetousness; as if that alone were the *Zenith* of Wisdom and Virtue, whereas it is in Truth the very *Sink* and Seminary of all Vice.

I will relate to thee a Story which I have heard in *Paris*, which has something in it very singular and remarkable, concerning the Affection and Care of a Father toward his *Extravagant* and *Prodigal Son*. This old Gentleman had a fair Seat, about ten Leagues from this City, which had belonged to his Family for the Space of Five hundred Years. His yearly Revenue was very considerable; and having only one *Son*, he gave him the Liberty of managing half his Estate, when he came to the Age of One and twenty Years.

This young Spark being of high Spirit, was so far from harbouring any Thoughts of Frugality, that he could hardly brook the Necessity of living within the Compass of his Allowance. He addicted himself to *Gaming*, *Drinking*, and other Lewd Courses, which in a short Time consumed his Means, and reduced him to great Streights.

About the same Time his Father died, and left him the Remainder of his Estate, giving him all the Instructions that are usual in such Cases; and among the rest of his sage Counsels he charged him, if it should be his Misfortune to become a *Bankrupt* again, so as to be forced to sell his Estate, that he would at least not part with that House which had been so long in the Possession of their Family: Especially he conjured him to reserve one particular Chamber for himself as long as he lived,

lived; which was the same where he then lay a dying ; For this, said he, *will be a Sanctuary for you, when you have no other Place of Refuge in the World.*

After the old Man's Decease, his Son fell to his former Course of Life ; and to make short of it, in a few Years spent all his Patrimony ; even that very House itself, which he was forced to sell at last for an Under-price, to supply his present Necessities. However, he obeyed his Father's last Injunction ; and in the Sale of the House, made *Articles* for the perpetual Claim and Use of that *Chamber* to himself.

It was not long before he had consumed the Money which he had received for the House : So that now his last Support was gone. He tried to borrow of some of his Friends and Acquaintance : And in Charity they supplied him at first with small Sums : But when he often pressed them, they grew weary of him, and denied to part with any more.

The disconsolate Gentleman, over-whelmed with Grief and Melancholy, returns to his Chamber, hoping to find some Ease in that private Retreat ; where he might at least have the Privilege of venting his Sorrow in Sighs and Tears.

He passed away some time in this dejected Condition, when at length he cast his Eyes on an old *Trunk* which stood in a Corner of the Chamber, and which he had scarce ever regarded before. An odd Curiosity prompted him to rise and look into this Trunk, perhaps not so much in Hopes of finding any Relief there, as to divert himself and pass away the tedious Minutes. *And yet it is natural for People in great Calamities and Misfortunes, to flatter, themselves with the Imagination of unexpected Reliefs, and to catch at every the least Glimpse or Shadow, that seems to presage any Good.* Be it how it will, he fell to rising the *Trunk*, but found nothing, save a Parcel of old Rags and Papers, with other Remnants, and Fragments of Silk, Linen, and Velvet, the Reliques and Spoils of his Father's Wardrobe. This was no Booty for him : However, he ceased not his Scrutiny, till he had quite emptied the *Trunk*. When to his no

small Astonishment he found these Words on the Bottom : *Ab Prodigal ! hast thou spent All, and sold thy House? Now go and hang thyself. There is a Rope ready provided for thee in the Beam of the Chamber.*

The young Gentleman looking to the Cieling, and seeing a Halter hang there, being fastened to an Iron Ring, was struck with such a Damp, that concluding it was the *Will of Fate*, that he should fulfil the Words he found on the Bottom of the *Trunk*, immediately took a Chair, or Stool, and placing it just under the Rope, got up and raised himself upon it, that so he might the better reach the designed Instrument of his Death.

He stood not long musing : For Life appeared now-insupportable to him. Wherefore putting the Halter about his Neck, in the Height of Despair he kicked the Stool away : When behold, instead of hanging there, he fell to the Ground, the weighty Swing of his Body having pulled out a Piece of square Timber from the Beam, being that part to which the Ring was fastened. Immediately he was like to be overwhelmed, and buried alive in a great Heap of Gold, which came showering down upon him out of the hollow Place, which his Father had contrived on Purpose in the Beam, to put this kind *Sarcasm* on his Son, now sufficiently mortified by so many Sorrows.

In a word, this made so deep an Impression on him, that he grew reformed; buying all his Estate back again with Part of the Money; and employing the rest in Merchandizing, grew to be a richer Man than his Father, or any of his Progenitors.

Dear *Pesseli*, thy Son is Generous and Witty : It is thy Part to reclaim him by Methods agreeable to his Nature. For Ruggedness and Austerity will make him but the worse.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1671.

L E T.

L E T T E R I I .

To Codorafrad Cheick, a Man of the Law.

HERE has happened an Accident of late which testifies the Zeal of the *French* for their Religion, as well as it discovers the Rash and Unwarrantable Fury of a bigotted *Desperado*. This Person was one of that *Sect* they call *Hugonots*, of whom there are great Multitudes in *France*; and they are diametrically opposite to those of the *Roman* Faith in their Principles, and the Manner of worshipping *God*; yet are tolerated by the State, to prevent the Inconveniencies of a *Civil War*, and the Effusion of Human Blood. The King chusing rather by Clemency to win him to his Party, than by a severe Execution of the Laws in Force against them, to compel their Consciences in Matters relating to *God*.

Yet many Men are of Opinion That this *Royal* Condescension will not have its desired Effect, upon a stubborn and Ungrateful Sort of People; who instead of being obliged to Fidelity and Obedience by such Indulgent Favours, are apt to interpret them as Arguments of the *King's* Impotence and Disability to punish those that resist his Authority, and to harden themselves the more in their Factious Insolence: As it will appear by what I am going to relate of a certain Religious *Furioso*, a *Hugonot* by Profession. This Fellow coming one Day into the great Temple in *Paris*, which they call *Nostre Dame*, makes up directly toward the Priest who was celebrating the *Mass*; and waiting a convenient Season to execute his Purpose, just as the Priest was elevating that which they esteem the *Sacramental Body of Jesus the Messias*, above his Head, according to Custom, that it might be adored by all the Congregation; this *Russian* step to him, and striking the Wafer out of his Hand, trampled it under Foot, and then assassinated the Priest with his Dagger.

The whole Assembly were astonished at such an unexampled Attempt. They stood still like Statues for a while, and suffered the Villain to pass through the Throng, till he came to the very Gate of the Temple: When beginning to rouse out of their Stupefaction, some run after him, and so he was seized, and carried before the next *Cadi* or *Judge of Criminal Causes*, who condemned him to have his Right Hand first cut off before the Gate of the same Temple where he had been guilty of this Assassine and Prophanation, and his Body presently afterwards to be burnt alive. Which was accordingly executed.

But not thinking this a sufficient Expiation of the Dishonour done to God, the Archbishop of *Paris* commanded Prayers to be made, which they call the *Oraisons* of Forty Hours. He appointed also a solemn Procession of all the *Clergy* to the Temple of *Nosre Dame*, to cleanse it from the Defilement (which according to their Belief) it had contracted by this impious Action. The sovereign Companies of the City likewise attended these Ceremonies in their Robes of Honour, to testify their Devotion.

Thou wilt not conclude me an *Infidel*, or say that I undertake the Patronage of the *Roman Religion*, if I condemn this Fellow as a Martyr to his own Presumption and Arrogance. The *Romans* and *Hugonots* are all alike to me, so long as they are equally Enemies to the Messenger of God. But it is not decent or wise, neither good Manners nor Policy, to affront the established Religion of the Country where a Man lives. It was sufficient that this Russian and all his Brethren had the Liberty of serving God after their own Way. It was an unpardonable Immorality to disturb the lawful Priests of the Nation, especially in so barbarous a Manner, in the very Height of their Mysteries, the midst of their daily Sacrifice, at the Altar of their God, where they profess to immolate after a transcendent Manner no less than the Body and Blood of the Messias.

Doubtless, all Nations are zealous for their Religion, and we *Musfulmans* should not scruple to put to Death a head.

head-strong *Giafer*, who would presume but to pollute our Sacred *Mosques* by his Uncircumcised Presence; much less should we spare him, if he attempted to offer any Violence to a *True Believer*, as he was adoring the *Eternal Unity* after the Way observed by our *Fathers*, and commanded by the *Prophet*. And though these *Nazarenes* are Worshippers of Images and Pictures; tho' they adore that which to all outward Appearance is but a Piece of Bread; yet the Precept of *Moses* ought to be regarded, which says, *Ye shall not blaspheme the Gods of the Nations whither ye go to dwell.*

Venerable Successor of Moses and the *Prophets*, vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, that whilst he dwells among these *Infidels*, he may neither make Shipwreck of his Faith by embracing their Vanities, nor yet forfeit his Discretion by any Rude, Unseemly, or Violent Carriage against them.

Paris, 23^d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1671.

LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THERE are a Sort of Men among the *Nazarene Ecclesiasticks*, whom they call *Casuists*. These are profoundly versed in the Learning of the *Schools*, which (if thou remembere'st) Honest Father *Antonio*, the Old *Sicilian Priest*, our Friend, used to term *The Science of Husks*. A dry, chaffy sort of Knowledge, consisting only of empty, vapid Motions, windy *Ideas*, Distinctions made in Sand, which may be effaced, altered, or formed at Pleasure. The very Contemplation of these Metaphysical Trifles, is enough to put one in a Fever; so subtle is the Poison they contain: A spiritual Venom, which darts like Lightning thro' one's Thoughts, and soon ferments the Soul, boiling our Reason up, to

scum and froth itself away in Divine Jargon and Religious Nonsense.

These Men will split a Hair in Divinity to make a Scruple, or to disannul it. They raise a Dust in the Eyes of those that give heed to them, and play fast and loose with Human Reason, as it serves a Turn. They will make a Hog of a Cushion, and turn an Elephant into a Coffee-Dish, with their enchanting *Hæcetties*, *Identities*, *Quatenus's*, and the rest of their Learned *Legerdmain*, the perfect *Hocus-Pocus* of the *Sarbonne*; by which they juggle Men out of their Senses, and frame *Chimæras* far more monstrous than those in the Fictions of *Ovid*, or the more early and mysterious *Poems* of *Museus*, *Orpheus*, and *Hesiod*. They teach Men to stumble at a Feather in the way of a Religious Life, yet not to boggle at a Millstone or a Mountain, where Interest calls for Resolution and Speed. They start more Difficulties than themselves can answer in the Cases of the Poor. But where Plenty of Gold appears, every Thing is made easy and plain. Mere Higglers in Religion; Quacks and Empiricks in Matters of Conscience; murdering a Thousand distempered Souls, for one they cure. Pretending to be Guides to *Paradise*, they lead Men through uncouth Paths and intricate Windings, till they are lost in Labyrinths of Error, bordering on the Confines of Hell. And then they leave them to themselves, where, if they make one false Step, they go out of their Bounds, trespass on the *Devil's* Frontiers; and so are either in Danger of a Precipice, or at least of being taken Captives by the outlying Scouts of the *Infernal Kingdom*, from whom it is difficult to escape.

There were such as these also among the *Jews* and *Gentiles* of old, and so there are at this Day in all Religions, Men who are severe in *Punctilio's*, and neglect the more Important *Precepts* of the *Law*. Nor can the *Mussulmans* themselves be free from this Embarrassment: of the Faith and Truth brought down from Heaven.

If thou observest the grave and supercilious Looks of our *Imaum's*, *Mollah's*, *Cadi's*, &c. thou wilt take them for the justest Men, the holiest Saints on Earth. Mark but

but their Discourse, it is an Abridgment of the *Alcoran*. They are seen each Morning at the first Hour of *Publick Prayer*, walking before the *Mosques*, or sitting in the Royal *Cemeteries*, under some melancholy Cypress, reading the Book of *Affonack*, or some other spiritual Treatise. With Eyes cast up to Heaven, or humbly fixed upon the Ground, and mimick Postures of their Hands, they act Devotion to the Life: Yet, in their Hearts, perhaps, are studying how to circumvent their Neighbours.

Go to these Persons for Instruction in any doubtful Case, they will hamper thee with far fetched Terms and crabbed Problems; with formal Aspects, and tedious Circumlocutions; stroaking their Beards, and sighing from deceitful Breasts, they will industriously amuse thy Soul with dark *Ænigma's*, and trepan thy Sense in Snares of insignificant and unintelligible Words; striving to make thee believe, they are the *Picklocks* of the *Eternal Cabinet*, if not the *Privy-Councillors* of *Heaven*: Whereas the way of Piety is plain, and circumscribed with certain noted Boundaries. It is hard indeed for a bewildered Traveller to find the narrow Gate, and first Avenue of this sacred Path, amongst so many gorgeous glittering Portals ever standing open and inviting Men into the spacious Fields of Vice. But when he has once entered the obscure Pass, he has nothing else to do, but go directly on, without turning to the right Hand, or the Left, only regarding the fixed Land-marks of eternal Truth, invariable Reason, and sound Morality. To speak plainly, a Man's Duty is comprehended in a few easy Rules; and he that goes to render them difficult, by knotty, thorny Glosses, throws Stumbling-blocks before the Feet of *True Believers*, and interrupts their Pilgrimage to Heaven.

My Friend, if any pious Scruple trouble thee or me, let us henceforth be our own *Casuits*; and not by blind implicate Faith, enslave our *Souls* to Men perhaps more ignorant than ourselves. The *Law* is plain and positive, in necessary Matters. What need we seek to entangle ourselves more?

If

If we perform our *Oraisons* at the appointed Hours, what matter is it, whether we observe the six *Traditionary* Postures, or no? We that are illuminated, I only speak of such. As for the Phlegmatick, dull Multitude, it is fit they should be curbed with Discipline, and made to observe the nice *Punctilio*s of Obedience. What signifies the old versatile Turn of the Head, from one Side to the other, as if we thought to catch the *Prophet* peeping over our Shoulders? Or, where is the Sense of the profounder Mystery of poring on our Fingers with extended Palms, as if we were at *School*, and learning our *Alphabet*; or imitated the clownish Rusticks of *Armenia*, who as they work in the Fields and Vineyards, will make a Dial of their Hand, a *Gnomon* of a Straw, and lose an Hour in stedfast gazing on their dirty Fists, to know what time of Day it is? Then the mysterious resting of our Hands upon our Knees, with other formal Ceremonies: What are they all, but an eternal Discipline, confirmed by ancient Custom, and observed for Order's sake? This need not trouble thee or me, whenever we have occasion to retrench such indifferent Niceties.

Nay, to go farther; if we should neglect the stated Periods of solemn Adoration, compelled thereto by Sickness, Travelling, or any other Necessity; Be not disconsolate, as if thou hadest been guilty of a mortal Sin. Some supererogating Work of Charity, will cancel ten such Faults as that: Or at least, thou mayest look boldly in the Face of God, when at another Season, on thy Knees, thou makest ample Compensation; or by sacred Abstinence and Fasting, disperdest all the Mists and Clouds of Guilt, that sat so heavy on thy Soul. The Times are all alike to him that is Eternal. There is no Distinction of Day or Night, with that immortal Essence, who made the Sun and Stars, and is Himself the unchangeable Source of Light.

So, if we should address ourselves to Heaven, without the usual Forms of Prayer, or any Words at all: we have no reason to be sad, as if our *Oraisons* were ineffectual and unheard. In the Eternal, High Recess; our silent Vows, and softest Whispers of the Soul, echo as
loud

loud as the most bold, and noisy Clamour of the Tongue. There is a Rank of Spirits among the rest above, on purpose made to waft the secret Thoughts of mortal Men to Heaven. We cannot fail of Audience there, whenever we send the least Ejaculation up, with firm Credentials from the Heart.

In a word, believe my *Dgnet*, That the *Supremely Intelligent* and *Wise* chiefly regards the Intention and Fervor of our Minds, the habitual Bent of our Souls, with the innocent and pious Actions of our Lives. He is not to be moved (unless to Indignation) by the vain Tautologies of our verbal Oraisons, the nauseating *Crambe* of devoutest Words, common to Hypocrites and Persons of Sincerity, to the most incorrigible Sinners and the greatest Saints. The humble Silence of a Heart resigned to Destiny, is a pacifick Sacrifice, atoning for the greatest Sins, attracting choicest Favours, Smiles and Benedictions from the Eternal. This is the Discipline of sacred Love, the Rule of perfect Life, the secret Chart of the Elect, whereby they steer their Course to *Paradise*.

Which of the Prophets was a formal *Beadsman*, to number out his Oraisons at Finger's-End, and offer up to God a short and vain Retail of Words, in recompence of infinite Bounties past, and in hopes of more to come?

When *Mahomet* was pursued by cruel Infidels and forced to make the Wilderness his Sanctuary, and hide himself within the Hollow of an aged Oak, he did not seek to amuse the *Eternal* with studied Forms of Speech, and human Eloquence, or tire the immortal Ears with a religious long Harangue; as if he thought to ensnare the general Mercy of the *Holy One*, in Trains of artificial and elaborate Language, or catch his more particular Indulgence, in a Trap of subtle Rhetorick. The harmless Saint, with Heart and Face composed with self-denying Thoughts and Looks, stood like a Statue in the blessed *Aylum*: Whilst gentle Rivulets of compassionate Tears trilled down his Cheeks, his Soul was pierced with sacred Pity to his Enemies. He sighed and wished, in short, whatever blameless Piety could suggest

suggest for him and them. Angels immediately carried the Prophetick Vows to Heaven. His silent passionate Prayer was heard. The cruel Persecutors blinded with impious Fury, rushed into the Desert; they spread themselves abroad and rode at large: One Traytor spurred his Horse through thickest Webs of low-entangled Thorns and Underwoods, greedy of the Royal and Majestick Prey, whilst others took the open Paths, hoping to overtake the *Prophet* on the Flight. They seemed to swim, or fly rather than ride, such was the Swiftmess of their Course, fierce was the Cry, re-echoed from the Hollows of the Rocks and Valleys, (*Mecca, for the Head of Mahomet.*) Some stumbled at the out-creeping Roots of Trees, and broke a Leg or an Arm, by a precipitate Fall from off their Beasts; whilst others had their Eyes struck blind by interfering Twigs. One had his Turbant rudely brushed off, and Scalp severely shaved, by broken Stumps of Boughs, and Rows of knotty Branches, placed and bent down by Fate, on purpose to avenge the Apostle's Cause on such a Miscreant as this. Another could not curb his Horse from jumping down into a deep Quarry, digged in the midst of the Wood, where the proud Heretick dashed his Skull and Brains upon the Marble Pavement at the Bottom. So sensible and vindictive are inanimate Creatures, when a good Man, a Saint, a Friend of God is wronged. The very Stocks and Stones, and all the Elements are touched with sacred Sympathies at such a Time. The Frame of Nature feels strangetender Passions, Fits and Qualms of amorous Regard. And God himself, if I may so express my self, is roused as from a Trance, and snatching up the Power and Wrath, runs like a Champion to defend the Cause of injured Innocence.

But I forget that I am writing a Letter, and therefore ought to be brief. Besides, what I have said is sufficient to convince thee, that I have an Idea of Religion, far different from that which the Casuists, whether *Mussulmans* or *Christians*, would imprint in Men's Minds.

If

If thou canst not think as I do, I condemn thee not. Use thy native Freedom ; but remember, that though Mens Reasons and Opinions vary as do their Faces ; yet Truth is *homogeneous*, uniform, and ever of the same Complexion, in all Ages and Nations.

Paris, 1st of the 2^d Moon,
of the Year 1672.

LETTER IV.

To the Kiamacham

THE King of *France* has lately made a League with the King of *England*. Whereupon the People, by way of Proverb, say, that *Mars* and *Jupiter* are now in *Conjunction* : Reflecting thereby, on the different Temper of these two Princes. The one debonaire and jovial, excessively addicted to Women and Wine, yet not forgetting or declining martial Affairs, when his Honour or Interest invites him to take up Arms : The other seeming wholly taken up with the Thoughts of Conquest, and enlarging his Dominions ; yet sparing some time for the Enjoyment of himself, and Prosecution of his Amours.

However, both of them now have proclaimed open War against the *Hollanders*, by Sea and Land. The King of *Sweden*, who was before an *Ally* of the *Dutch*, has of late declared himself a Neuter. And the Bishop of *Munster*, who is one of the Electors of the *German* Empire, is engaged in the *French* Interest.

Thus are some of the Princes and States in *Europe* divided already ; and God knows how far the Breach may extend in time.

It is not altogether unworthy of Remark, what different Factions there were of late amongst the *Hollanders* themselves, though a *Republick*, pretending to a greater and faster Union of Interests than what can be found in any Monarchy. Yet this Common-wealth

was

was rent into three several Parties. Whereof one was headed by the Prince of *Orange*; the other of *John de Wit*, and the third was composed of the *Commons*, without any *Chief* of note.

I will not trouble thee with a Character of the Prince of *Orange*: He is already known by Fame at the *Sublime Porte*. As to *John de Wit*, I can give no other Account at present, but that he was a Person, whom Fortune had raised to such an Eminence in the *Commonwealth*, as made him the Prince of *Orange*'s Rival, and Competitor for the Supremacy. Therefore he sought to exclude him from all Employments and Offices of Trust, that he might establish himself in his Place.

The third Party, whom we may call *Republicans*, were of Opinion, That it was not for the Honour of the *Commonwealth* to acknowledge any Head; judging that the Establishment or Exclusion, the Rise or Fall of the Prince, or *De Wit*, ought to be a thing indifferent to the *States*. In regard the *Commonwealth* appeared in their Sight sufficient to flourish, under the Protection of her own Arms and Riches, without having any need of either the Prince of *Orange*'s Assistance, or *De Wit*'s.

However, notwithstanding these Animosities of the *Hollanders* among themselves; as soon as they found themselves engaged in a War with two such potent Monarchs, they all unanimously chose the Prince of *Orange* as General of their *Army*: Remembring the famous Actions of his Fathers, the Princes of the House of *Nassau*, by whose Valour and Conduct they had gained and conserved their Liberties. On the other Side, *De Wit* having rendered himself odious to the Vulgar, was by them torn in Pieces; Such a Destiny oft happening to those who aspire to raise themselves by unlawful Methods, and who are ambitious to be the Ringleaders of a Faction.

The *French* call the Prince of *Orange* a General without an Army; in regard the *Hollanders* being as yet only upon the Defensive, and their Towns wanting strong Garrisons, their Soldiers are all disposed

of this way, so that there is little or no Appearance of a Field Army.

This is certain, the King of *France* is the most gallant Prince in *Europe*. He passes from Divertisements to the Toils of the War; and from the Campaign returns to his Pleasures again. Thus it is difficult to distinguish between his Labours and Recreations; his Pleasures and his Business. They seem to be so near of kin; that he takes equal Pleasure in both.

It was but a little before the first Appearances of this War, that he and his Queen were revelling in the Gardens of *Chantilly*, where a *Royal* Entertainment was prepared for them by Night. The *Court* attended them thither; and there the *Roman* Luxury was seen in *Royal* Miniature. As soon as the Gates were opened, there appeared an artificial Day; so light was the Place made with Flambeaus and Lamps: Which being well placed among the Trees with other refined Illuminations, adorned with Chaplets of Flowers, which presented the Eye with a pleasing Medley of Colours interspersed with Oranges, Citrons, and other agreeable Fruits, transported the Company with exquisite Delights. All together pretty well resembled a Forest in a Chamber: For the Walls not being far from the Place where the King sat, were hung with Arras, with a Multitude of Lights burning near the Hangings: And there was a Spring of Water in the Middle of the Garden, raising itself after a wonderful Manner into the Form of a high Pyramid; and falling again into three Basons of Marble successively, from one to the other, made a pleasant Spectacle to the Courtiers.

Then a most magnificent Collation was served up with vocal and instrumental Musick, so soft and fine, with a sudden Dew cooling the Air, which had a Smell like Sweet-Bryars, as rendered the Place a perfect *Paradise*. After which followed the King's Supper, far surpassing the other Banquet in all manner of Delicacy and Politeness, as well as the stupendous Abundance of Dishes. When Supper was ended, they were entertained with a Show of something admirable and new in Fire-works. But though it be so

to them, I will not trouble thee with a Description of it; since thou hast seen a far finer and more costly at *Constantinople*, or where-ever the great *Sultan* kept his Residence at the Time of a *Dunalma*.

After this, the King went to see the New Fortifications of *Dunkirk*, which he had ordered not long before. And in a little time followed this *Declaration of War* against *Holland*.

So things go in a Circle from *War* to *Peace*; from *Peace* to *War* again. However, thou wilt the better know by what I have said, how to comport thy self, in case of any Difference between the *English*, *French*, and *Hollanders* at the *Sublime Porte*. God inspire thee with a *Climacterical* Wisdom, to adjust all Difficulties in their stated Periods.

Paris, 26th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1672.

LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

THOU hast borne with a thousand Impertinencies in my Letters; and I know not whether what I am going to write, will deserve a better Character. However, I feel a Spirit within me, checking my stupid Mind, in that I was not before sensible of my Error, but must make so late a Recantation. It is impossible for me to reflect on the vain and trifling Subjects I have all along entertained thee with, and not blush at so grand an Over-sight; since I then seemed not so much as to regard thy Knowledge and Practice in *Medicines*, which has exalted thee to the Honour of being placed in the Front of those who take care of the *Grand Segnior's* Health. Much less did I present thee with Matters suitable to thy more interior Knowledge

ledge, and that hidden Wisdom, which deservedly ranks thee among the most perfect and accomplished Mortals.

In ancient Time, *Theology* and *Physick* were counted *Sciences* of such a near Relation and mutual Dependence, that one could not subsist without the other. By *Physick* they meant the general *Science* of *Nature*, otherwise termed *Magick*: Which comprehended under it the Knowledge of the *Heavens*, the *Elements*, and every Being within their vast Circumference: The Motions of *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, their various *Aspects*, *Influences* and *Dominions* in this lower World: The Nature of the *Winds* and *Meteors*, with their Effects; the Virtues of all *Plants*, and *living Creatures*; as also of *insensible Things*, the *Metals*, *Minerals*, and other Substances found both on the Surface of the *Earth*, within its Concave, and in the *Sea*.

Such as those of old, were *Appolonius Thyanæus*, with the *Magi* of *Persia* and *Chaldæa*. Such as *Hierarchas* among the *Brachmans*; *Tespion* the *Gymnosophist*; *Budda* the *Babylonian*; *Numa Pompilius* at *Rome*; *Zamolxides* of *Thrace*; *Abbaris* the *Hyperborean*; *Hermes Trismegistus* of *Egypt*; *Zoroaster* the Son of *Oromases*, King of *Bactria*; *Evantes* an *Arabian* King; *Zacharias*, a *Babylonian*; *Joseph*, a *Hebrew*: With many others of different Nations; as *Zenotenus*, *Kirrannides*, *Almadal*, *Thetel*, *Alchind*, *Abel*, *Ptolemy*, *Geber*, *Zabel*, *Nazabarub*, *Tebiti Aerith*, *Solomon*, *Astrophon*, *Hipparchus*, *Alcmeon*, &c. And of later Date, *Albertus*, surnamed the Great, *Arnoldus de Villa Nova*, *Cardan*, *Raymund Lullius*: With a few more not worth the Naming.

These contemplated the secret Force and Virtue of celestial and sublunary Things; the hidden Sympathy between them and the mysterious Powers of Nature. Then having by a curious and painful Scrutiny traced out the true Genealogies of Things, cast their Nativities, and discovered all their Kindred, Allies, Friends and Enemies; knew by applying in due Season *Actives* to proper *Passives*, how to produce Effects appearing stupendous Prodigies to the Vulgar, and no less than Miracles:

Miracles : Whereas, all this is but a pure Result of Nature, helped by human Art. So Watches, Dials, Clocks, and Mirrors, appeared at first to the ignorant World, the Effects of Magick : Especially the simple Natives of *America*, shewed little more Wit than Apes or Cats, which look behind the Glass, to find the active Figure of themselves, that they saw in it.

And now I am got amongst those poor *Barbarians*, I cannot forget a Passage of a poor *Peruvian* Slave; who being sent by his *Spanish* Master with a Basket of choice Fruit, and a Letter to his Friend ; the silly Ignoramus being faint, by reason of the excessive Heat ; his Journey being also tedious, from the Town of *Lima* to a Village near the Mountains of *Potosi*, eat up the Fruit by the Way, to allay his hungry Thirst. However, not having so good a Stomach to the Letter, he delivered it safe to the Person to whom it was addressed ; never once dreaming that an insensible Piece of Paper could tell Tales. But that discovering his Crime, when he came home, his Master ordered him to the *Basinado*, to make him sensible of it. Then he was sent again on the same Errand with Oranges and a Letter ; and meeting with the same Temptation, he knew not what to do. At last, he hid the Letter under a Heap of Sand : wisely concluding, That if it saw him not it could not betray his Fact. However, to secure it from all means of Peeping, he spread his Mantle over the Place, and then fell roundly to his Banquet ; thinking he should have no Accuser. In fine, he eat up all the Oranges, and was worse banged for his Pains than the Time before.

Generous *Hali*, thou seest I am fallen into the same Error for which I made Apology at the Beginning of this Letter : But thou canst easily forgive such Crimes as these. Suffer me only to relapse thus far, That I may mention the Mathematical Magicians ; such as *Archytas*, who made a *Wooden Pigeon* to fly ; and *Albert the Great*, who taught a *Brazen Head* to speak : Not forgetting him unknown by Name, who gave to the Statues of *Mercury*, *Voluble Tongues*, and *Elegant Languages* ; by whose Mechanick Art a *Brazen Serpent* learned

learned to hiss : and Birds of the same Metal with other Helps, out-vied the Nightingales and Thrushes in their Melody.

I will not omit the execrable Practices of *Necromancers*, or such as invoke the Dead; and with nefarious Ceremonies, Rites and Sacrifices, call to aid Infernal Spirits; bind them in Crystals, or some other Vehicle; and then adore them as the ancient *Romans* did their *Lares* and *Penates*. These are the Oracles which they consult in all Emergencies; and by their Help, work Wonders in the World, foretel Things future, and reveal the most remote and hidden Secrets, whether past, or present. Nor is this a Fable, or an Old-Wife's Tale; for unless the experienced Nations of the Earth had found some real Evils from Wizards, Magicians and Witches; they would not have made so severe Laws against them, as to aim at their Extermination from the Earth.

Neither need we admire, that Women are as much addicted to these cursed Vanities as Men; since they are naturally more inquisitive into Secrets, and less cautious of being imposed upon: They are prone to Superstition; and from their Infancy, bred up to observe their Dreams, their Moles, and other Marks upon their Bodies. They covet all the Depth of Palmistry and Physiognomy; besides a thousand other little Follies.

If they meet a Man in the Street at first going out, they are encouraged, and take it for a Sign of their good Fortune. But if one of their own Sex encounters them, they curse the undesigning Female, and return home again. They observe fatal Days and Nights, and certain critical Hours, wherein they try Experiments to know their future Husbands. They brew enchanting Philters for their Lovers, and intoxicate them with Liquors, wherein young human *Cupids* have been boiled with Herbs, as powerful to effect their Wish, as those that *Circe* or *Medea* knew. In short, there is no Species of *Sortilegy*, or Divination, which vain and young Maidens are not practised in: Which has a fair Disposition, or Introduction, to the blackest Kind of Magick.

But

But blessed are they, O Pious and most Learned *Hali* who being profoundly skilled, and daily conversant in the Science of Nature, have never tainted themselves by any unlawful Commerce with Spirits Unclean, Infernal, and Enemies to God. They are Divine Magicians, having Celestial Characters, the hidden Name of God imprinted on their Souls, whereby they are able to attract the Angels, and make the highest Spirits obey him.

Hali, God grant that thou mayest be one of the Venerable and Happy Number. Farewel.

Paris 5th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year, 1672.

LETTER VI.

To Orchan Cabet, Student of the Sciences
and Pensioner to the Grand Signior.

IT has been a long Time since the Christians have openly published Libels against our *Holy* Lawgiver and the Book which he received from the Hands of *Gabriel*, one of the chief Princes of Heaven: They affirm for an undoubted Truth, that *Mahomet* himself composed that Volume of Light, by the Help of *Natorius* a Christian Monk, and *Abdalla* a Jew: And that it is but an Artificial Medley, a Hotch-potch, or *Gaufrey* of Pagan, Jewish and Christian Principles cunningly suited and blended together, in order to gain Profelytes of all Religions.

I protest by the Veneration I owe to the Eternal God of Heaven, that I really believe the *Alcoran* to be a Divine Original. Such is the inimitable Elegance of the Stile, the Brightness and Force of its Reasons and Arguments, the wonderful and charming Contexture of Things *Historical*, *Moral* and *Divine*; that all the Writings in the World beside, seem to be flat and insipid, compared with this Sacred and Stupendous Poem.

dict of Wisdom. Yet I must confess, I know not how to answer the Accusation of the *Nazareens*, because I have never read any *Mussulman* Treatise, that undertook to refute these Calumnies: Which makes me apt to think, there is none such extant. For I have made diligent Enquiry, discoursed with several learned Doctors of our Law: but can gain no Satisfaction in that Point.

Perhaps, our Fathers in former Ages, were ignorant how the Messenger of God had been traduced by the Christians; or if they knew it, yet they disdained to answer such malicious Lies. And as for these modern Times, the Zeal of Religion is grown too cool among the true *Believers*. Every one is carried away with Self-Love, whilst no Man will be at the Pains to defend the Truth, or manifest the Errors of our Enemies. Besides, it is now impossible to disprove what they say concerning *Nestorius* and *Abdalla*; unless we could produce Authors of unquestionable Authority, who lived in *Mahomet's* Time, and so could give a more exact Account of his Life, than those that came after them.

However, if we consult common Reason, we shall find it very improbable, That three Men of such contrary Principles, as a *Jew*, a *Christian*, and a *Pagan*, should all voluntarily agree and jump in one Design of brewing their several Religions together, and drawing such an Extract from them as could suit with neither of their Parties singly, and was like to have all of them together for its Enemies and Persecutors: There was no Ground for them to expect the Conversion of any *Jews*, so long as the *Alcoran* asserts *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, to be the True *Messias*, the Word and Breath of God, Worker of Miracles, Healer of Diseases, Preacher of Heavenly Doctrine, and Exemplary Pattern of a perfect Life; denying that he was Crucified, but affirming that he *Ascended into Paradise*. Whereas the *Jews* call him an Execrable Impostor, Magician, Seducer of the Nations; and finally, by way of extreme Derision, they term him the Man that was hanged on a Tree.

Neither

Neither was the *Alcoran* like to find any better Entertainment among the *Christians*, for this last Reason; in that it denies the Crucifixion of the *Messias*, which is the Basis whereon all the Superstructure of their Religion is built: It is the Angular Stone of *Christianity*. Besides, they could never be reconciled to Polygamy, Circumcision, abolishing of Images and Pictures; nor to a great many other Things which the *Mussulman-Law* enjoins. Especially they could never brook the Denial of the *Trinity*.

And for the same Reason, this supposed, patched Form of Religion would have been as little welcome to the *Gentiles*, in that it took from them the Multitude of their Gods, and asserted the Unity of the Divine Essence. So that all Circumstances being weighed, it appears that the *Alcoran*, since it has such Success in the World, could not be forged by those Three, nor composed by any human Pen; but is of divine Original. Besides, had there been such a Triumvirate known in the Case, the *Corai's* of *Mecca*, and other Mortal Enemies of *Mahomet* and his Doctrine, would not have spared to upbraid him with it: And if they were not known to the *Arabians* who were conversant with him, how came the *Christians* to be informed of this private *Cabal*, who were altogether Strangers to *Mahomet* at that time.

Consider well these Things, and thou wilt have no reason to give credit to the Calumnies and lying Aspersions cast on the *Apostle of God*, by *Unbelievers*; but being more and more confirmed in the Undeiled Faith, wilt glorify God, who has guided thee in the right Way, and not into the Way of *Infidels*, and those with whom he is displeased.

Orchan, as thou art endued with great Learning, I counsel thee to employ it in defending the Cause of the Prophet, who could neither write nor read.

Paris, 15th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1672.

L E T

L E T T E R VII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of the Ottoman Empire.

HERE has been hot Work this Summer in the West. The King of France has made such swift and large Conquests on the *Hollanders*, that they have hardly had Time to consider their Losses, and the Number of their Towns fallen into their Enemies Hands.

It always falls out so, when this Monarch goes in Person to the Campaign, as he did this Year. In a very little Time he took *Burich, Orsay, Rimberg, Vezel, Rees, Emmerick*, and many other Places. Yet this Success was allayed with the Death of the Duke of *Longueville*, who fell a Victim, either to his Dullness or Temerity, in not hearing or not receiving the Cries of the Enemy, who demanded Quarter as the *French* were passing the *Rhine*. He was shot with a Musket-bullet: And the Duke of *Enguien*, his Cousin, very narrowly escaped; for they were both jointly engaged in the same Action.

The Death of this Prince is much lamented, not only by those of his Family, but by the whole Court and City, as being in the Flower of his Time, having signalized his Valour at the Siege of *Candi*, the Conquest of the *Frenche-Compte*, and other warlike Expeditions. And they discourse, as if he had been designed to stand Candidate for the *Polish* Crown.

I am the more particular in this Relation, because the Enterprize of the *French* King in passing the *Rhine*, is looked upon as one of the most hardy and bold, that ever was taken in Hand. In all the Histories of these Parts, there is not one Example of so surprizing an Expedition. And the Success answered their Expectations: For the *Hollanders* were extremely daunted and disheartned by the News of these Exploits. In a little Time *Arnheim Nimeguen*, were reduced to the King's

Obedience ; with the Fort of *Skin*, and Towns of *D'Oesburg*, *Bomel*, *Zutphen* ; *Deventer*, the Metropolis of a Province, with *Weiset*, *Tongres*, *Maseick*, *Dortemain*, *Elbourg*, *Woorden*, *Arnheim*, another Capital City, with many more Places, too tedious to be rehearsed.

In a word, such are his expeditious Marches, his sage Counsels, his never-failing Success, that the People think it no Flattery to call him a second *Alexander* the Great, *Tamerlane*, *Scanderberg*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal* ; and all the great heroick Names in the World.

To speak the Truth, the King of *France* hath all along made an illustrious Figure in the World. And their famous Exploits in War, with their heroick Actions in Time of Peace, afford sufficient Matter for the highest Panegyricks, without an Occasion of *Hyperboles*. Which made one of the *Roman Muftis* in a Letter to the King of *France*, thus expresses himself : ‘ By ‘ how much the Royal Dignity transcends the State of ‘ other Men, so far is the Monarchy of *France* exalted ‘ above all the Kingdoms in the World.’ Pope *Urban IV.* said, That the King of *France* was as the *Morning Star* in the *Firmament* of *Princes* ; brighter than all other Kings, a perfect *God* on Earth. It is asserted by another Author, That by the King of *France*’s Shadow, the whole World is ruled. And such was the Esteem which Pope *Clement* had for this Monarchy, that he granted a hundred Days Indulgence to every one that prayed for the King of *France* ; to which Pope *Innocent IV.* added Ten Days more.

It is a Maxim in the *Salique Law*, That the King of *France* never dies. But this indeed is altogether as true in *Spain*, *Great-Britain*, and other *Hereditary Kingdoms*, till the Succession fails. For then it degenerates to an *Elective Monarchy*, or otherwise into *Aristocracy* ; or last of all into *Democracy*, or a *Republick*.

But *France* is yet free from these painted Forms of Slavery. Her Kings are masculine and vigorous ; her Queens chaste and fruitful. There never wants an Heir apparent to the Crown. And this secures the Nation from a thousand Calamities, which attend *Elective*

lective Monarchies, and more popular Forms of Government.

What Injustices, Cruelties, Massacres, and all manner of publick Grievances were complained of in *Rome*, after *Claudius Cæsar* had bought the Empire of his Soldiers ? What Bickerings between the Senate, the People, and the Armies ? Each Party would have an Emperor of their own chusing ; one Province was emulous of another : So that sometimes there have been twenty or thirty Emperors together, all claiming the Sovereignty. And when there were but two, such was the obstinate and stroug Dispute between them, that they have been forced to share the Empire equally, as the only Means to prevent its utter Dissolution. Hence sprung the first Institution of Colleagues in the Empire. And this was the Root of those Factions and Divisions, which increasing and growing up with Time, branched forth into smaller Schisms ; till at length, by Ambition of some, the Misfortune or Carelessness of others, or at least their want of Power and Courage ; that the mighty Empire was cantonized, rent in Pieces, and dwindled into that narrow Dominion which it now possesses under the Tutelage of the *House of Austria*. And there appear no Hopes of its ever being restored again to its pristine *Grandeur*, unless the *Bourbons*, wit their growing Fortune, shall crown the *Eagle* with a Chaplet of *Flower-de-Lys's*, and change the Seat of the *Western Monarchy*, from improsperous *Vienna* to all-conquering *Paris*.

In a word *Henry IV.* began the Design ; *Lewis XIII.* carried it on, and this present King has so far improved it, by his matchless Fortune and Courage, that in all probability, this or the next Age will see it brought to Perfection.

Accomplished Minister, I bow my self with abundance of interior Veneration, to the Dust of thy Feet: I affectionately kiss the Border of thy Robe, and bid thee a devout Adieu.

Paris, 14th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1672.

K 2

L E T.

L E T T E R VIII.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

TH Y Letters make me very restless and inquisitive; they awaken new Doubts and Scruples in my Breast, instead of removing or satisfying the old ones. Fresh Queries start in my Mind; and the more thou labourest to fasten me in thy narrow Superstition and bigotted Zeal for the Infallibility of the Pope and the *Roman Church*, the looser I grow. My Soul is like a wild Colt in the Wilderness, that tosses up his Head, snuffs the Air in Indignation, and scorning the Bridle of Servitude, neighs for Joy at his native Liberty, scampering at large through the solitary Waste; nor can he be wheedled by human Craft, to lose his beloved Freedom, or change it for a tame Captivity.

I have revolved in my Mind the Ages that are past, and the Years of untraceable Origin. I have examined the Times and Seasons of the World, recorded in *History*; from *Adam* to *Moses*, from *Moses* to *Jesus*, and from *Jesus* to the present Days wherein we live. After all, I find that the *Memoirs* of former Transactions are covered with great Darknes; yet there are not wanting some Glimmerings of Light, to direct a diligent Mind, and impartial Lover of Truth.

Jesus the Son of *Mary*, was of the Stock of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*. He was educated in the Law of *Moses*, which he observed in all Things to a Tittle: And in his Life-time he said, *Think not that I come to destroy the Law but to perfect it*. His Apostles observed the same Rule, and in all Things were strict Observers of the stated Precepts. So were the Primitive Christians, even to the keeping of the *Jewish Sabbath*; besides the first Day of the Week appointed for the publick Celebration of their own *Mysteries*. They abstained from Blood, and from Things strangled, and from all unclean Meats, and such as were sacrificed to Idols. They had no *Images* or *Pictures* in their Churches,

Churches, Chapels, or Oratories. In fine, they observed all the necessary Purifications, and adored *One* God with Unity of Heart, and lively Faith and good Works. Whereas thou seest, the present *Roman Church* follows quite contrary *Maxims*. They give the Lye to our Lord's own Declaration; and positively say, that he came on purpose to abolish the *Law*, and introduce an Universal Liberty; that we may now as freely banquet on the Blood of slain Beasts, as on the Milk of the Living; and eat of *Swines Flesh*, and other abominable Food, with as little Detriment to our Souls, as on the Flesh of Lambs, or other clean Creatures allowed by the Law of God. How can this hang together, or be credited by any Rational Man? It is no wonder there are so many *Libertines* and *Atheists* in the World, when they find *Christianity* to be a meer Heap of palpable Contradictions.

To this thou wilt answer, according to the common Rules of *Divines*, that during the *Primitive Times*, the Apostles, and all other *Christians*, observed the *Law* of *Moses*, for fear of giving Scandal to the *Jews*, of whom great Numbers were converted to the *Christian Faith*, when they saw that the Followers of *Jesus* did not deviate from the Institutions of the *Seniors*, the *Statutes* of the *House of Jacob*: But that afterwards, when the *Gospel* was preached far and wide on the Face of the Earth, and that many of the *Gentile Nations* were brought over to the Church; it was no longer necessary, for the Sake of so contemptible a People as the *Jews*, to scandalize all the rest of the World, and impose on them a Yoke which they were not accustomed to bear; and which would tempt them to shake off *Christianity* it self, rather than submit to so intolerable a Burthen: Therefore the Church, to facilitate as much as in her lay, the Conversion of the *Roman Empire*, which then extended it self over the greatest Part of the Earth; accomodated her Injunctions, Precepts, Manners, and Ceremonies of Religion, to the present Humour and Mode of those Times. And whereas the *Gentiles* eat of all Meats indifferent; so they were taught, that this was agreeable to the Will of our Lord

Jefus, who came to refcue Men from the Slavery and Bondage of *Mojaick* Superftitions.

By the very fame Rule they introduced the Ufage of Images and Pictures in their Churches : And the Veffments of the Priests, the Ornaments of the Altar, the Tapers, Lamps, Incenfe, Flower-pots, and other Religious Gaieties, were fashioned according to the Patterns they received from the Priests of *Jupiter*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Diana*, and the reft of the *Heathen Deities*. Hence the Festivals of the *Gods* and *Goddeffes* were turned to Holy-Days of Saints : And Temples before conſecrated to the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, were afreſh dedicated the *Apoſtles* and *Martyrs*. Thus the very *Pantheon* it ſelf in *Rome*, or *Temple of all the Gods*, in Proceſs of *Time*, by an Eccleſiaſtical Dexterity, was converted to the Church of *All-Saints*. In a Word, *Chriſtianity* in all Things ſeemed no other than *Gentiliſm* in Diſguiſe. And it muſt be thought a *Pious Fraud*, thus to wheedle ſo many Millions of Sinners into the Boſom of the Church, whether they would or no.

O ! Father *William*, doſt not thou bluſh at theſe trivial Excuses, for the manifeſt Violation of the Laws of *God* ? Can Man be wiſer than the Omnipotent ? Or will he preſume to correct the Ways of him that is perfect in Knowledge ? Is the *True Religion* to be propagated by imitating the *Idolatrous Rites of Infidels* ? Or by prostituting the Sacred Injunctions of Heaven to the Caprices of human Policy ? Did ever any wiſe Law-giver condeſcend to alter and new model his Laws, to humour a peeviſh captious Subject ? Would he add or diminifh any Thing for the fake of gaining a Faction or Party ? And can we think, that *God* ever deſigned, or can be pleaſed to have his Divine Laws garbled and mixt with prophane Indulgencies, Diſpenſations, and Amendments of *Mortals* ? As if he had been ignorant what he did, when he divulged his Statutes, and wanted the Counſel of his Creatures to help him out at a dead Liſt.

Was that Tenderneſs to be only ſhewed to the *Jews* for

for a Time ? And were they for ever afterwards to be scandalized ? In vain does the Church daily pray for the Conversion of that People, whilst by her Doctrines and daily Practices, she hardens them more in their Infidelity. The *Ethiopian* Church is a standing Witness against her to this Day, where the *Christians* from all Antiquity, even from the Times of the Apostles, have kept that Part of the *Law of Moses*, which relates to Cleanness and Uncleanness, and prescribes the Choice we are to make of Meats allowed to be eaten, forbidding those that are Execrable, and an Abomination. Hence it is, that there are more *Jews* converted to the Christian Belief in that Country, than in any other Part of the World besides.

It was, in my Opinion, to begin at the wrong End, thus to neglect the Salvation of the *Jews*, our elder Brethren, from whom we received the Oracles of God, and run to proselyte the *Gentiles* by such preposterous Methods, as rendered us in a manner as much their Converts, as them ours : Since we shuffled our Religions together at random, and made a Lottery of divine and human Institutions, exchanging one Species of Superstition and Idolatry for another ; bartering *Jupiter* for *Peter*, and *Mars* for *Paul* ; *Venus* and her *Cupid*, for the *Virgin Mary* and her Child *Jesus*. A God for an *Apostle* ; and a Demy-God for a Martyr : Whilst the Law it self, which is the Foundation and main Prop of *True Religion*, lies neglected and trampled under Foot.

The *Christians* of the *East* seem more excusable than we : For, tho' they are not so punctual in observing all the Niceties of *Cleanness* and *Uncleanness*, *Meats*, and *Drinks*, &c. as those of *Ethiopia* : Yet they will not taste of Blood, or any Thing strangled. And their Ecclesiasticks abstain from all manner of Flesh, during the whole Course of their Lives. They observe also many Purifications, and wholesome Rules of Life. Whereas we of the *Latin* Church wallow in all manner of Filthiness like *Swine* ; and bless our selves, as if we were the only *True Catholics*, the Elect of God, in the high Road to *Heaven*. I am at a Loss what to think of these Things ; neither can I ever

hope to see the *Jews* converted, till these Offences are removed.

There is a Rumour spread up and down, of the *Wandering Jew*. I suppose thou hast heard of such a Man. He is now at *Astracan*, and preaches every where, that there will be a *Reformation of Christianity*, after the Year 1700. That the *Jews* shall be converted; and all this to be performed by the admirable Gifts of an *Englishman*, who shall restore *Truth* to its Primitive Lustre and Integrity. They say, he will cause the *Images* and *Pictures* to be utterly destroyed, and the *Law* of *Moses* to be kept, so far as relates to Cleanness and Uncleanness, &c. That in his Days the Temple of *Solomon* shall be rebuilt, and the World shall put on a new Face.

Father *William*, I would not have thee despise these Things, since they have been long foretold by *Joachim* the *Abbot*, by *St. Methodius*, by *Nostradamus*, the *French Prophet*, and many other eminent Persons, whose Writings are extant, and many of their Predictions are already come to pass. The *Roman Church* manifestly stands in need of a Reformation: And since the Governors of it cannot be prevailed on to set their Hands to so pious a Work, we know not but God may effect it by the Means of a Stranger, some obscure Person at present, but whose Light may shine hereafter through all Generations.

Father *William*, thou wilt pardon the Liberty I take in discoursing about these Things, and remember, that it is a Work of Charity to bear with Impertinencies of others. However, I thank God I am out of the *Purlieu* of the *Spanish Inquisition*.

Paris, 1st of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1672.

L E T T E R IX.

To Codabafrad Cheick, a Man of the
Law.

I Have a Kinsman by Blood, refiding at *Astracan*, in the Parts of *Muscovy*: His Name is *Ifof*, a Man of an ardent Spirit, and active Wit; a great Traveller, and one who makes good that Character, by the folid Remarks he has made on the moft important Things in his way, through *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*. For he is not in the Number of thofe who come home from Foreign Countries, only laden with Vanities and Trifles.

From him I receive frequent Difpatches, fince his being fettled at *Astracan*, in Quality of a Merchant; where he improves his Eftate to great Advantage, enjoys the innocent Pleafures of human Life, without fuffering himfelf to be tainted with the Vices which are unprofitable, troublefome, and bring Scandal to a Man's Reputation. For fome Vices, thou knoweft, pafs into the Predicaments of Virtues, when Intereft or Neceffity gives an Indulgence.

There is a mutual Intercourse between my Coufin and me: And among other Letters which he fends, I received one lately; wherein he informs me, that he whom they call the *Wandering Jew*, of whom I have made mention formerly in one of my Difpatches to the Sublime Port, is now at *Astracan*; that he preaches openly in the Markets, and at the *Bourse* or *Exchange*; not refufing private Converfation with any that defire it.

There is a great Conflux of People from all Nations, and of all Religions to that City. He carries himfelf with an equal Indifference to every various *Sett*, and they all feem mightily taken with his Doctrines. The chief Thing he aims at in all his Difcourfes is, that there will e're long be an univerfal Change of *Religion* over all the Earth, and that every

Nation on the Globe shall worship One God, obey the Law of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and embrace One Faith. When he insists on this, he seems to be void of all Doubts and Hesitations ; speaks magisterially, like a Prophet, who has received a sure and certain Revelation of the Thing he foretels. But when any dispute with him, not in Spirit of Captiousness, but to sift the Truth ; he freely condescends to answer all their Objections with solid Reasons, and to convince them by their own Principles, that it must be so.

He says, That about the Year 1700 of the *Christian H-gira*, the invincible *Osmans* shall break down the Fences of *Europe*, and shall overflow all *Christendom* like a mighty Torrent, that has over-topped its Banks. In those Days there shall be great Desolation in *Hungary*, *Poland*, *Germany*, *France*, and other Regions of the *West*. Only *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Muscovy*, and other Countries of the *North* shall remain untouched. But above all other Nations, he says, *Italy* will be made a perfect Wilderness, her Cities laid in Ashes, her immense Wealth plundered and carried away by the greedy *Tartars*, *Arabians*, and *Turks*, who will spare neither Age nor Sex, putting all to the Sword, especially the *Ecclesiasticks* ; none of which shall escape the publick Vengeance, save three Cardinals, sincere and holy Persons, who shall fly into *England* for Sanctuary by the Way of the Sea.

That Island, he says, shall become the Refuge of all such who can escape the Calamities involving the adjacent Countries. Thither they shall flock with their Wives and Children, and all their Wealth, when they shall hear of the approaching Terrors, the present Devastations, of *Italy* and the universal Conquests of the *Osmans* : The King of the Country shall receive those distressed Fugitives with open Arms, and shall assign them certain Portions of Land, where they may build Houses and Habitations for themselves and their Families ; there being abundance of waste Ground in that Island, which they may manure and improve to their own and the publick Advantage.

After

After this, says he, shall arise a certain Man in *England* from his obscure Center; a Person filled with all manner of Divine Knowledge and Wisdom, endued with the *Spirit of Prophecy*, of a graceful Aspect, and elegant Speech, of a composed Gravity, and calm Address; a Man mild, innocent, temperate, chaste, and merciful above the rest of human Race. People shall let their Eyes fall on the Ground, when they meet him in the Streets, even before they know what he is; overcome by the Lustre of Modesty, Grace and Virtue which shines in his Countenance. A Person highly beloved of God and Man.

This Man shall meet the three fugitive Cardinals in an Hour of Destiny. Then that which lay long smothering, shall suddenly burst forth into a Flame. The Light of God shall be diffused through his Soul; his Heart shall be like a Lamp, and his Tongue shall utter marvellous Things. When he opens his Mouth in divulging the Mysteries of God, his Words shall be like the Sparks of an eternal Fire, kindling Flames of Love in the Breasts of the Hearers. The Cardinals shall rise from their Places, and run to embrace him. A Council of the chief Bishops and Priests of the Land shall be assembled by the King's Order, where the three Cardinals also shall be present; and after mature Deliberation, with unanimous Consent, they shall call for the Holy Oil of Consecration, and shall anoint him: They shall proclaim him the great Father, and Patriarch of the Faithful; the Director of such as would go to *Paradise*.

He shall shew them a new Pattern of the Law of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*; or rather the old and true One, free from the Corruptions and Errors which have been superinduced for many Years. Their Hearts shall yield as to an Oracle, and the King of the Country shall approve of their Counsel. So shall all those of the Noble and Vulgar, whose good Fate is written in their Foreheads. As for the rest, they shall remain in their Incredulity.

This holy Person shall reform the Errors of all the Christian Churches, utterly abolishing the Use of Images
and

and Pictures, convince the *Jews* of their Infidelity, and chase away the Darkneſs of Superſtition from the Earth. He ſhall argue with Reaſons ſo forcible and cogent, ſo clear and demonſtrative, that none but the wilfully obſtinate will reſiſt the Truth which he divulges, or oppoſe his authentick Miſſion. Thouſands ſhall be converted by the Dint of his Words, and ten thouſands by his Exemplary Life. For he ſhall go up and down preaching and doing good Works throughout *Great-Britain*, till the Number of his Proſelytes is compleat. Then he ſhall ſend Apoſtles and Meſſengers into *Swedeland*, *Denmark*, *Muſcovy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, who ſhall alſo convert an innumerable Multitude to his Law. Foreign Princes ſhall ſend their Ambaſſadors to the King of *Great Britain*, and to him; for he ſhall be at the King's Right Hand. They ſhall enter into Leagues and Convents, and all the Chriſtian Princes ſhall be at Unity. Mighty Armies ſhall be raiſed in the *North*, who ſhall come down and give new Courage to the oppreſſed *Nazarenes* of the *Weſt*. They ſhall all take up Arms, and chase the *Oſmans* back again to their own Country, recovering the Wealth which they had taken from them.

After this, by an univerſal Agreement of the Chriſtians, this holy Perſon ſhall be proclaimed the Great Paſtor of the Church. A prodigious Army ſhall be gathered together out of all the Chriſtian Nations, to conduct him to the *Holy Land*, and to crown him in *Jeruſalem*. They ſhall vanquiſh and exterminate the *Oſmans* out of *Paleſtine*, and all the adjacent Regions. Then ſhall *Jeruſalem* be rebuilt gloriously; and the *Temple of Solomon* with *Sapphires* and *Emeralds*. That City ſhall be the Seat of the *Chriſtian Muſti's*, this new Patriarch and his Succeſſors, to the Day of Doom. Then ſhall the Eyes of the *Jews* be opened: They ſhall acknowledge *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*, to be the true *Meſſias*, whom they have ſo frequently curſed. In a Word, he ſays, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*, People of all Nations, ſhall reſort to *Jeruſalem*, or ſend thither their Gifts and Preſents. It ſhall become the Miſtreſs of the whole Earth.

Sage

Sage *Cbeick*, this is the Substance of what my Cousin *Isof* acquaints me with concerning the *Wandering Jew*, and his new Doctrines. The Censure of which I leave to thee, who hast a discerning Spirit, and art able to distinguish Truth from an Imposture. God only knows what is hid in the Womb of Futurity. Every Age is pregnant, and brings forth strange Events. Yet when it is over, all sounds like a Dream. The World itself is no better; and I that write this, am but, methinks, the Shadow of a Vision or Trance. I hardly know whether I am asleep or awake whilst my Pen seems to move. Therefore, it being very late, I lay it aside, and bid thee adieu: Praying that thou and I may have the Happiness, even in this Life, to taste the sweet Slumbers of *Paradise*.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1672.

L E T T E R X I I I .

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

I Think all the sensible World are inquisitive into the Life of *Cardinal Richlieu*. He was the Pole-Star of Statesmen, whilst living: And now he is dead, his *Memoirs* and *Maxims* serve as a Chart and Compass, by which the Politicians steer their Course to avoid the Rocks and Shelves which threaten a Kingdom, or Common-wealth, both in the Tempests of War, and the serene Calms of Peace.

Thou hast formerly received some Remarks from me, on the Life of this great Minister; yet I am not surprized at the Contents of thy last Dispatch, which require a farther Account of him. No body can know too much of a Man who was the Miracle of his Time; and not only startled the wisest of Contemporaries, by his pro-

prodigious Actions; but has puzzled all that survive him, to trace his Footsteps.

Undoubtedly, *France* owes to his Conduct all her present Grandeur, with the Hopes she has of increasing it. To him she is indebted for her Conquests in *Flanders*, *Sicily*, *Catalonia*, *Piedmont*, and the *German Frontiers*. It was he first taught her the compleat Way to humble her insolent Neighbours, and to suppress her rebellious Domesticks. He much abated the troublesome Weight of a Crown, and made it fit lighter on the Head of *Lewis XIII.* Whilst *Cardinal Mazarini*, his Successor in the *Prime Ministry*, acting by the same Principles, rendered it as soft and easy to the present King, as the *Grand Signior's* Turbant. In a word, through the Efficacy of *Richlieu's* Politicks, *Lewis XIV.* is become the most absolute Monarch in *Christendom*. For he either undermines or over-reaches his Enemies, by specious Treaties of Peace, where he is sure to have the better on it; or he runs them down with the Force of War. To conclude, he has a long Head, and a long Sword, which all will confess that have to do with him. And this is the pure Result of *Richlieu's* Memoirs.

Yet after all, that Minister had his blind Side too as well as other Mortals. Publick Virtues, and private Vices; state Perfections, and Personal Frailties. He served his Master with Zeal and Fidelity, with a Wisdom and Courage, difficult to be matched; but he served himself after the common Manner of Men. He indulged his favourite Passions, which were Love, Jealousy, and Revenge.

There is a Letter of mine registered in the Archives of the *Sacred Porte*, wherein I mentioned a particular Amour of this great *Prelate*. Besides that, he had several Intrigues with the Dutches of *Elbeuf*, the Countess of *Soissons*, and other Ladies of Prime Quality. Nay, there are not wanting such as confidently report, that he had two Children by one of his own Nieces. And Verses were spread about on that Subject.

As he cherished this soft Inclination to Women, so he was naturally jealous of all Rivals, whether of his Love

or Interest. He would never suffer any Man to live, whom he once suspected to be in a Capacity, and to make the smallest Advantage to thwart his Designs.

For this Reason, he gave the most considerable military Offices, both by Sea and Land, to Ecclesiasticks, who depended on him; which occasioned a certain waggish *Poet* to pass this Jest on the Publick Administration :

*Un Archevêque est Admiral.
Un Gros Evêque est Corporal.
Un Prelât Président aux Frontieres,
Un Autre à des Troupes guerrieres.
Un Capuchin pense au Combat,
Un Cardinal à des Soldat,
Un autre est Generalissime ;
France je croy qu'icy bas
Ton Eglise si Magnanime,
Milite & ne triomphe pas.*

Reflecting hereby on the Archbishop of *Bordeaux*, the Bishop of *Chartres*, the Bishop of *Nantes*, the Bishop of *Mande*, Father *Joseph* a Friar, Cardinal *de Valette*, and Cardinal *Richlieu*; these being the chief Commanders of the Land and Sea-Forces.

It will make thee smile, perhaps, to read an Epitaph that was made on that Father *Joseph* above-named; who being esteemed a very infamous Man, and lying interred in the same Tomb with another Friar named Father *Angel*, provoked some satyrtical Wit to put this *Sarcasm* on him :

*Passant, n'est ce past chose etrange.
De voir Diable auprès d'un Ange ?*

I believe Father *Joseph* was the worse beloved for being Cardinal *Richlieu*'s Confessor. It was observed that he died suddenly without confessing himself; which occasioned another Epitaph to be made on him :

Souise

*Souſe ce Tombeau gin un bon Pere,
Qui cut tant de Diſcretion
Que pour être bon Secrétaire
Il mourut ſans Confeſſion.*

Every body ſuſpects the Cardinal had a Hand in his precipitate Death, to prevent his telling of Tales: For he knew all his Secrets; and the Cardinal was known to be with him when he died. It was during the Siege of *Briſac*, a City on the *Rhine*, which was then upon the Point of ſurrendring to the *French*: And the News coming to the Cardinal, juſt as Father *Joſeph* was in his laſt Agonies, he came to his Bed-side, and laying his Mouth cloſe to the poor Friar's Ear, cried as loud as he could, *Couragé, Courage, mon Pere, Nous avons pris Briſac*. A ſtrange Cordial for a dying Man; and ſomebody made theſe Verſes on it:

*Ite Cucullati, vobis ſi Purpura ridet,
Fungitur Inferni Munere Pontificis.*

There is another Inſtance of this Cardinal's Revengeful Temper and his Cruelty. One Day the Duke of *Orleans*, who hated him mortally, went to his Palace, under pretence of giving him a Viſit, but really with a Deſign to ſtab him. However, as ſoon as he came into the Cardinal's Preſence his Noſe fell a bleeding, Which appearing to him as an ominous Preſage of what he was going about, he was ſtruck with ſome Remorſe, and frankly confeſſing his Deſign to the Cardinal, begged his Pardon. That cunning Miniſter diſſembling his Reſentments, knowing the Duke was not a Man of Reſolution enough to undertake ſo bold an Action, unleſs he had been extremely animated by ſomebody near him; he preſently reflected on Montieur *Puylaurent*, the Duke's chief Favourite. Immediately he decreed his Ruin, and to effect it with more Eaſe, he pretended an extraordinary Friendſhip to him, offering him one of his Nieces in Marriage. Montſieur *Puylaurent*, who ſuſpected

pected not the Train which was laid for him, embraced the Proposal with much Joy, as hoping thereby to raise and establish his Fortune under the Protection of his potent Uncle. In fine, he married the Cardinal's Niece, but lived not to enjoy her; for on the very Nuptial Day, the Cardinal caused him to be arrested and sent Prisoner to the *Bastile*, where he was poisoned by a Fryar, in a Glass of Wine. As soon as he had swallowed the fatal Potion, the Fryar told him, *It was necessary for him to confess his Sins that very Moment, in regard he had but a few Minutes to live.* Monsieur Puy-laurent threw the Glass at the Fryar's Head, giving him two or three swinging Curses, and then fell on his Knees to Confession; which being performed, he expired.

Sometimes the Cardinal was very singular and ingenious in the Execution of his Revenge, as if he endeavoured to persuade the World, that he fulfilled the Law of the *Talio*, which requires an Eye for an Eye, and punishes by an exact kind of Proportion. As it happened in the Case of the Dukes of *Guise*, *Montmorency*, and Monsieur de *Bassompierre*. These were the Heads of a Faction, which diametrically opposed the Cardinal and his Party. He was the grand Eye-sore, the chief Obstacle of their Designed Prevalence at the Court. Wherefore, if they could but once remove him out of the Way, they thought themselves sure of the King's Ear in all Things. To effect this, they consulted together how to dispose of him. The Duke of *Guise* was of Opinion, he should not be killed, in regard he was a Prince of the holy Church; but that he should be sent to *Rome*, there to attend the proper Affairs of the Ecclesiastical Function, among the rest of his purpled Brethren. The Duke of *Montmorency* was clearly for taking off his Head. But Monsieur de *Bassompierre* was against both these Methods: For, said he, *if he be sent to Rome, he will be always plotting of Mischief against us. And it would be an eternal Blemish to France, if the Purple of the Holy Church should be stained with Blood. Let us send him close Prisoner to the Bastile, where he may spend the Remainder of his Days in writing learned Books.*

The Cardinal, who had his Agents busy about in all Parts, soon was informed of this Consult: And he retaliated every Man's Sentence upon its own Author. For he banished the Duke of *Guise*, confining him to *Rome*: he beheaded the Duke of *Montmprency*; and imprisoned Monsieur de *Bassompierre* in the *Bastile*, where he lay till the Cardinal's Death.

I could insert a great many more Remarks concerning Cardinal *Richlieu*: But I am afraid of offending by Tedioufness. If thou commandest me, another Letter shall present thee with more *Varieties*.

In the mean time, with humblest Obeisance and Respect, I desist, and take my *Conge*; wishing thee a long Life on Earth, full of Honour; and a Fame without Blemish when thou art translated to Heaven.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year, 1673.

LETTER XIV.

To Musu Abu'l, Yahyan, Professor of Philosophy at Fez.

THOU hast laid a grand Obligation on me by thy last Dispatch, whose learned Contents have opened my Eyes; or rather drawn back the Veil which covered the Interiors of *Africk*, from the View of Strangers. Now I stand as it were on the Top of a high Mountain, from whence I take a clear Prospect of those fair Regions, inhabited by *Blacks*. I survey the *Paradises* of the *Torrid Zone*, a most fertile and populous Climate; though blind Antiquity could not discern a Blade of Grass growing there, nor any of human Race fetching their Breath.

My Mind revels in perfect Voluptuousness, and all the Faculties of my Soul banquet on the Contemplation of that most delectable Precinct of the World. Oh *Africk*! Thou mayest be called the *Bazeo*, or *Marcat*, where

where Nature exhibits all her choicest Wonders. Thy Mountains are higher than the Clouds; their Tops are inaccessible. They approach the Borders of *Paradise*. On them fall the Rivers of *Eden* in mighty Cataracts. The Noise of the precipitate Waters is heard afar off like the Sound of Remote Thunders. It deafens the Ears, and astonishes the Minds of Mortals. The ambitious under-growing Rocks are proud of the glorious Cascade; and envy those that shoot up above them which receive the sacred Flood at the first Hand, from the very Wings of *Gabriel*.

Happy are the Valleys which lie beneath, and are yearly impregnated by the heavenly Deluge. The grateful Fields and Plains in humble Acknowledgement, make the Returns of Corn and Fruits in due Season. The Marshes of *Egypt* are as the Gardens of *Asia*, and the Banks of the *Nile* as the second Seminaries of *Babylon*, fragrant and abounding in all Sorts of vegetable Delicacies.

My Heart is ravished with the Speculations of these Things. I am full as the Moon, and cannot utter my Sentiments in order. Visions of *Æthiopia*, *Morocco*, *Fex*, and the Land of *Archers* invade my Eyes. I behold the beautiful Provinces of the *South* in a Trance; I stand gazing in Ecstasy on the shady Groves of *Benin* and *Arder*, the Haunts of lovely *Dæmons*, the *Genii* of the upper Element; who daily descend to these refreshing Solitudes, and converse with their younger Brethren, incarnate mortal *Dæmons*, the Sons of Men.

I consider with Admiration the Monsters of *Africk*, the Creatures of the Sun and Slime. With contemplative Horror, I draw near the Dens of Dragons; the Purlieu of Crocodiles, and other amphibious Animals, which lurk among the Reeds of *Nile* and *Niger*, to trepan with feigned Cries the unwary Traveller.

In fine, I am moved with superlative Devotion and Joy, when I pursue thy accurate Description of the principal *Mosque* at *Fex*. Methinks I see the stupendous Fabric making its lofty Advance towards Heaven. My Eyes revere the holy and magnificent Structure, on the
outside

outside adorned with stately Towers and Miners, and covering fifty hundred Paces in its Circuit. But when my Fancy enters in by any of the one and thirty Gates by Night, I am dazzled with the insupportable Splendor of so many thousand Lamps, as burn within that most illustrious *Temple*. I admire with proportionate Veneration, the Character thou givest of all the other Magnificences in that ancient and noble City; with whatsoever else thou sayest of the whole Kingdom, and the adjacent Regions.

In answer to thy Request, I will in another Letter send thee a short Pourtraiture and History of *Constantinople*; but now I am interrupted by Company. Besides, my Letter would be too long.

I beseech thee to cherish that Friendship which thou hast hitherto shewed me: And let me have the Honour of thy frequent Conversation by Letters. For though I live in a populous City, yet my Life seems like that of an Owl or a Pelican of the Desert, extremely solitary and dejected.

Paris, 19th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1673.

LETTER XV.

To the Same.

SUCH is the Zeal I have to demonstrate how highly I value thy Friendship, that I would not suffer this *Post* to escape without gratifying thy Expectations. I just now dismissed my Company, and having time enough, will entertain thee with an Abstract of what I know to be most remarkable in the State of *Constantinople*, both at present and in ancient Times.

In the first Place, it will be convenient for thee to know, That this City was formerly called *Byzantium*, from one *Byzas*, Admiral of the *Spartan* Fleet, under
Pau-

Pausanias the King of *Sparta*, who laid the first Foundations of it. The Story is this.

In old Time the *Grecians* having a mind to build a new City in some Part of *Thrace*, and being at odds about the Choice of a Spot of Ground suitable to so great and important an Undertaking, they at last agreed to consult the Oracle of *Apollo*. They did so, and were answered, *That they should lay the Foundations of the City right over against the blind Men*; For so the Inhabitants of *Chalcedon* were called, because when they were upon the same Design of founding a new City, they could not discern between the Fertility of the Soil on that Side the *Propontis* where *Constantinople* now stands, and the Barrenness and Desert State of the Ground where they built, on the other Side.

Pausanias therefore busying his Mind about these things, and pitching right upon the Sense of the Oracle, caused the Foundations of the City to be laid exactly over against *Chalcedon*; And when it was finished it was called *Byzantium*, as I have said, from *Ryzas*, who had the Oversight of the Work.

It retained this Name many Years and Ages, flourishing in a high Degree among the other Cities of *Greece* and *Thrace*, being esteemed the Gate of *Europe* and *Asia*, by which the mutual Commerce of both those Quarters of the Earth was interchangeably held up.

But after the Days of the *Messias*, there arose an Emperor of *Rome*, whose Name was *Constantine*. This Prince, as it is recorded in *Roman Histories*, saw a Vision in the Air, when he was at the Head of his Army, marching against *Licinius*, and preparing to give Battel. He and all his Soldiers beheld the Figure of a Cross, with these Words plainly engraven in the Firmament: *In hoc Signo vinces*. *Constantine* took this for a good Omen, and caused a Standard of Silver to be made exactly after the same Form: To which he appointed fifty Standard-Bearers, to carry it by Turns, and to guard it: For it was exceeding rich, being embossed all over with Rubies, Diamonds, Pearls, and other precious Jewels of the *Orient*. He built a Pavilion also for the
glorious

glorious Idol ; and being instructed in the *Christian Law* by *Eusebius Pamphilius*, and other learned *Mollabs*, he was at last baptized by *Sylvester the Pope*.

This great Monarch, as the Story goes, being very pious, and having conceived a profound Veneration for *Pope Sylvester*, left him the Dominion of *Rome*, and a great Part of *Italy*, whilst he removed the Imperial Court to the *East*, and took up his Residence at *Byzantium*, which he augmented with innumerable stately Edifices ; striving if possible, to equal it with the Majesty and Grandeur of *Rome*. He collected whatsoever was precious and beautiful in all the *East*, to adorn the City withal : Witness the Places of superb Architecture, the admirable Height and Form of divers Obelisks and Pillars, all made of Marble, Porphyry, or Jasper. Not to insist on the prodigious Strength and Firmness of the Walls, the costly Aqueducts, with other serviceable Things. At last, that he might consecrate himself to immortal Renown, he called the City by his own Name, *Constantinople*, or the City of *Constantine* : By which Name it is known even to this Day. It was also called *New Rome*, after it once became the Seat of the *Christian Emperors* : In whose Possession it remained, till it was taken by *Mahomet II.* invincible Emperor of the *Ottomans*, the Year 1453, according to the *Epocha* of the *Nazarenes* ; on the third Day of the Week which they call *Pentecost*.

It had been a grand Neglect and Oversight in any Prince so potent and politick as *Mahomet* was, to suffer such an Opportunity to escape as Fortune offered him, of taking the most opulent and glorious City in the World. For there was an irreconcilable Schism broke forth between the Churches of the *East* and *West*. There were two or three Popes at the same time, quarrelling in *Rome* for the Supremacy ; there was a War of fifty Years standing between the *French* and the *English*, which unhinged all the Courts in *Europe*. The *Christians* had long before, (by dear-bought Experience, the loss of many hundred thousand Men, and infinite Sums of Money, consumed in those vain and rash Expeditions which they

they sanctified with the specious Title of the *Holy War*;) found, that it was not easy to wrest one Town of Strength out of the Hands of the tenacious *Mussulmans*; much less to defend it long, or save their most important Cities from the Fury of a *Turkish* Reprizal. They were sick and surfeited with the visionary Stuff of *Peter the Hermit*: and all *Illuminato's* like him, grew out of Fashion. Every Prince and State in *Western Christendom*, began to mind their own Interest; no more enthusiastick Tales of that Kind would go down: The great ones had opened their Eyes.

Besides, he that was then Emperor of *Greece*, *Constantinus Paleologus*, was looked upon by the *Christians* as a Tyrant, the Off-spring of Tyrants and Usurpers. The *Grecians* still retained the black Memoirs of those horrid and nefandous Tragedies, acted by *Michael Andronicus*, *John* and *Manuel*, the Predecessors and Ancestors of this *Constantine*. And they had such a particular Aversion for his Government, that tho' there were infinite Treasures of Gold and Silver in the Hands of the rich Citizens of *Constantinople*, when the City was besieged by *Mabomet II.* yet no Man would part with the least Sum of Money to support the *Publick Cause*: But chose rather in a Kind of revengeful and desperate Sullenness, to fall into the Hands of the victorious *Osmans*, than to afford their hated *Sovereign* any Relief.

Thus fell the Queen of Cities, the Glory of all the *East*, under the Power of our puissant Emperors, in whose Possession it remains to this Day; and may it so remain till the Moon shall be in her last Wane, and the Sun shall cease to shine on the World.

In the mean time, I will entertain thee *en passant*, as the *French* call it, with a short View of the chief Magnificences in *Constantinople*.

That which first draws the Admiration of Travellers is the glorious Structure of *Sancta Sophia*, a Temple consecrated to the Eternal Wisdom by which the Worlds were made: Built by the Emperor *Justinian* with inimitable Magnificence; tho' afterwards spoiled and plundered of its chiefest Ornaments, by the greedy Soldiers

diers of *Mahomet II.* whom I have so often mentioned ; and six Parts of it entirely subverted by succeeding Emperors.

Pity it was, if furious and ill-grounded Superstition was the Cause of such deplorable Ruins, What can be said of those who demolished the *Sub-Fana* of the third Temple, celebrated in the Universal History of the World ? That of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, it is true, was the Pattern ; yet it was not much beyond *Solomon's* boasted *Fane* at *Jerusalem*, without Iron, Pins or Nails or other Work of the Hammer, excelled but a little in the Article and Symmetry. Indeed, the Lustre of *Sion's* Mosque was more radiant and glorious in Workmanship of Gold, the Walls and Floor being over-laid with that Metal, and the Roof on the Outside was, as it were, studded with Spikes of beaten Gold so thick, that there was not Room for a Bird to perch between them. And this was done to prevent the Prophanation of the Temple by their Muting on it.

When the Sun shone in its full Strength, the covering of the Temple thus adorned looked like a Firmament glittering with innumerable Stars.

But to return to the *Mosque* of *Sancta Sophia*, let us consider it in its primitive State, and we shall find some excellent Curiosities. Among the rest there was a Candlestick or Scence of beaten Gold, so admirably contrived, that it spontaneously fed the Bowls of seven Branches, with a constant Stream of Oil, which by equal Measures flowed into them from the Hollow of the Shaft. So that if the Flame but of one single one had wanted Aliment, all the rest must have been extinguished at the same Time.

The Walls of this glorious *Mosque*, within and without, present the Eye with nothing but white Marble, Porphyry, and other precious Stones. The Roof is of a prodigious Height, covered with Lead without, but proudly ostentous of its inward Cieling, which is divided into Vaults and Arches richly adorned with Golden Fretwork, and supported by Pillars of *Cyprian* Jasper, pure white Marble and Porphyry. There is a Marble Stone

in the *Mosque* had in great Reverence by the True Faithful, because the *Tradition* goes, That on it Mary, the Mother of *Jésus*, washed the Infant Prophet's Linen.

There are also under the *Mosque*, innumerable Vaults or *Oratories*, full of Altars and Sepulchres : But there is no Access to them, in regard the Doors are walled up.

In a Place not far from these, you find ten huge Vessels full of Oil, reserved there ever since the Days of *Constantine the Great*, yet remains uncorrupted being of Colour white like Milk. It is an inexpiable Crime for any but the *Grand Signior's* Physicians and Surgeons to use or touch it. And they compound certain Medicaments with it, for the Service of him and his *Serail*.

Now I remember what I have read in a very Authentick *Historian*, concerning an Oil made by certain Holy Persons who only had the Secret of it. As the Story goes, it was extracted from the Leaves and Chips of Wood which are found floating in the Rivers that descend out of *Paradise*. This Oil they compounded with our Ingredients, and performed Cures therewith, which were esteemed miraculous. It was sent from one Prince to another, as a Sacred and Invaluable Treasure : Till at last it came into the Hands of the *Eastern Patriarchs*, who presided over the *Christians* of the *Greek*, *Armenian*, and *Egyptian Churches*, who pretend to the only True Mystery and Power of making it at this very Day. And that though the ancient *Popes* of *Rome*, were formerly presented with a yearly Portion of it, so long as they remained in Communion with the *Patriarchs* of the *East* ; yet after *Victor* had once made the Fatal *Schism*, which never could be healed since, the Holy Favour was denied to his Successors : Who instead of the Original Genuine Oil, were forced to counterfeit it, using a spurious Unguent, to preserve the Authority of their Religious Sacraments. And hence they say, it comes to pass, that few or none are ever healed by the *Extreme Unction* of the *Latin Church*.

God knows, whether this be Truth or no. But I am apt to think, that the ten Jars of Oil before mentioned, which lie under the *Mosque* of *Aja-Sophian*, are Re-

licks of the Ancient *Patriarchs* of *Constantinople*; who had the Secret of compounding the *Mysterious Extract*.

From the Place where these Vessels are kept, you descend into the *Dormitories* of Royal *Ottoman* Carcases, the Sons of our renowned Emperors. From thence you pass into two Caverns, one leading directly to the *Seraglio*, the other extending it self under the Buildings of the City, by a vast long Tract of Ground. I know no Use there is at present of the former Cave: But the latter serves for a Work-room to certain poor Silk-Spinsters.

This Letter would be too tedious, if I should describe all the other *Mosques* and Buildings of Note in *Constantinople*. Wherefore not to tire thee, I will reserve what remains to be said of that glorious City for other *Dispatches*.

In the mean Time, with an affectionate *Conge* of my Soul, I bid thee Adieu: Praying *God* to let thee crop the choicest Flowers of Human Happiness.

Paris, 14th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1673.

LETTER XVI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of the Ottoman Empire.

NOW I will perform the Promise I made thee long ago; which was, to present thee with an Idea of the different Strength and *Policies* of these *Mazarene Kingdoms* and *States*; wherein, I will begin with *Germany*; which is, as it were, the last Retrenchment of the declining *Roman Empire*.

The *Annals* affirm, that in the Reign of *Charles* when the *Mussulmans* invaded *Austria* with innumerable Forces, that Emperor opposed him with an Army 90000 Foot, and 30000 Horse. *Maximilian II.* was beyond

beyond him, and raised 100000 Foot, and 35000 Horse. Neither was Corn dear in so vast an Army. It is certain, that the *German* Emperor can, upon Occasion, send into the Field 200000 expert Soldiers. It is moreover observed, that from the Year 1560 of the *Christian* *Hegira*, even to these present Times, there has been no War between *France*, *Spain*, and the *Netherlands*, wherein many Thousands of *Germans* have not served.

Their best *Infantry* is gathered out of *Bavaria*, *Austria*, and *Westphalia*: And their choicest *Cavalry* come out of *Brunswick*, *Juliers* and *Frankendal*. Both Foot and Horse fight better, or more successfully in an open Plain or Field, than in narrow Covert Places; such as Lanes and Woods, &c. For they are not good at taking Advantages of Ground, or at Politick Skirmishes, and cunning Ambuscades. They have not Patience to lie long waiting the Enemies Motions, neither care they to divide their main Body into Fragments, or Detachments; but they love to wedge themselves altogether in Form of a Triangle, and so march with grave and slow Pace, that so they may break through their Enemies and confound their Order, which they esteem a certain Step to Victory. They fight better also under a foreign Commander than a General of their own *Nation*. They cannot endure the Hardships and Afflictions of a long Siege; but when once they begin to smart for Want of Provisions, they soon capitulate, and surrender. Neither have they more Patience in a Camp, to bear the Injuries of Weather; but they make Haste to set upon the Enemy, and decide the Quarrel in a pitched Combat: Wherein, if their Onset fail, they seem like Men stupified, astonished, or in a Trance; not knowing whether they best renew the Assault, or to fly: And if they once fly, there is no rallying them again. Yet these Armies are not raised without a vast Expence, nor maintained without a greater, being cumber'd with a Train of Women, Children, and Servants; who consume the Provisions of the Soldiers, so that many Times they starve for Want of common Ammunition Bread.

Their Horses may be called rather strong than sprightly and bold ; being for the most Part taken from the Plough, or other Rural Drudgeries. In a Word, they are like their Riders, Phlegmatick and Dull ; having this also peculiar in their Constitution, that at the Sight of Blood they shrink, and are ready to faint : Whereas the *Spanish* Horse gather fresh Courage from this Spectacle.

The *Germans* also have considerable Forces by Sea ; but they seldom make use of them, unless it be against the *Danes* and *Swedes*. Besides all this, their Auxiliary Armies are not to be forgot, which they receive from *Italian* Princes, from the Dukes of *Savoy* and *Lorain*, and from the trusty *Suisses*.

But there are two Things chiefly wanting in this *Empire*, amidst all its numerous Forces : One is Unity and Concord among the Subjects ; another is, a fixed Resolution and Readiness to enterprize any Thing of Moment. Their *Hans-Towns* are always jealous of the Neighbouring Princes. And these again give them Occasion to suspect their Power, and hate their Interest, which they so often employ against them, by incroaching on their Privileges. Then the *Catholicks* and *Protestants* are always quarrelling : And one Sect of *Protestants* perpetually persecuting another. Hence it falls out, that the Princes go so unwillingly and rarely to the *Diets* : And when they come there, they spin out so much Time in adjusting their private Pretensions, Claims and Privileges ; in performing of State Ceremonies ; and in deliberating concerning the publick Good ; whilst every one contradicts his Neighbour, and labours with all his Might to establish his own Opinion, and get it passed into a Decree by the Sanction of the *Diet* ; that before they come to any Resolves, an expeditious and potent Enemy might rush into the Heart of the Country, and even take all these *Northern* Blockheads Prisoners.

The *German* Empire is *Elective* ; and the Power of choosing *Cæsar*, is in the Hands of Seven Princes. These are first, the *Archbishop of Mentz*, *Grand Chan-*
cello

cellor of the Empire ; in whose Custody are the *Archives* and *Decrees* of the *German Diets*. The Second is, the *Archbishop* of *Triers*, or *Treves*, *Great Chancellor* of the Empire for *France*. The Third is, the *Archbishop* of *Colen*, *Great Chancellor* of the Empire for *Italy*. The Fourth is, the *King of Bohemia*, *Cup-Bearer* to the *Emperor*. The Fifth is, the *Count Palatine of the Rhine*, *Master* of the *Imperial Palace*. The Sixth is the *Duke of Saxony*, *Marshal* or *Sword-Bearer* to the *Emperor*. The Seventh and last is, the *Marquess of Brandenburg*, *Great Chamberlain*, or *Treasurer* of the Empire.

There are reckoned 25 *Politick Princes* or *Dukes* of the Empire, 6 *Marquesses*, 5 *Lantgraves*, 9 *Archbishops*, and *Bishops* 47 ; *Abbots* who enjoy the Title and Dignity of *Princes* 12, *Abbots* of a lower Degree 52. With innumerable others too tedious to be named. They reckon also 82 *Counts* of Principal Note, besides many of a meaner Figure. They number 49 *Barons* and *Free Lords*, 90 *Hans-Towns*, and 10 *Circles* of the Empire.

In the *German Diets*, this Order is observed : When the *Emperor* is placed in the *Throne*, the *Archbishop of Triers* takes his Place just over against him : He of *Mentz* sits next to the *Emperor*, on his Right Hand ; the Second Place belongs to the *King of Bohemia* ; and the Third to the *Count Palatine of the Rhine*. On the *Emperor's* Left Hand, the *Archbishop of Colen* takes the first Place ; the *Duke of Saxony* the next ; and the *Marquess of Brandenburg* the third.

The *Hans-Towns* which acknowledge no other Lord but the *Emperor*, are governed by their own *Municipal Laws* and *Privileges*. In some of them the *Common People* bear Rule ; in others a Mixture of the *Commons* and *Nobles* ; and many of them wholly obey the *Nobility*.

No Man salutes by the Title of *Emperor* him whom the *Princes* have elected to that Dignity, till he be crowned by the *Pope* or *Pust* of *Rome*. They call him *Cæsar*, or *King of the Romans*, or *King of Ger-*

many; but not *Emperor*, till the Coronation is finished. Nor does the *Emperor*, even after he is crowned and established in the Throne, exercise an *Absolute Power* in all Things; Affairs of Importance being generally referred to the *Publick Diets* or *Diwans* of the *Empire*; where the *Electoral Princes* deliberate all Things; On whom the very Power of the *Emperor* himself depends.

These *Diets* are very confused and tedious, in regard the Princes seldom appear there in their own Persons, but send their *Ambassadors* and *Deputies*, who yet have not full Power to conclude any Thing without particular Orders from their respective Masters. So that a prodigious deal of Time is taken up, in sending Couriers to inform the Princes of all emergent Counsels and Transactions, and in waiting for their express Instructions and Answers again.

In a Word considering the Diversity of Interests carried on by the *Electoral Princes*, their Mutual Feuds and Dissentions, Domestick Aimosities, and Foreign Engagements, both on *Religious* and *Political Accounts*; it is a Miracle that this tottering Empire stands so long, and does not fall to Ruin: Especially being environed, and almost continually assaulted by Three potent Enemies; the King of *Sweden*, the King of *France*, and our invincible Monarch: Not to mention the frequent Incurfions of the *Muscovites* and *Tartars*; the Revolts of the *Hungarians*, *Transilvanians*, *Bosnians*, *Croats*, and other Nations, which are counted Members of the *German Empire*. But he abounds in Men and Money, with all other Necessaries to support his Wars: There not being a more rich and populous Region on Earth than *Germany*.

Sage *Hamet*, when the determined Period is come, God will abase the Pride of these *Infidels* by the Hands of the *True Believers*: The Riches of the *West* shall become the Spoil of *Eastern HEROES*; and the *Posterity* of *Shem* shall take Root in the Cities of *Japhet*,

Mayest

Mayest thou live till that Time, to triumph in the Glory of the House of *Ishmael*, when they shall be exalted more than in the Ages that are past.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1673.

L E T T E R X V I I .

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

TH Y Memory is like the Smell of Incense ; refreshing as Wine of *Tenedos* in a Goblet of pure Gold. When my Heart is almost dead with Melancholy ; when I can find no Pleasure in Company abroad, and the very Elements of which I am made frown upon me ; when the Time of Night forces me to come home sighing as to a Prison, and the Hangings of my Bed-Chamber look dull, and seem to be painted with horrid Tragedies : In a word, when every Thing in Nature appears in an angry threatening Fit, then I think of thee, my Friend, and that Thought relieves me. Thy beloved *Idea* is a perfect *Talisman*, working Wonders in my Soul. It charms or Counter-charms, as my Occasions do require. No Fears or Griefs, or other Melancholy Passions dare abide its Energy : As soon as it appears, each baneful Thought is gone ; the Troops of sad *Chimera's* vanish like the Morning Mists before the Sun. Thou art as a strong Tower or Fortrefs, where I can take Sanctuary from my Enemies : An impregnable Citadel, seated on the Top of a high Rock ; from whence I can look down with Scorn on my Persecutors beneath, possessing my self in perfect Security.

I dare not so much as vent my Thoughts to another, though a *Mussulman*, for fear of some outward Consequence : So industrious is the Malice of most Men ; so vigilant and studious for an Opportunity of doing Mischief. And as for these *Infidels*, my Conversation

is for the most part *Histrionick*. I am constrained to act to the Life a very zealous Christian, and a *Catholick*: When, God knows, my Heart keeps not Time with my exterior Actions and Words. Not but that there are Scepticks among the *True Believers*: But they are generally very private and reserved: For open-Blasphemy, or what is reputed so here, is certainly punished with Death.

I sometimes meet with ingenuous and candid Souls, with whom I can discourse freely, and like a Man that doubts of many Things, which others currently believe. Yet we dare not trust each other too far, nor the very Air in which our Words vanish, after it has helped to form them; lest some fly envious *Dæmon* should catch the transient Sound, and reverberate the articulated Body of Particles which made it, into some inquisitive Ear to ruin us. For there are certain busy gossiping *Eccho's* scattered up and down the Elements, which are always listening to the Words of Mortals: And if the spiteful *Elves* can but take hold of any Syllable to do a Man an Injury, they are big till they have vented it. Yet they make no Shew or Noise, but whisper out their Tales in Secret; sometimes in Dead of Night, when Men are fast asleep; at other Times when they are deeply musing on the hidden Things of Nature. For it is only to the Wise, the Sage, the Noble, and the Great, that they reveal these Passages, because it is such alone that have Ears to hear them. They haunt the Bed-Chambers of Kings and Princes, to tell them News in Dreams. They are the swiftest Couriers in the World. For they have Wings, and fly from Court to Court, and from one Climate to another in a Moment's Time. They are always buzzing in the Ears of *Statesmen* and great *Politicians*, to whom they shew the dark Intrigues of foreign and domestick Enemies. Thus are Conspiracies and Plots of Rebels oft discovered, though managed never so secretly. They visit now and then the *Closets* of *Philosophers*, and such as love the Sciences: Men of abstracted Souls; whose Thoughts are volatile and pure, their Fancies lively and
vegete.

vegete. To these they unfold the covert Myſteries of Nature, and ſhew them Things to come. They frame the Ideas of remote, unknown Events, which they imprint upon the ductile Minds of Prophets and holy Men: Inſpiring them with ſtrange and unaccountable Preſages of what ſhall ſhortly happen to themſelves or others, whether it be good or evil. For theſe buſy-bodies are the Daughters of the World's great Soul; and they inherit an univerſal Senſe and Feeling of whatſoever happens in the Elements. It is true, ſome Knowledge they acquire by Study and Obſervation, even as we Mortals do; but at a far ſwifter Rate. Their airy Bodies do not ſo oppreſs their intellectual Faculties, as our groſs Hulks of Fleſh do ours. We are forced to dig and plough, or to ſow and harrow for ſmall Returns of Science. Our Soil is barren, it muſt be manured and cultivated with Art and Coſt, before it yields a tolerable Harveſt of what deſerves the Name of ſolid Knowledge. But theſe defecate Tenants of the Air, have no more to do, but to be merely paſſive, and they ſtreight learn every Thing: For the eternal *Sapience* wanders through the Univerſe, to ſeek out ſuch as will or can imbibe her free Impreſſion. She voluntarily ſlides into receptive Souls, and fills them with her Rays. Thus the ſublimar *Genii* of the Air, baſk in an open Orb of intellectual Light, becauſe they are embodied in the moſt refined and pureſt Matter: Whereas we Mortals muſt be thankful for her Illuminations by Retail. She only ſhines on us through Chinks and Crannies of our dungeon Fleſh: And yet but ſeldom ſo in direct Beams. Few Men can boaſt that Privilege. The greateſt Part walk only in the uncertain Twilight of Opinion; or at beſt, in the faint languid Glimmering of human Reaſon; which, like the Moon, conveys the Original Light of Science to us by Reflection, and at a ſecond Hand. We are ſain to learn from Books, from Converſation, and Experience.

Courteous *Hali*, thou wilt pardon the Confuſedneſs and want of Order in this Letter, when thou ſhalt conſider the Force of Melancholy which firſt prompted me to write it. For, being very ſad, and overcaſt with
Clouds.

Clouds of dark and gloomy Thoughts, which different Passions caused to jostle one against another in my troubled Mind, I knew not how to escape the Tempest better than by writing to thee, my learned Friend, tho' only to express my Circumstances. For when I began, I knew not what to say; but it was an Ease to write at Random, any Thing to breathe my Heart, and ventilate my Spleen. But the specifick Remedy of my Grief, consisted in addressing to thee, my dear Physician, whose very Remembrance is a *Catholicon* Proof, against all my Maladies.

Adieu, thou *Æsculapius* of the *Ottomans*, and live for ever.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Moon;
of the Year 1673.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Professor of Philosophy at Fez.

THOU shalt see, that I am a Man of my Word, and will keep my Promise: For this Dispatch contains a farther Description of *Constantinople*, which I engaged to present thee with in my last.

This famous City is sixteen Miles in Circuit, and contains Nine hundred thousand Inhabitants. It is divided into three Parts, by the Intercourse of certain Arms of the Sea; and almost forms the Figure of a Triangle. The Walls are of an incredible Height, and encompass seven Hills within their Extent. One is near the *Grand Signior's Serail*: Another is in the opposite Corner of the City; which leads to *Adrianople*. Between two others, there lies a Plain, which is called the great Valley. In this is to be seen an Aqueduct of admirable Contrivance and Structure, the Work of *Constantine the Great*, who by this conveyed Water to the City from seven

seven Miles Distance. *Solyman II.* augmented it, by opening a Current of Waters two Miles beyond the Source of *Constantinople*, which run through seven hundred and forty Pipes into the City; besides those which serve the *Mosques*, the *Baths*, and Houses of *Purification*.

At the Extremity of the Town is seen the antique Building of a Fortrefs, which is called the *Castle of the seven Towers*; a Work of inimitable Architecture. There is a Garrison in it of two hundred and fifty Soldiers; not one of which dares to set his Foot out of the Castle Gates, without the Leave of the *Vizir Azem*, unless it be on two certain Days in the Year; that is, the first of *Beiram*, and *Ramezan*.

In this Place formerly the *Ottoman* Emperors used to lay their Treasures of Gold and Silver, their Arms and Ammunition, their Books, and whatsoever they esteemed precious. But *Amurat* the Son of *Selymus II.* translated all these Things into the *Serail*; where they have been kept ever since: And this Castle is turned into a Prison for *Kings* and *Princes* taken Captives by the *True Faithful*; as also for rebellious *Bassa's*, and other Persons of Quality. Here *Coresqui*, *Vayvod* of *Moldavia*, was shut up in the Year 1617 of the *Christian Era*. And in the Year 1622 of the same Date, the rebellious *Janizaries* imprisoned their Sovereign Lord, *Sultan Osman*, whom afterwards they strangled in the same Place.

There are above two thousand *Mosques*, Oratories and Sepulchres, within the Walls of *Constantinople*. I have already described that of *Alia-Sophian*, in my last. It remains now, that I speak of four others, built by some of our former Emperors. The first and chiefest, was built by *Sultan Mahomet II.* to express his Gratitude to God for the taking of *Constantinople*. It is a magnificent Structure, raised according to the Pattern of *Santa Sophia*. He caused a hundred stately Chambers to be built round about it, both for the Service of the *Imaum's* and *Mollabs* who belong to the *Mosque*; and for the Entertainment of Strangers, let them be of what Nation or Religion soever. He raised also fifty other Chambers without these, for the Use of the Poor: And endowed
the

the *Mosque* with sixty thousand Duckets of yearly Revenue.

The second *Mosque* was built by *Bajazet II.* the Son of this *Mahomet*. The third was built by *Selimus I.* The fourth, by *Solyman the Magnificent*. The three last of these Princes lie buried each in his own *Mosque*, under Monuments of a superb Figure; Innumerable Lamps burning over them, and round about them, Night and Day, whilst certain *Mollaks* pray by turns, without ceasing, for the Health of the departed Royal Souls.

But the last of these *Mosques*, which was built, as I have said, by *Sultan Solyman*, far exceeds all the rest, and comes not short of *Sancta Sophia*, in the Richness of Marble, Porphyry, and other excellent Materials.

The *Greeks* have forty Churches and Chapels in *Constantinople*, wherein they perform the *Nazarene* Worship. The *Armenians* have four. Those of the *Latin* Communion have a College annexed to it for a certain Number of *Jesuits*. This is seated in *Pera*, which is a kind of Suburb to *Constantinople*.

The *Jews* have great Liberty in the Imperial City. Their Habitations are contiguous, taking up nine Principal Streets; and they have eight and thirty Synagogues.

The Walls of the City remain very entire, and are double towards the Land. There are nineteen Gates in them; one of which is called the *Holy Gate*, in respect of a vast Multitude of Christian Saints who lie buried in a Chapel hard by it. It was through this Gate that *Mahomet II.* made his triumphant Entry into *Constantinople*, on purpose, as it were, to prophane the reputed Sanctity of the Place, and insult over their false Gods; whilst he came to establish the Law and Worship of the only true God, Creator of Heaven and Earth.

There are abundance of antique Monuments in the City, as Pyramids and Obelisks of admirable Figure and Contrivance. In one place, there are three Serpents of Marble, stretching themselves to the Height of two Men, and mutually twisting about each other. The Report goes, That these were erected by a Magician at the
time

time when the Citizens were much infested with living Serpents, and that by this Enchantment they were freed.

One of these has a Wound in the Neck, which was given it by *Mahomet II.* when he rode into the vanquished City. For, he beholding the horrid *Idol*, and guessing right, that it was the Work of some Magician, was moved with holy Zeal and Indignation. Wherefore, couching his Spear, and giving Spurs to his Horse, he ran full tilt against it, and wounded one of the Serpents in the Neck, which is seen to this Day.

In the same Pavement there stands a very elegant Column of rustick Workmanship, as they call it: The Marbles of which it consists, being fastened together without the Intervention of Mortar, Bitumen, or any other Cement. It has within, a winding Car-Case by which one may go up to the top.

In this place, which is called the *Hippodrome*, the *Ottoman Grandees* exercise themselves on Horseback, and sometimes the *Grand Signior* himself: Especially on great Festivals.

Round about it, there are above two thousand little Shops of Taylors or Botchers, for the Use of those who would have their Garments mended, scowred and polished at a small Price. And yet out of this so contemptible a Trade, the *Grand Signior* receives a yearly Custom of eleven thousand *Zequins*. By this thou mayest take an Estimate of his other Revenues, which flow into his Coffers from all Parts of so vast an *Empire*.

There are above forty thousand Ware-houses and Shops of Merchants, Brokers, Pedlars, Hucksters, and such like Callings: Each Trade having their proper *Bazar*, or Market, according to the Quality of the Goods they sell. But there is one more eminent than all the rest, which is called *Baystain*; where are Goldsmiths, Jewellers, and such as deal in any manner of fine costly Things. This Place is environed with very strong Walls, six Foot thick; and is shut up every Night by four double Gates, and at other times as Occasion requires: So that it looks like a little well fortified Town.

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In this wealthy Market, there is a Gallery or *Piazza* neatly arched and supported by twenty-four Pillars. Under this, there are abundance of little Shops, six Foot long, and four in Breadth. Here all those precious Commodities are exposed to Sale on Tables or Counters, and with their Lustre dazzle the Eyes of such as pass by.

Thou mayest also conjecture at the vast Gains of these Merchants, by the Rates which they pay to the *Grand Signior*, only for their License to sell in this Place. I have known one Man, that was my particular Acquaintance, give yearly two thousand Franks for this Liberty; and he told me, That no Man could enjoy the Freedom of the Place under that Price, unless he had great Favour shewn him, which is very rare; and even then it would not be much abated.

As one passes from this Market one Way, there arises a stately Column of Propyry begirt in many Places with Iron Hoops: And little distant you see another more lofty than this: It is called the Historical Column, being engraven all over with the Figures of Men. In this also, there is a Stair-case to the top, but much broken, and in Danger of falling, if it were not strengthened and held together with vast Hoops of Iron.

The next thing worthy to be seen, is the old Palace of *Constantine the Great*: Worthy I say to be seen only for its Antiquity; for it is no very elegant Building; yet it has this Commendation, That it stands in the purest and most wholesome Air of the whole City.

There is another Market also walled in, besides that of the Goldsmiths, &c. which has a *Piazza* supported by sixteen Pillars. In this are sold all Manner of Silks. And a little way off from this, is the *Bazar*, where they sell Slaves. So great are the Gains of this Traffick, that those who use it, pay to the *Grand Signior*, by way of *Custom*, the Yearly Sum of sixteen Thousand *Zequins*.

The Vintners, Victuallers, and Sutlers, who sell Wine to the *Christians* and *Jews*, and privately to the *Mussulmans*, pay yearly fifty Eight Thousand, Seven Hundred and Eighty Eight *Zequins*. The very Fishermen of *Constantinople*, who live along the *Strand*, pay the

the yearly Sum of Twenty Nine Thousand There Hundred Ninety four *Zequins*. The Corn-Market, where all Sorts of Grain, Pulse, Meal, and Flower are sold, pays yearly into the Treasury 14 Purfes of Money, each Purfe being worth a Thousand, Six Hundred, Thirty and Three *Zequins*. The *Egyptian Merchants*, who bring their Goods from *Alcaire*, to sell them at *Constantinople*, pay 24 Purfes. The Fraught of all Foreign Merchants Ships, make up 180 Purfes of Gold. I have mentioned the Value of each Purfe before. The great *Shambles* without the City, pays 32 Purfes. There serve in this Place 200 Butchers, over whom there is a *Præfect* or *Master*, without whose Consent no Man can kill any Beast, unless it be in the Case of *Corban*. Nay, so great is the Authority of this *Præfect*, that the *Jews* themselves are forced to ask his Leave to kill the Beasts after their own Fashion. The Reason why the *Shambles* is without the City is for Purity sake, lest the City be polluted with *Blood*.

It is impossible to cast up the prodigious *Revenue* which arises to the *Grand Signior* from the Sale of *Hungarian Sheep* and *Oxen*, in the 10th and 11th *Moons*. But thou mayest comprehend that it is very great, when sometimes in one Day's Time, there are sold 25000 *Oxen*, and 40000 *Sheep*.

Neither is it more easy to reckon up his Incomes from the Sale of the Houses, Skiffs, Gallies, Saicks, and bigger Vessels. Besides, it would be too tedious for one Letter. What shall I say of the *Tribute* which the *Jews* and *Christians* pay, amounting Yearly to a prodigious Sum of Money? Time, Paper, Ink, and Human Patience itself would fail in rehearsing so many Particulars.

But thou mayest frame a Regular Judgment of the immense Riches which the *Grand Signior* is possessed of; when thou shalt know that there is a *Mint* in the *Imperial City*, where Four Hundred Men perpetually labour in coining new Money, having a *President* or *Overseer*, who supervises the Work, who must be a *Grecian*, by a special Privilege granted to that Nation by our *Munificent*

cent Emperors; because the Mines of Silver and Gold, are within the Limits of the *Grecian Empire*. So that none but Greeks are admitted to assist at this curious Artifice.

The *President* is obliged every *New-Moon* to send into the *Serail* Ten Thousand *Zequins* of Gold, and Twenty Thousand in Silver. For such is the Pleasure of the *Grand Sultan*, that the *Royal Palace* should always abound with fair new Money.

Sage *Musu*, assure thyself, that *Constantinople* is the *Grand Treasury*, *Exchequer*, or *Bank* of the whole Earth, where all the Riches of the *East*, *West*, *North* and *South*, and of the *Seven Climates*, are refunded and laid up again in their proper Centre. But I have more to say in another Letter concerning this glorious City. Only *Time* just now gave me a Prick with the End of his *Scythe*, to put me in Mind of an urgent Affair, not to be neglected this Moment. Wherefore, in Haste, Adieu

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1673.

The End of the Seventh Volume.

